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A. C

WILHELMINE MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT AT BERLIN.

MEMOIRS OF WILHELMINE

MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

OF SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN

PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

WITH PORTRAIT

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TO

MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW

FREDERICK WILLIAM

CROWN PRINCE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE
AND OF PRUSSIA

THIS TRANSLATION IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

In publishing this translation of these curious memoirs, it will perhaps not be out of place to give some slight account of the personages who play so prominent a part in them. The Margravine Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine of Brandenburg-Baireuth, was the eldest daughter of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and his wife Sophie Dorothea, of Hanover, daughter of George I. of England. She was born at Berlin on the 3rd July, 1709, and was three years older than Frederick the Great, the brother to whom she was so ardently devoted, and over whom she had so great an influence. The love for her brother was the one bright spot in a life whose difficulties and troubles have probably seldom been equalled. Although idolizing Frederick, and foreseeing the greatness he would one day attain, she was nevertheless not blind to his failings. How she suffered with him and through him are most touchingly told in the following pages. Even her marriage hardly lessened the closeness of her intercourse with her brother. She was the only person to whom he ever showed his real nature, and whom he really loved. In order properly to understand this singular narrative it is necessary to realize what the Berlin Court was at that time. Frederick I., grandfather of Wilhelmine, had been extravagant and splendour-loving in the extreme, but on the succession of her father to

the throne all was changed. This King was possessed of considerable administrative ability, but at the same time the wish to make his country one of the first military powers of Europe took hold of him to such a degree that he considered no sacrifice too great if it promoted this object. "With a wise instinct Frederick William had discerned that all things in Prussia must point towards his army; that his army was the heart and pith; the State being the tree, every branch and leaf bound, after its sort, to be nutritious and productive for the army's behoof. That probably for any nation in the long run, and certainly for the Prussian nation straightway, life or death depends on the army. Frederick William's head, in an inarticulate manner, was full of this just notion, and all his life was spent in organizing it to a practical fact."* To defray the expenses of this army he exercised in the other departments of his Government, as well as in his Court, a strict economy, that seemed in the eyes of his contemporaries to be nothing but the most sordid avarice. Within two months he had so regulated the expenses of the administration and his household, as to reduce them to one-fifth of what they had been, and by degrees he carried similar reforms into every department. Economy was the order of the day, and his country soon bore the stamp of absolute military despotism. It was only within the last hundred years that Brandenburg had had any standing army of its own, but by 1726 Frederick

* Carlyle. History of Frederick the Great. Book V., chap. v., page 577.

William's forces consisted of 60,000 thoroughly disciplined soldiers.

The King ruled his family with the same harsh despotism with which he ruled his country, taking pleasure in making his power felt by all in the most galling manner. The Margravine and her brother had much to suffer, not only from his ungovernable temper, but also from the real privations to which they were subjected. Despite the almost cruel treatment Wilhelmine received from her father, it is noticeable that throughout her memoirs she speaks of him with the greatest affection. She makes constant reference to his "good heart;" and that his faults "were more those of temper than of nature." The food at the King's table was poor and scanty, his children's clothes were more than simple, and we are told that the Queen and her daughters were obliged to take part in the domestic work.

The home was darkened by perpetual quarrels, and from her earliest childhood, Princess Wilhelmine had been surrounded by a network of intrigues set on foot by the House of Hapsburg to prevent a possibility of a closer alliance between Prussia and England.

The Queen, Wilhelmine's mother, had set her heart on a double marriage with England, between Wilhelmine and the Prince of Wales, and Frederick and Princess Amelia. It was her one cherished idea to see her daughter Queen of England, and for this end she was ready to sacrifice everything, even her children's happiness. The Queen's remarkable determination of character asserted itself wherever the future of her

children was concerned. After ten years' efforts it seemed as if she might hope for success: the King was not averse, and the English Court had consented. Indeed the treaty was signed, but owing to the policy of the House of Hapsburg, was destined never to be carried out. The Catholic Emperor and his advisers considered the project would endanger the supremacy of Austria. A close alliance with England would make Protestant Prussia so strong, that her predominance in Germany might become doubtful. His emissary, Seckendorf, was despatched to the Prussian Court, where he sowed suspicion and jealousy in the mind of the King, who, now ever distrustful, angry, and suspicious, stood on the one side, the Queen on the other with her two elder children. Prince Frederick was driven to desperation and unsuccessful flight.

In the Margravine's Memoirs there is a most graphic account of this period of misery. She did not know Grumkow and Seckendorf were at the bottom of it all, she only suspected them, and her account is, in consequence, sometimes rather warped. "But after this has been pulled straight," to quote Carlyle, "and some exaggeration deducted from it"—exaggeration we cannot wonder at when we consider the vital interest of the question to her, and the personal persecutions to which she and her loved brother were subjected—"you will find her always true, lucid, and charmingly human, and by far the best authority on this part of her brother's history."*

* Carlyle. History of Frederick the Great. Vol. I., Book V., chap. vi., page 606.

The Hapsburg policy, which was secretly moving the Prussian Councils, did not consider the breaking off of the English alliance sufficient safeguard against the undue aggrandisement of Prussia, and a marriage with the Margrave of Baireuth was urged on Princess Wilhelmine as a political necessity. The Princess proved willing to accept this unknown suitor for the good of her family, for the sake of peace, and, more than all, to save her brother from further persecution.

By consenting to this marriage, however, she fell into dire disgrace with the Queen, who never forgave her. This sacrifice only tended to unite her more closely with her brother. His noble nature repaid her with increased love and gratitude.

After her marriage Wilhelmine remained, not only bound by affection to him, but by mutual intellectual interests.

We learn from Katt, Frederick the Great's reader, that the King considered he owed all his taste for study, all his love of work, and the habit of never being idle, to this sister.

She and her brother were among the first of those questioning minds that strove after spiritual freedom. They had studied the English philosophers, Newton, Locke, and Shaftesbury, and were roused to enthusiasm by the writings of Voltaire* and Rousseau. Their whole lives bore the

* A volume of the Margravine's correspondence with Voltaire has been published in German by Dr. George Horn in 1865. These letters form an interesting sequel to the memoirs. An English Translation will, it is hoped, be published in a few months.—*Note by Translator.*

impress of the influence of French thought on the burning questions of the day. In the 18th century began that great struggle of philosophy against tyranny and worn-out abuses which culminated in the French Revolution. The noblest minds were engaged in the struggle, and, like most reformers, they pushed their conclusions to extremes, and too often lost sight of the need of a due proportion in things. The Margravine's influence on the intellectual development of her country is untold. She formed at Baireuth a centre of culture and learning which had before been undreamt of in Germany.

At Sansouci Frederick the Great surrounded himself with thinkers, and formed a similar centre of cultivation. He allowed the utmost freedom of thought and writing throughout Prussia, and it is not one of the least of his merits that, in spite of his predilection for everything French, he encouraged the most gifted of German writers to gather at his Court, where his rare mental gifts, his sound good sense, and his grand patriotism exercised the most beneficial influence on letters and civilization. Modern critics have accused Wilhelmine of historical inaccuracies in her memoirs, but after making allowance for some exaggeration in her accounts and views of people and of circumstances, they have never dared to doubt the general veracity of the whole narrative. It should be borne in mind that these memoirs were written at a moment when her heart was bleeding afresh under the knowledge of her husband's intimacy with Mademoiselle von Marwitz.

Although married, almost against her will, to a man she knew nothing of, the Margravine soon became ardently devoted to him. Her affections were as warmly returned, and it is touching to note how, in the midst of overwhelming sorrows and humiliations, her love for her husband seemed to make her forget them for awhile.

The greater part of her married life was, without doubt, happy, as far as the relations to her husband were concerned.

It is impossible to read unmoved her account of all she endured at the hands of her mother and of her father-in-law. Her health was shattered in consequence of incessant mental sorrows and anxieties. She died at a comparatively early age, and before her brother had achieved the greatness she had ever foretold for him. Her end came 15th October, 1758, in the same night and at the same hour that her brother was surprised and defeated by the Austrians at Hochkirch. Her last words, her last thoughts were for him. She had expressed the wish that his letters to her might be laid on her heart and buried with her.

As to Frederick, the news of her death, coming, as it did, at a critical moment, fell upon him with overwhelming force. It was a grief that darkened all his life. The sister he had so adored—gone! The one heart whom he had loved; the friend, on whose judgment he had ever relied, taken from him when he seemed to have needed her most! He made a touching appeal to Voltaire to immortalize her memory in verse; and it may not be out of place to quote his own words, written to him on the 2nd March, 1759 :—"Pour ce

que je vous ai demandé, je vous avoue que je l'ai toujour très fort dans l'ésprit; soit prose, soit vers tout m'est égal. Il faut un monument pour éterniser cette vertu si pure, si rare qui n'a pas été assez généralement connue. Si j'étais persuadé de bien écrire, je n'en chargerais personne, mais comme vous êtes certainement le premier de notre sciècle je ne puis m'addresser qu'à vous."

Frederick himself erected, in his garden of Sansouci, a temple dedicated to "Friendship," in memory of Wilhelmine; and writes in the following terms to Voltaire about it:—"Ce temple est placé dans un des bosquets de mon jardin. J'y vais souvent me rappeler mes pertes et le bonheur dont je jouissais autrefois."

The Margravine often appears in the course of her narrative almost heartless and inconsiderate; yet, taken as a whole, she stands out in marked prominence among the most gifted women of the 18th century, not only by her mental powers, but by her goodness of heart, her self-sacrificing devotion, and true friendship.

She lies buried in the chapel of the Castle at Baireuth.

HELENA.

CUMBERLAND LODGE,
May, 1887.

It may strike the reader as singular that this volume is not divided into chapters. The Translator has in this matter strictly adhered to the arrangement of the original.—H.

ODE BY VOLTAIRE ON THE MARGRAVINE.

Ombre illustre, ombre chère, âme héroïque et pure,
Toi que mes tristes yeux ne cessent de pleurer,
Quand la fatale loi de toute la nature
Te conduit dans la sépulture,
Faut-il te plaindre ou t'admirer ?

Les vertus, les talents ont été ton partage,
Tu vécus, tu mourus en sage ;
Et, voyant à pas lents avancer le trépas,
Tu montras le même courage,
Qui fait voler ton frère au milieu des combats.

Femme sans préjugés, sans vice et sans mollesse
Tu bannis loin de toi la superstition,
Fille de l'imposture et de l'ambition,
Qui tyrannise la faiblesse.

Les langueurs, les tourments, ministres de la mort,
T'avaient déclaré la guerre ;
Tu les bravas sans éffort,
Tu plaignis ceux de la terre.

Hélas ! si tes conseils avaient pu l'emporter
Sur le faux intérêt d'une aveugle vengeance,
Que de torrents de sang on eût vus s'arrêter !
Quel bonheur, t'aurait dû la France.

Ton cher frère aujourd'hui, dans un noble repos,
Recueillerait son âme, à soi-même rendue ;
Le philosophe, le héros,
Ne serait affligé que de t'avoir perdue.

Sur ta cendre adorée, il jetterait des fleurs
Du haut de son char de victoire ;
Et les mains de la paix, et les mains de la gloire
Se joindraient pour sècher ses pleurs.

Sa voix célébrerait ton amitié fidèle,
Les Echos de Berlin répondraient à ses chants ;
Ah ! j'impose silence à mes tristes accents,
Il n'appartient qu'à lui de te rendre immortelle.

December, 1758.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH.

After the death of my grandmother, Sophie Charlotte of Hanover, Queen of Prussia, King Frederick I., my grandfather, became extremely desirous that his only son, the Crown Prince, should marry. To further this object he sent Count Finkenstein (afterwards Field Marshal) to Stockholm to negotiate a marriage between the Crown Prince and Princess Ulrica of Sweden, sister of Charles XII. The Crown Prince, however, who had seen and fallen in love with his first cousin, the Princess of Hanover, was able to induce Count Finkenstein to give a very unfavourable description and report of the Princess of Sweden, and to add, too, that her health was so indifferent that it was very unlikely she would ever have any children. Now as the King's greatest wish was to live to see grandchildren born to him, he gave up the idea of the marriage with the Princess of Sweden, and gave his consent to the union of his son with the Princess of Hanover, daughter of the Elector George, afterwards King of England. The marriage, which took place at the end of the year 1706, gave my grandfather an opportunity of showing his love of pomp and splendour. I have been told that more brilliant fêtes had never been witnessed than those given on that occasion. It was very gratifying to the Crown Princess that the King soon became extremely fond of her, and

lost no opportunity of showing her his affection and respect. But this same friendly feeling was also a source of sorrow and trouble to her, as the Crown Prince became violently jealous of his father, and treated his wife with great harshness. It was only after the birth of the eldest son that peace was again established between husband and wife. My grandfather gave the new-born infant the title of Prince of Orange, not because he thought that title finer than that of Prussia or Brandenburg, but because he hoped by that means to secure to him the succession to the House of Orange, to which he had claims through his mother, the Electress Sophie Louise.*

The joy at the birth of this child was not of long duration, for the young Prince died when he was nine months old. My grandfather felt his death all the more painfully, as at that time the Crown Princess had no hopes of another child; and wishing, as he did, so passionately that the crown should pass in a direct line to his immediate heirs, he determined to re-marry. His ministers proposed and suggested to him various princesses, and he chose from amongst them Sophie Louise of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

This third marriage did not turn out to his satisfaction; and I have been told that the husband and wife began to quarrel the very next day after their marriage. As this, however, all happened before my birth, I will not waste more words about it. I shall have enough to do in remembering all that concerns my life, and shall, therefore, now commence with my own recollections.

On the same day that the new Queen made her entry into Berlin, the Crown Princess announced that she had certain hopes of another child. The joy at this announcement was universal. Every one resolved in their minds it would be a

* The first wife of my great-grandfather, Frederick William, named the Great Elector.

prince, and whoever had been heard to predict the birth of a daughter would have met with a sorry welcome. The prediction would, however, have come true, and I was destined to throw cold water on their joy. I was born at Berlin on the 3rd July, 1709. The Kings of Denmark and Poland, who were on a visit to my grandfather at the time, were my godfathers, so that three kings and one queen were present at my christening, which was celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony. The strangest part of it all was, that the three sovereigns were each called Frederick, and belonged to three different religions. Their presence was the cause of endless predictions as to my future. I was to be the possessor of as many crowns as there had been kings present at my christening; and a Hessian nobleman even went so far in his folly as to compare me to the Child Jesus, whom the three wise kings from the East came to adore. This comparison, absurd as it was, found so much favour with my grandfather that he made the nobleman a present of a thousand ducats.

None of the beautiful good things foretold me ever came to pass. If people had been satisfied with saying that I should be content with my lot, then they would have spoken the truth, for I really am so, and would not change my present position for the crowns of all the world.

I forgot to say that I received the names of Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine. If I had been asked my advice I would have chosen the name Charlotte. The Queen, my grandmother, was called so; and I have heard so much good of her, and she is still so beloved by all, that I should have wished to be like her, even in the very smallest particular.

Though the birth of a prince had been so much desired, my grandfather soon became very fond of me, and occupied himself much with my education. When I was eighteen months old, I already talked a great deal, and was much more forward than children of my age generally were. At

two years old I ran about everywhere alone, and was full of mischief, to the great delight of my parents; in fact, I was their idol and that of their whole Court.

In the year 1710 the Crown Princess gave birth to a prince, who, however, died a few months afterwards. Another son was born in 1712, who received the name of Frederick. He was the brother who was educated with me, who, for a thousand reasons, became so inexpressibly dear to me, and who I have the comfort of knowing was the admiration of all Europe. Madame von Konnke, wife of the Grand Maître de la Garderobe, had the chief supervision over our education. Madame von Rocoule, who had brought up my father, was my brother's governess; and the Crown Princess gave me into the charge of a certain Léti. Madame von Kielmannsegge, afterwards known as Lady Arlington, in whom my mother at that time had great confidence, had recommended this person to her. It is necessary to describe Léti. She was the daughter of Gregori Léti, a monk. He had escaped to Holland, where he is known through several works which he wrote there by way of supporting himself, as he was in the greatest poverty. He had not been able to give his daughter any education, so that she had not more civility in her composition than is generally met with in the Dutch. Her character was composed of all the faults which are attributed to Italians. She was very clever, had acquired a good deal of knowledge, and could express herself with great ease; she was very violent, revengeful, and of no high morality. All these faults she hid, however, under the cloak of apparent piety, with which she deceived those who did not know her intimately. Happily my good disposition was stronger than her bad example.

In January, 1713, Frederick I. (my grandfather) was taken seriously ill. His much weakened constitution made the doctors soon despair of his life; but he survived till the 28th

February, on which day he died, full of resignation and courage. I remember his sending for my brother and myself the day before he died, and his blessing us. He was mourned by his people, and with reason: he was really so good and so liberal minded, and deserves no blame beyond that of letting his ministers gain too much influence over him. The splendour of his funeral I pass over in silence. For six months the Court remained on the same footing, then all was completely altered. Whoever wished to gain the King's favour had to don the helmet and cuirass, everybody was to be officer and soldier, and not a vestige of the old Court remained. Major-General Grumkow was at the head of affairs, and shared with the Prince of Anhalt the entire confidence of the young King. But that all this may be clearly understood, I must describe the King's character, as well as that of his two favourites.

The Crown Prince's education had been entrusted to Count Alexander Dona, who had very much neglected it, and being himself of a very avaricious nature, had imbued him with a great love of money.

Ever since he was a child the Prince had loved soldiers and soldiering. He was a great genius, and capable of great things. He had a keen perception: in fact he possessed all the attributes of a great man! Nevertheless, all these fine sides of his character were overshadowed by his violent temper, which at times burst into perfect paroxysms of fury. He was just to the extreme, and his love of fairness and justice often prevented his giving way to the gentler and kindlier instincts of his nature. When, however, he once cared for anyone, he was never known to desert him, and, in spite of his avarice, he was most charitable to the poor. This is proved by the several charitable institutions founded by him. He disliked outward show and luxury. His governor had found it possible to give him a very bad opinion of the fair sex, and he was, in consequence, not only very jealous

of the Queen, but extremely harsh and severe in his treatment of his daughters.

The Prince of Anhalt ranked very high as a military commander, and combined with a perfect knowledge of all military matters a wonderful head for all business. His rough and uncouth nature made him an object of fear, a feeling which his personal appearance fully justified. His overweening ambition rendered him capable of any crime in order to attain the end he had in view. An implacable enemy, he was, at the same time, a most faithful friend, and his enmity was never shown excepting to those who had offended him—indeed, he is known on several occasions to have shown both kindness and generosity to the relations of the very people with whom he had the bitterest feuds.

Grumkow, who afterwards became Field-Marshal, may well pass for one of the cleverest ministers that had been seen for some time. With great pliancy of mind he combined a great charm in conversation, a readiness and cleverness in repartee, which made him delightful in society. This pleasing exterior, however, hid a false, selfish, and perfidious heart. His behaviour proved all this, and he was, besides, extravagant, irritable, and peevish.

Two characters, such as these I have just described, were indeed capable of ruining a young sovereign, as well as his country. Both were fast friends; their long-cherished plan had been to rule the King entirely, and to have a Queen that should be quite subservient to them. As the Crown Prince's marriage with the Hanoverian Princess, however, entirely upset their plans, nothing remained for them but to try and sow disunion between the husband and wife, in order to prevent the Crown Prince from reposing any trust in his consort. To attain this end they encouraged all his worst passions, entangled him in all their evil ways, and roused his jealousy against the Crown Princess. They continued this shameful behaviour even after the Crown Prince came to the

throne, and caused the Queen endless worry and annoyance. It required, as will be seen from these memoirs, all the strength of her character to withstand the attacks made upon her. But I will now turn to pleasanter subjects.

Queen Anne, of England, died a year after Frederick I., and my grandfather on my mother's side, the Elector George, ascended the throne of England. He hastened to his new kingdom, where he was crowned; his eldest son took the title of Prince of Wales, and his son again, Prince Frederick, that of Duke of Gloucester. In this same year, too, the Queen gave me a sister, who was named Frederica Louise; but I will quickly pass over this event, as I have determined to write only the story of my own life; and, therefore, to mention those facts alone which have to do with myself.

My brother, who, in consequence of my father's ascending the throne, had become Crown Prince, was in very delicate health; and this, combined with the sullen and melancholy state of his mind, made people fear for his life. The Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow were perhaps the only persons that desired his death, as through it they hoped that the Margrave of Schwedt, one of the first Princes of the Blood, and through his mother nephew to the Prince of Anhalt, might succeed to the throne.*

They wished me to marry this Prince, that the Allodial Estates, which had come through the female line, should not

* The Elector Frederick William (my great grandfather) had two wives; his first wife, Princess of Orange, bore him two sons, Frederick I. and Prince Louis, who married a Princess Radziwil, and had no children. The second wife of Frederick William was Sophie Dorothea, Princess of Holstein Glücksburg, widow of Duke Christian Louis of Lümburg. She bore him four princes and two princesses: one of the sons, Charles, died in Italy; and of the three others—Philip, Albert, and Louis—the eldest married a Princess of Anhalt. He left at his death two daughters and a son; the Margrave Frederick, the eldest of these two sons, was, therefore, the *first* Prince of the Blood, and, in consequence, if the King died without male heirs, the probable heir to the Crown of Prussia and to the Electorate.

pass out of the family. They urged the desirability of this marriage on the King, representing to him the advantages it would have, not only in retaining the Allodial Estates, but in securing the Margrave's alliance to Prussia for all time.

At first M. von Grumkow mentioned the idea only casually, but after a while the plan took a more decided shape, and at last was presented in so favourable a light to the King that he promised the Prince of Anhalt to do all in his power to further his nephew's suit, and actually authorized the Margrave to pay me regular court.

This Prince was born in 1700, and was, therefore, nine years older than I was. I was not of an age at that time either to love or to hate, and whether it was an innate dislike or merely a piece of childish obstinacy on my part, I could not bear him. Léti,* whom the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow had won over to their side, was never weary of singing my suitor's praises to me, and when it happened that I treated him roughly, or played some practical joke on him, there was no end to the scolding afterwards. It was some time before the Queen, my mother, had the faintest idea of this plan, for she had never for one moment imagined that the visits the Margrave paid me were anything else than those of the merest civility. At last the King told her, and spoke of my marriage with the Margrave as a settled thing. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the Queen, and she at once determined that I should marry her own nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, for she perceived but too clearly that the little influence she still had over the King was to be undermined. The King's health was very indifferent, and severe nervous attacks often endangered his life. The Queen had up to this time lived in hopes that, should he die, she would have the sole guardianship of my brother, and be Regent. Now, however, through this marriage with the

* My governess.

Margrave, she saw all her fondest hopes destroyed, and the power of her enemies increased.

Knowing, as she did, that the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow would not hesitate at committing any crime to further their ambitious ends, she had every reason to tremble for my brother. Even had the Queen not been so opposed to this marriage, she had little reason to anticipate any happiness for me in it, for the Margrave of Schwedt was a worthy nephew of the Prince of Anhalt. His low propensities, his love for all that was evil, and his cruelty and brutality, already singled him out for a second Nero.

The marriage with the Duke of Gloucester was quite another thing. The alliance with England would be a great support to my mother, and promised me a much happier future. The Queen, therefore, violently opposed my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt; but neither her tears nor her entreaties, nor all the reasons she put forward against it, had the slightest effect in shaking the King's determination; and the only hope left her was that, on account of my extreme youth, the marriage might be indefinitely postponed.

For some time to come, affairs of a far graver nature now took up the King's attention. In 1715 he made war against King Charles XII. of Sweden; and though the Queen was expecting her confinement, she followed her husband to Pomerania, where he was with his army. After the Saxon troops and the King of Denmark had joined my father, the two sovereigns laid siege to Stralsund, where King Charles had shut himself up. The result of this campaign, which lies beyond the province of my memory, is well known to all the world, and reflected honour both on my father and his allies.

During the Queen's absence I was entrusted to the care of Léti, and my brother to that of Madame von Rocoule. Léti gave herself a great deal of trouble in teaching me. She

taught me the first rudiments of History and Geography. I read fluently, and also wrote tolerably for my age. As I saw many people whilst the Queen was absent, I learnt to behave myself with discretion and good manners; so that on her return the Queen was quite delighted with my little person. My joy at seeing her again, and the fondling and tenderness I received from her, gave me such emotions that I broke a blood-vessel in consequence, and the hæmorrhage not only was stopped with difficulty, but returned next day with such violence that the doctor despaired of my life. My life was, however, saved; but the great weakness this attack left obliged me to keep my bed for many weeks. As soon as I was well again, the Queen took advantage of the great ease with which I learned to give me different masters, amongst them the famous La Crape, celebrated for his knowledge of the oriental and dead languages. These masters took it in turn to teach me, so that my whole day was occupied, and I had but little time for relaxation.

At the Court of Berlin only officers were seen, but it was nevertheless very numerously attended by persons from all quarters. During the King's absence the Queen held receptions every evening. My father was mostly at Potsdam, which was close by, where he lived like a simple nobleman. His chief occupation was the formation of a Regiment, which he had already begun during the lifetime of Frederick I. Of an afternoon he went out shooting, and in the evening smoked with his officers and favourites. This assembly was called the "Tabagie," * and even when he was at Berlin there was not much alteration in the arrangements of his day.

There were at this time in Berlin many Swedish officers who had been taken prisoners at the siege of Stralsund. Among these was one named Croom, well known throughout

* A smoking club.

the town as an astrologer. Most people are superstitious, and like to believe in such follies; and though I do not belong to the number, I cannot resist mentioning a curious fact, which I, however, consider as mere coincidence. The Queen was curious to know Croom, and sent for him. She gave him her hand, that he might tell her her fortune, and he foretold the birth of a princess, which event also really took place in March 1716, two months after the interview. To the Prince, my brother, he predicted a very troublous youth, but added that in later years he would become Emperor and be one of the greatest of Europe's princes. The lines in my hand did not promise so much happiness and prosperity as did those in my brother's. At first the astrologer exclaimed that he had never seen such an "unlucky hand," and that my whole life would be a network of troubles, and that any prosperity would always be cut short by fresh storms; that I should have three great offers of marriage, but that he doubted if any of these would be found acceptable. He meant by these France, England, and Poland. The contents of these pages will show that this man was not altogether wrong in his predictions.

One of the Queen's Ladies named Wagniss was also very anxious to know her fortune. Croom told her that she would be sent away from Court before the year was out; and on Madame von Blaspiel asking him what would happen to her, he answered her that her fate would be very like that of Mademoiselle von Wagniss, and that her departure from the Court would be as unpleasant as that of the first named lady. All this soon afterwards came true.

The mother, Madame von Wagniss, was Mistress of the Robes to the King's aunt, the Margravine Albert. She was one of the greatest *intriguantes* at Court; and although she was already advanced in years, she had still many lovers. She had three daughters, who were all beautiful as angels. She favoured those who had most to offer, and who could be most

useful in obtaining for her knowledge of Cabinet secrets, which knowledge she afterwards sold to the Foreign Ministers at the Court. This scandalous behaviour she sought to hide under a cloak of extreme piety, so that she was considered to be virtue itself. Her gracious manner fascinated all, and gained her many friends among those who could not know her real character. Her main object was to obtain for one of her daughters an appointment at Court in the hopes of her becoming the King's mistress; and for this purpose she chose the most beautiful of her three girls. The Queen appointed her Lady-in-waiting. Having succeeded in this first step, mother and daughter now sought by every means in their power to attain the object they had in view. In the first place, they sought to obtain the Queen's favour, and then the friendship of all those who more immediately surrounded the King.

[The Margravine of Baireuth here gives a most detailed account of a very scandalous intrigue got up by Madame von Wagniss, between her daughter and a worthless young Court functionary, in the hopes of finally entangling the King in it. Happily, Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt became aware of it, and told the King. He thereupon desired the Queen instantly to dismiss Mademoiselle von Wagniss. The Queen, who did not know how far matters had gone, and really liked the lady, felt grieved at parting with her. After her dismissal she and her mother published anonymously the most scandalous satire on the King and Queen. We will now return to the Margravine's own recollections.]

Three months after this unpleasant business the Queen was confined with a prince, whose birth caused great joy throughout the whole country. He was named William, but died in the year 1719.

Towards the end of this year (1715) Count Poniatowsky came incognito to Berlin. He was sent there by King

Charles XII. of Sweden. As he knew the Chamberlain, von Printz, having been Envoy at the Russian Court with him, Count Poniatowsky begged his kind offices in obtaining him a private interview with the King. My father went one evening, when it was getting dark, to the apartments of M. de Printz, who lived in the Castle, and saw Count Poniatowsky there. Very advantageous propositions were made to the King by Sweden, of which, however, I remember only two. Sweden offered to surrender Swedish Pomerania in perpetuity to the King my father, and in return he was to promise me in marriage to the Swedish King, for which ultimate purpose I was to be taken over to Sweden when I reached the age of twelve. The death of King Charles at Friedrichshall in 1719 prevented this marriage.

All that I have here been telling does not directly concern me. My extreme youth—I was only eight years old—prevented my taking part in these events. The whole day I was occupied with my masters, and in my play time I was allowed to see my brother. There never was such love as ours for one another! My brother had great intelligence, but was not at all lively; he was very quick of perception, but he had the greatest difficulty in remembering what he had learned. I, on the contrary, was extremely quick, and had a wonderful memory. The King could not bear my brother: he never saw him without ill-treating him, and this caused my brother a fear of his father and a shyness in his presence which he never got over. I was my father's favourite. He showed more love and tenderness to me than to any of his other children. I often used my advantage in begging and obtaining favours, and I have saved the life of many a poor creature, for the King never refused me any request.

Meanwhile the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow continued their intrigues. The birth of my second brother had not changed their plans, it had only altered the mode of carrying

them out. A second journey of the King and Queen to Hanover in 1717 gave rise to talk about a double marriage between my brother, the Crown Prince, and Princess Amelia of England, and of the Duke of Gloucester and myself. At the same time I received several letters and presents from the latter, and our correspondence lasted for more than a year. The Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow did not dare to press forward their plan again for my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt. They knew the King too well to openly oppose his wishes. To attain their object they must continue to endeavour to put an end to the friendly relations which subsisted between him and England, and of this they did not despair. It was in this year that the wicked plots of a certain Clement were discovered. He was accused of high treason, of having forged the handwriting and seals of several great potentates, and of having caused disunion between several of the great Powers. Clement was of high birth; some said he was the son of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France; others, of the King of Denmark. His great resemblance to the Duke of Orleans always made people maintain that he was descended from him.*

I am not acquainted with the more intimate details relating to this adventurer, as everything was kept so secret that no one has ever known the real truth; but what I do know, positively, is that Clement disclosed all Grumkow's secret speculations to the King, and would have caused his downfall, but that the proofs were wanting. He had not one of the letters he promised to send the King; and, though he insisted on having had private interviews with him, it turned out when he was confronted with Grumkow, that he did not even know him. Nothing more was wanted to prove

* He came from Transylvania, and was called Rosenau. He was secretary to Prince Ragotzky, whom he betrayed and deserted. He then took the name of Clement in order to continue his forgeries undiscovered.

that his accusations were false. His trial lasted nearly six months. So much to heart did the King take the whole of this affair that he was, in consequence, seized at Brandenburg with serious illness. Messengers were forthwith despatched for the Queen, who at once started for Brandenburg, and on her arrival, that same night, found the King so ill that the doctors gave up all hope. My father made his last will, and those to whom he dictated his last wishes were well known for their honesty and devotion. In this last will the King named the Queen Regent of Prussia, &c.; and the King of England, as well as the Emperor, guardians of the young Prince. A few hours before the messenger left, whom my father sent for my mother, two others had started to fetch the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow. I do not know what reason can have delayed them, but they did not start till late at night.

The King's illness made such rapid progress that the doctors gave my father only a few hours more to live. The fear that if the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow's arrival were long delayed he would no longer be able to seal his will, induced him to sign it. Knowing, however, beforehand what reproaches and what opposition the will would meet with from those two, as they were not even mentioned in it, he extracted a promise from the Queen, whilst giving her a copy of it, to keep the contents a complete secret. Those, too, who had been witnesses, and those who had written out the will, were made to take an oath to the same effect. The business was scarcely over, and all signed and sealed, when the Prince and Grumkow arrived.

As they had their creatures everywhere about the King, they soon learned what had taken place respecting the will, but they never could succeed in finding out what the contents of it were. Nevertheless, the very secrecy that was observed soon led them to perceive that they were not to be the guardians of the young Prince; and, furthermore, that as

the Queen had received a copy of the document, she must have been named Regent. Their despair knew no bounds. The time was too short: the King was at the point of death, and the Queen never left his side for one moment, so that it was quite impossible to get the will altered. Happily for them, the great danger in which the King was, passed over after several hours, and they breathed again. The fever and the pain decreased. The ipecacuanha, which had been given to the King by the Surgeon Major-General of the King's Regiment, had saved his life. This surgeon was named Holzendorf; and he will again appear in these memoirs. He was so successful in his use of this remedy, that for many years afterwards he enjoyed the King's especial favour.

After my father had completely recovered, he returned to Berlin with my mother. The trial of that wretched Clement was still going on. He accused innumerable persons in order to entangle them in his trial, and by that means prolong it. This caused the King to open all letters that were sent by post. He became daily more suspicious, and never went to bed without having at his side two loaded pistols and his sword. He remained only a few days in Berlin, and went with my mother to Wusterhausen.

The Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow meanwhile were not idle. They could not get this business of the will out of their minds, and Grumkow, who was slyer than the devil himself, undertook to get the copy of the will out of the Queen's possession. To carry out this plan he used the following means. I have already mentioned Madame von Blaspiel. This lady was most beautiful in person; her disposition was very bright. She had a highly educated mind and a noble honest heart, but unfortunately two great faults, which are common to mankind in general, overshadowed her nobler qualities. She was *intriguante* and a coquette. A gouty old husband of sixty years was not calculated to make a young and beautiful wife very happy. Indeed, some people

pretended that she led the same life with him as Placidia did with the Emperor Constantine. At this time the Saxon Envoy, Count Manteuffel, was her *ami intime*, but this friendship was conducted in such a manner that no one had ever thought of throwing the slightest doubt on their relationship to one another. As I said before, every letter that came by post was taken to the King, and all his days at Wusterhausen were spent in reading them through. Manteuffel was making a short tour in Saxony, and the King thus came across his letters to Madame von Blaspiel, and also her answers. Their contents left no doubt that more than friendship existed between them. The King made cruel jokes on the subject, which soon reached Grumkow's ears, and he determined to use this occurrence as a means towards attaining his object.

I am but little acquainted with the political affairs at this time, so that I can say nothing positive about them. I remember only that the King of Poland required my father's help. Grumkow, who had known this sovereign for a long time, wrote to him and promised that his hopes and wishes should be realized, if he would in return combine with him. The King of Poland consented, and Manteuffel returned to Berlin commissioned to obtain from Madame von Blaspiel, through his influence with her, a promise that she would manage to get the will out of the Queen's hands. It was a ticklish business. Madame von Blaspiel adored her mistress, but love is a tyrant—woe to those who allow their passions to gain control over their principles. Terrible hours of bitter remorse are in store for them. What can a woman refuse to a man to whom she has sacrificed the most precious of all things, her honour? Had Madame von Blaspiel made such reflections, she would have escaped from the quicksands that engulf so many. Manteuffel's protestations of faithfulness and devotion to the Queen at last conquered his mistress's constancy. Still, however great her influence over my mother,

it required many endeavours and many requests from Madame von Blaspiel to succeed in getting this unfortunate will into her own hands.

Whilst all this was going on, Clement's trial had come to an end. He was found guilty, and condemned to be torn in pieces, and then hanged.

The wretched man heard his sentence pronounced without moving a muscle. He answered his accusers by saying, "I have only done that which the King's ministers are daily doing. They try to deceive the ministers of other Powers, and are honoured spies at foreign Courts. If I had been a public character, such as they are, I might now have reached the height of prosperity, instead of ending on the gallows." He died with the greatest courage. On his way to the place of execution he addressed the people. As his speech is printed, I will not here make further mention of it. His accomplice, Leman, was quartered; and Heidekamm, whose family had recently been ennobled, was flogged, his sword and his shield, with his arms on it, broken in pieces by the hangman, and he himself declared dishonoured. Heidekamm was punished so severely only because he had said and written that the King was not Frederick I.'s legitimate son, but the bastard of a nobleman who had lived at Court.

With these sad events the year 1717 closed. The following year was, however, not less fertile in tragic occurrences. I have already mentioned that the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow's great object was to disturb the happy relations between the King and Queen. Their old project, my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt, was not given up, and they again endeavoured to win the King's consent to it. As my father, however, was on very good terms with England, he was not now favourably inclined to this plan.

In my sketch of the King's character I mentioned his great love of money as one of his chief faults. He disapproved of every expense incurred by the Queen, even when

absolutely necessary for her high position and rank. He, nevertheless, gave her most costly presents. Thus, for instance, my mother had long wished to possess a pair of very beautiful diamond ear-rings, which had belonged to the Queen Dowager, and which had been left, with the rest of the jewels, to my father. The King gave these ear-rings to my mother at the time of the birth of my second brother. Their value was very great, the diamonds being worth 26,000 thalers (£3,900). In the hope of creating a bad feeling between my parents Grumkow resolved to persuade the King that the Queen had begged him for these ear-rings only to sell them, that she might pay her debts with the money. M. von Kamke, who had stood in great favour with Frederick I., himself heard Grumkow make this vile suggestion; and having but little doubt as to Grumkow's object, at once informed the Queen, begging her, however, not to mention his having told her. The King was absent from home at the time, but as soon as he returned the Queen told him what a trick Grumkow intended playing her. In order to prevent even a semblance of suspicion, she showed the King the ear-rings, and demanded an apology from Grumkow. The King, however, insisted on knowing how she had heard of this plot, and said he should believe the whole story if he knew that her informant was to be trusted.

The Queen finding herself, so to speak, pushed into a corner, was imprudent enough to mention Kamke. The King instantly sent for him. He repeated what he had told the Queen, and furthermore accused Grumkow of various other grave misdeeds. The kind manner in which the King received Kamke had encouraged him to speak out; but not having expected to be summoned before the King in the capacity of an accuser he had not sufficient proofs at hand to justify himself, and furthermore, as he knew most of the facts out of Grumkow's own mouth, had no witnesses to support him. The result was that Grumkow's denials were

believed, and that Kamke was sent to the fortress of Spandau.

This fortress, which was four miles* from Berlin, was soon filled with people of good family.

Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt were not satisfied with having learnt the contents of the King's will from Count Manteuffel, they insisted on its being given into their own hands. All Count Manteuffel's endeavours to wrest it from Madame von Blaspiel remained fruitless, and finding that neither threats nor coaxing were of any avail, they not only determined to ruin her, but conceived the most monstrous plot ever heard of for centuries.

The King used often to amuse himself in the evening by attending the performances of a tight-rope dancer, which were held at the Town Hall, and I remember quite well how some of Grumkow's creatures, and this minister himself, begged the King to take the young Prince with him to one of these. They insisted so much on this point that the King at last consented. The tight-rope dancer being, however, taken ill, the representation was put off till the following Friday.

On the Tuesday morning, Madame von Blaspiel came to the Queen, and implored her to prevent the King and my brother from going to this performance. Why, she would not say, beyond mentioning that it was as much as their lives were worth. She begged the Queen to find any pretext on the Friday for diverting the King's attention, that he might forget the hour fixed for going to the Town Hall, and if that did not succeed, openly to oppose his going. I was told to amuse the King. On the Friday my mother instructed my brother and myself in the part we were to play. I had managed so well to divert my father that it was past half-past six before he was aware of it, and got up to

* About sixteen English miles.

leave for the performance. My mother in vain told him that it was too late. The King had hold of my brother's hand; and the boy, having been told all manner of stories, which had frightened him out of his wits, screamed, and made frantic efforts to get away from his father; and as the King persisted in opening the door, my mother and I threw ourselves at his feet, and prevented his leaving the room. He could not in the least understand what was the matter, and was at first inclined to be very angry. Our tears and screams, and the pains we took to prevent his leaving us, occupied so much time, that the hour fixed for his visit to the Town Hall was long past, and he gave up going. The Queen would never afterwards explain to him the reason of her strange conduct; but just at this time an enquiry was being carried on which led him to guess part of the truth. A certain Trosqui, a man of good birth, and a native of Silesia, had just been arrested. He had been used as a spy during the siege of Stralsund; and though he had on that occasion made himself most useful to the King, was never liked or trusted. The suspicion of a secret correspondence had caused his present arrest. His papers, which had been seized, proved the surmise to be true. The whole town took a great interest in his fate. His private papers contained love stories of all Berlin, and several letters concerning the King. The King fancied that the Queen's anxiety had been caused by the fear that the numbers of the persons mixed up in this affair might combine together to attempt some daring step against him. This impression was justified in so far that he had been able to read through but very few of the papers. But after two days the situation changed. Madame von Blaspiel begged for a secret audience with the King; but before she had spoken to him she confessed all to the Queen, and told her what she had discovered of Grumkow's abominable plot. The following was what had been decided on. Having given up all hope of getting the King's will out of

Madame von Blaspiel's possession, and being convinced that on the King's death they would lose all their fortune, they determined at all hazards to secure the throne for the Margrave of Schwedt, and to assume the Regency themselves. They had determined, therefore, to get rid of the King and my brother, and have them murdered at the Town Hall; to set fire to the castle; to have my second brother strangled; to exile the Queen to some distant town, where she should be kept a prisoner; to send at once for the Margrave of Schwedt, and immediately on his arrival to marry me to him.

This plot was to be carried out in such a manner that no suspicion could fall on its instigators. An apparently accidental riot in the Town Hall at the moment the Castle was set fire to was to prevent their detection.

I heard all these particulars from my mother herself. She was not present at the interview between the King and Madame von Blaspiel, and did not know what passed at it, as she was never again able to speak to the lady alone. The whole thing was kept a profound secret, and even to this day no particulars have transpired; but I know that after a second interview the King had with Madame von Blaspiel he led her to the Queen, saying, "I bring you here a brave and noble woman, the best friend I have in the world."

Two days afterwards the parties concerned were confronted with one another. Grumkow had found means to entrust the enquiry to the Fiscal General Kateck, a man of low birth, and one of his own creatures. This man had a particular gift of entangling and confusing those who fell into his hands. Madame von Blaspiel was the victim of his cleverness. Various cunning questions, and the skilful manner in which he twisted her answers, reduced her to hopeless confusion, and she had been imprudent enough to get no witnesses to support her accusations. The opposite side were certainly in a precarious plight, but their confidence and security became

as great as ever, and Madame von Blaspiel became the victim of her devotion and constancy.

Kateck proposed she should be put on the rack, in order to force her to confess the absolute falsity of her accusations. I do not know what prevented the King from having this proposal carried out, but after the trial was over Madame von Blaspiel was taken to Spandau. Without the slightest consideration for the Queen, who was then expecting her confinement, the King, in a perfect fury, communicated to her the unfortunate lady's fate. I was present on that painful occasion. The King was so violent in his attack on the Queen that there was every reason to fear a premature confinement. Besides the great friendship which the Queen had for Madame von Blaspiel she was in terrors about the will, which was still among that lady's possessions, and which would naturally be found among them. The Queen soon learned that Field-Marshal von Nassmer had received orders to seal up all Madame von Blaspiel's papers, etc. On hearing this the Queen at once sent her private chaplain, Boshardt, to the Field-Marshal to tell him of the sore strait she was in, and to beg him to restore her the will. This general, who was a man of the strictest honesty, as well as a most devoted servant of the Royal Family, deemed it no act of unfaithfulness to his master and King to grant the Queen's prayer. He, therefore, had the luckless document, the cause of so much trouble and sorrow, restored to her. Madame von Blaspiel remained at Spandau only a year, and was then exiled to Cleves, where she still lives.

The King at last determined to put an end to all these intrigues and plots. It may be that the many accusations made against Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt had made an impression on him, or it may be that political reasons induced him to take the step. At any rate he determined to recall the Margrave of Schwedt, who was then travelling, and to marry him to the Duchess of Courland, afterwards

Empress of Russia. The Margrave arrived at Berlin before the end of this year, but in spite of the great advantages which this marriage offered him, he refused most peremptorily to acquiesce in the King's wishes. He evidently still had hopes of my marrying him, which he considered far more advantageous; and as he was eighteen years old and of age, the King could not force him to marry against his will.

I have, in the preceding year, forgotten to mention the arrival in Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. This episode is curious enough to be worthy of a place in my memoirs. This sovereign, who was very fond of travelling, was on his way from Holland, and was obliged, owing to the Empress's premature confinement, to make a stay in the province of Cleves. As he disliked both society and formalities, he begged the King to let him occupy a villa on the outskirts of Berlin which belonged to the Queen. This villa was a pretty little building, and had been beautifully arranged by the Queen. It contained a gallery decorated with china; all the rooms had most beautiful looking-glasses. The house was really a little gem, and fully deserved its name, "Monbijou." The garden was lovely, and its beauty was enhanced by its being close to the river.

To prevent any damage—as these Russian gentlemen are noted for not being particular or over careful—the Queen had the whole house cleared out, and removed everything that might get broken. A few days afterwards the Emperor and Empress and their suite arrived by water at Monbijou.

The King and Queen received them on the banks of the river. The King gave the Czarina his hand to help her to land. As soon as the Emperor had landed, he shook hands with the King and said, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you." He then approached the Queen, wishing to embrace her, which she, however, declined. The Czarina then kissed my mother's hand repeatedly, afterwards

presenting to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, who accompanied them, and four hundred so-called ladies. These were, for the most part, German maids, ladies' maids and cooks, who fulfilled the duties of ladies in waiting. The Queen did not feel inclined to bow to these, and, indeed, she treated the Czarina and the Princesses of the Blood with great coldness and haughtiness, and the King had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to be civil to them. I saw this curious Court the next day, when the Czar and Czarina came to visit the Queen. She received them in the State-rooms of the castle, met them at the entrance of these rooms, and led the Empress to her Audience Chamber.

The King and the Emperor followed behind. As soon as the Emperor saw me, he recognized me—having seen me five years ago—took me up in his arms and kissed me all over my face. I boxed his ears, and made frantic efforts to get away from him, saying he had insulted me. This delighted him, and made him laugh heartily. They had told me beforehand what I was to say to him, so I spoke to him of his fleet and his victories. He was so pleased that he said he would willingly sacrifice one of his provinces to have such a child as I was. The Czarina too made much of me. The Queen and the Czarina sat on armchairs under a canopy, and I stood near my mother, the Princesses of the Blood standing opposite.

The Czarina was small, broad, and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity or appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with some dirty looking silver embroidery; the bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen orders; and round the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked,

and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule. The orders too made a great noise, knocking against each other.

The Czar, on the other hand, was tall and well grown, with a handsome face, but his expression was coarse, and impressed one with fear. He wore a simple sailor's dress. His wife, who spoke German very badly, called her court jester to her aid, and spoke Russian with her. This poor creature was a Princess Gallizin, who had been obliged to undertake this sorry office to save her life, as she had been mixed up in a conspiracy against the Czar, and had twice been flogged with the knout!

At last we sat down to dinner, the Czar sitting near the Queen. It is well known that this sovereign had, when a young man, been poisoned, and that his nerves had never recovered from it, so that he was constantly seized with convulsions, over which he had no control. He was suddenly seized with one of these attacks whilst he was dining, and frightened the Queen so much that she several times tried to get up and leave the table. After a while, the Czar grew calmer, and begged the Queen to have no fear, as he would not hurt her. Then, taking her hand in his, he pressed it so tightly that she screamed for mercy, at which he laughed, saying that she had much more delicate bones than his Catherine. A ball had been arranged after dinner, but he stole quietly away, and returned on foot to Monbijou.

The following day he visited all the sights of Berlin, amongst others the very curious collection of coins and antiques. Among these last named was a statue, representing a heathen god. It was anything but attractive, but was the most valuable in the collection. The Czar admired it very much, and insisted on the Czarina kissing it. On her refusing, he said to her in bad German that she should lose her head if she did not at once obey him. Being terrified at the Czar's anger she immediately complied with his orders without the least hesitation. The Czar asked

the King to give him this and other statues, a request which he could not refuse. The same thing happened about a cupboard, inlaid with amber. It was the only one of its kind, and had cost King Frederick I. an enormous sum, and the consternation was general on its having to be sent to Petersburg.

This barbarous Court happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monbijou, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed, so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house.

About this time my brother was entrusted to the care of two governors. My mother appointed one of them, Field-Marshal Count von Finkenstein; the Prince of Anhalt the other, Kalstein, major of an infantry regiment. Count Finkenstein was a most excellent man, but not clever enough to have control over such a genius as my brother. He was married to Madame von Blaspiel's sister, and since that lady's exile, the Queen had shown the Count and his wife the greatest confidence. Kalstein was a good officer, but coarse and violent. He was more fitted for intrigues than to be the governor of a young prince. He was well educated, but made little use of what he knew, yet on the whole he was trustworthy. The year 1718, fruitful as it was in tragic events, at last came to an end, and I will now pass on to 1719.

The greater part of the winter was spent by the King at Berlin, and he went out a good deal into society of an evening. The Queen spent her whole day with my brother, and had no other companions than him and myself. Nobody else dined with her of an evening beyond Madame von Konnken, her Mistress of the Robes, and Madame von Rocoule. Though the former was a most upright and amiable lady, the Queen did not trust her, and seemed to be quite oppressed by sadness.

One day when I was with her, she said to me, "Listen to me, dear Wilhelmine: I have determined to keep you quite under my own eye, and to take entire charge of your education; but, at the same time, I shall require many things of you. First of all, you must care for no one but me, and then you must be silent as the grave and obey me blindly. It depends on yourself alone if you wish to be treated as a grown-up girl, and gain my whole affection by obeying me in all things." I promised her everything she wished, and she then asked me whether I were not obliged every evening to tell Léti all that had taken place in my mother's and the King's apartments during the day, and also whether she ever spoke to me of the Margrave of Schwedt. I answered that this happened very often, and that she praised him exceedingly. "Are you sure that you are discreet, and can be silent," the Queen again said, "and that I can rely on your not repeating whatever I may confide to you?"

On my again assuring her of my entire discretion, she then told me the whole story about Madame von Blaspiel, just as I have written it down; all about the intrigues of the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow, and also of her constant anxiety at the King's having again begun to speak of my marriage with the Margrave. Finally, she spoke of her great wish to see me married to her nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, and of all the advantages this event would have for me, as well as for herself. She then impressed on me not on any account to trust Léti, and added, "I know she is in the Prince of Anhalt's pay; that she is constantly intriguing with Major Fourcade and M. Fournert, a French Minister; and I know too that she does not treat you properly, and often beats you. Confess the truth to me; is it not so?" Although all this was perfectly true, I denied it, as I did not wish to get Léti into trouble.

"You are too young," the Queen began again, "to

notice her intrigues, but you cannot deny that she ill-treats you, and that she only lately gave you such blows in the face that you bled, and in consequence had a fever which obliged you to keep your bed for several weeks."

I was very much taken aback when I found that the Queen knew the whole story, and yet I denied it. When the Queen observed that I would say nothing, she merely remarked that for the future she wished me to tell Léti when she asked me about what had occurred in my parents' rooms that I declined to say anything, and that it was not my place, nor was it proper for me to repeat what had taken place between my father and mother.

I had no sooner reached my own room that evening than Léti came and sat down beside me, and began at once to ask me about the events of the day. I did not wish at once to irritate her, so I said I had been working hard all day and did not know of anything that had happened. She then began to honour me with pleasing epithets.

"You are a great fool," she said, "and just such a donkey as your mother is. I know everything that has passed: you have not had so much to do as you pretend, so out with it all, or I will soon make you speak." She only said this to threaten me. I was trembling like an aspen, and did not know what to do, yet I determined to obey my mother, and answered Léti as she had bidden me. This person was too clever not to observe that I had been put up to this. She therefore tried by coaxing and threatening me to force me to repeat what I knew. But when she saw it was all of no use she gave full vent to her fury. Cuffs and blows were rained on me; she did not know how to contain herself. Finally she threw me off my chair and left me. I fell with some violence, but happily escaped with only a few bruises, but my arms and face were black and blue, and I was so frightened that I could not get up.

My screams brought my maids to my help. One of them had been my nurse, and waited on me ever since my birth. After she had helped me, she went to Léti and told her that if she continued this ill-treatment, she would go straight to the Queen and tell her of it. When Léti saw what a plight I was in, and the state of my face, she got frightened and sat up all night bathing it. The next day the Queen was told I had had a bad fall, and I was good natured enough to say the same. Whether my mother believed this I do not know, for she said nothing. For the future, Léti spared my face; but my arms and legs suffered doubly from her blows. These scenes took place every evening, and I was in utter despair. Nevertheless, whether it was for fear or from pride I refused ever to repeat anything to her.

In this manner the winter went by.

In June, the King and Queen thought fit to take my brother and myself to Charlottenburg, a beautiful castle near Berlin. Léti was left behind, and I was entrusted to the care of Madame von Konnken. My birthday was celebrated there, and in honour of it the King gave a ball; and I received some beautiful presents both from him and from my mother. They grew daily fonder of me and more devoted. I was now ten years old, and my mental capacities were far in advance of my years. From Charlottenburg we went to Wusterhausen, and had scarcely arrived there when the King was taken most dangerously ill. We were in the height of summer, and the heat this year was something quite out of the common; yet, in spite of this, the King was shivering all day long. A large fire was kept burning in his room, which was kept entirely shut up, so that not even a ray of light could penetrate into it. In this room I had to sit near the fire from 7 a.m. till 10 p.m., leaving it only for my meals. It was torture, and my blood got into such a state of heat that it made me half dazed. The Queen suffered quite as much as I did, and had the ad-

ditional anxiety of knowing that my brother Wilhelm and my second sister were seriously ill with dysentery. This complaint was raging all over the country, and many people died from it. It had assumed the form of a most dangerous epidemic. I too was soon attacked by it. The Queen, who took no notice of people's ailments, and treated all illnesses very lightly, would not believe I was ill till I was at death's door. I was taken back to Berlin dying, and on my arrival there heard of my second brother's death, which had taken place that morning.

On the ninth day of my illness, my end was hourly expected. My good constitution, however, and the care and attention of the doctors, saved my life; but it was six weeks before I was able to leave my bed, and the first time I went out was a fortnight after my mother's return to Berlin, at the end of October.

Léti continued to ill-treat me. She snored so loud that she prevented my sleeping, and consequently regaining my strength. Blows and bad language were not spared me, so that at last I sank into a state of melancholy. I was never very strong, and had a most sensitive nervous system, and it was but natural that my health should suffer from the constant state of nervous excitement in which I was kept. I got the jaundice, which never left me for two months, and then only to make room for a far more dangerous condition; violent fever ensued, which developed into typhus.

At first I was very delirious, but I soon became quite unconscious. In spite of the great danger to which they exposed themselves, the King and Queen came to my bedside at ten at night. Their despair was terrible, and amidst tears of the bitterest grief they bid me a last farewell. I knew nothing. The faintest beating of my heart was the only sign of life remaining. It was the crisis. Next morning I was more conscious and less feverish, and by slow degrees I recovered.

As soon as I was able to speak again, the King came to see me. His joy and thankfulness at my recovery were so great that he said I might ask him for any favour I chose. I resolved at once to ask him to let me henceforth be treated as a grown-up person, and to be no longer dressed like a child! He at once granted my wish, but when he came to talk it over with the Queen, she was strongly opposed to it: in the end, however, she had to give way.

I was not able to leave my room till the beginning of the year 1820. I was overjoyed at no longer being treated as a child, and no longer wearing short frocks. I was exceedingly proud when dressed in my long gown, and I went to show myself to my mother. But, alas, I was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner had I entered her room, than she gave me a severe look, saying, "Dear me! What a funny little figure! You look exactly like a little dwarf." Imagine what a blow this was to my vanity. The Queen was in fact not wrong, but it would have been better to have been satisfied with this one remark. She continued, however, to scold me roundly for having preferred this request to the King, as she had told me to turn to her for everything; and she added that if I did such a thing again, she should be seriously angry with me. I made the best excuses I could, and assured her of my entire devotion.

I have often enough described Léti's violent temper, but I cannot help mentioning the following occurrence, which brought many others in its train. My rooms were joined to a wing of the Castle by a wooden gallery, which was kept anything but clean or tidy. It was the fault of Eversmann, who was page to the King, and was in charge of the Castle. Of this man the King made a great favourite. He was not happy in his choice of those who surrounded him, as he was no discerner of character. Eversmann had great power over the King. He was the greatest good-for-nothing in the whole land, and tried to do everyone as much harm as

possible, and mixed himself up in all kind of low intrigues. Léti had several times told him to have the gallery properly cleaned, but with no result. She sent for him therefore one morning and scolded him soundly. He answered her most insolently, and had they not been separated they would certainly have come to blows. Eversmann vowed vengeance on Léti, and tried, a few days later, to malign her to the King.

One evening the King began to question me in my Catechism, probably with the intention of finding fault with Léti. I answered him quite properly, but on his asking me to say the Ten Commandments and the Creed I got into a hopeless mess. And though he had been trying only to find some fault for which he could make Léti answerable, the King now grew furious with me. The whole weight of his displeasure fell on Léti and my master: he desired the Queen to pay more attention to my education, and be present for the future at all my lessons with them. My illness, which had lasted six months, had caused me to be very behindhand. I had been absent three months from the school-room, and then too the great number of subjects I had to learn by heart made me confuse one with the other. The Queen sent for Léti the following day, and scolded her severely. At the same time forbidding her in the King's name to receive any more visits from gentlemen, or even from clergymen. This was a terrible blow to Léti, and I was made to suffer in consequence, for the blows were more frequent than ever, and she tried in every way in her power to get me into trouble.

I received another lecture from the Queen. She told me that she would find means to bring me to a sense of my duty, and that she should for the future treat me with great severity. Young as I was, I thought a good deal about this strange conduct on the part of my mother. "Do I deserve to be treated thus," I said to myself, "merely for my memory being at fault? What can the Queen desire further of me

than what I have already done! She is the cause of all the blows and all the misery I daily endure. By her desire I have mistrusted Léti, and this is my reward. She is angry with me, and therefore she takes Léti's part, and tells me to do just the reverse of what she desired before."

The whole of my life was changed from this moment. My lessons began at 8 a.m., and continued without intermission, save during meal-times, till 10 at night. In the afternoon I did my lessons in the Queen's room, and she never failed to find fault with and scold me if I forgot a single word of what I had to repeat by heart.

I cried all night, and became shy, frightened, and melancholy. I lost all my spirits and liveliness, and was scarcely to be recognized. Providence had ordained that I should be trained from my earliest youth to bear the sorrows and troubles of life with patience, and to reflect on them—reflections which, owing to the great vivacity of my nature, I otherwise might not have made.

This state of things lasted three months. The King was all the time at Berlin, and as I was in disgrace with the Queen she had never spoken to me.

After the King's departure, when my mother again held receptions in her own rooms, she took me aside one day, and said I was to call to remembrance what she had confided to me on a previous occasion, when she had however forgotten to name all those who were her enemies. She then named them severally to me, and they comprised nearly three-fourths of Berlin society. With those I was not to have any intercourse, and even when they came to pay their respects to my mother, I was not to speak with them. "It will be quite sufficient," she said, "if you bow to them, but I forbid your mentioning to anybody what I have told you." I obeyed her to the letter, and was consequently detested by the whole town. They said I was proud and haughty, and that I had no idea how to behave myself. My mother's

suspicious nature was her great failing, and through it she did many people great injustice.

Léti at once observed that it was the Queen who kept me at such a distance from her. As she was no longer allowed to receive any visits in her own apartments, she had not either the means of continuing her many flirtations and state intrigues, and she became intensely bored with her mode of life. That my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt had been broken off was a great grief to her. The Prince of Anhalt's influence and power had much decreased since that unfortunate business with Madame von Blaspiel. Léti no longer received beautiful presents from him. All the fair promises which had been made her had vanished into thin air, and she had lost all the means of satisfying her personal ambition.

She therefore wrote to "My Lady" Arlington, and begged her to obtain for her the formal title of my governess, and of Lady of rank about my person, and if this could not be done, then to obtain the same post for her with the English princesses.

In answer, Lady Arlington wrote her a letter which was purposely written to be shown to the Queen. It contained many fine promises as to her appointment at the English Court, and expressed great surprise that a person of such distinguished merits and abilities should have been treated with so little consideration. She should make propositions to the Queen, and if these were not accepted, she would then find such happiness in England that she would soon forget any advantages that might have been hers in her position at the Court of Berlin. All this was only a pre-arranged plan intended to frighten the Queen, and was devoid of all truth.

Léti sent Lady Arlington's letter to the Queen, accompanying it with a most insolent note of her own, in which she insisted on her demands being granted, or her immediate

resignation being accepted. My mother was extremely offended by this behaviour, and took it very ill, yet as she favoured Lady Arlington, and as this Lady had great influence with the King of England, she was fearful of what tricks Léti would play her there. She urged several persons therefore to dissuade her from carrying out her intention, but as this was of no avail, the Queen decided to show the King the letter as soon as ever he returned that day. Before she did so, she spoke to me on the subject, and asked me if I should not be delighted to get rid of her. This idea threw me into despair, and I begged and entreated my mother not to speak to the King till the next day. This she promised on condition that I should obtain from Léti a promise to desist from her demands. As soon as I reached my rooms I spoke to Léti, and endeavoured by soft words to induce her to reconsider her determination of resigning. I do not know whether my tears and protestations had any effect, or whether she herself was glad of an excuse for remaining: anyhow I succeeded in making her write another letter to the Queen, in which she implored her not to show the King her former note. Our friendship was not, however, of long duration. A fortnight had scarcely passed before the blows and ill-treatment began afresh, and it was clear that it was not caused by an outburst of temper, but by a real personal hatred of myself.

Three months passed in this manner; and it was only in March, 1721, that Léti finally determined to resign. This time she was in real earnest. Lady Arlington advised her to send in her resignation, and promised her her protection. Léti thereupon wrote a third time to the Queen, demanding to receive the title of my governess, with all the rights which belonged to it. Amongst other things, she insisted on dining at the royal table. "This was really no great honour," she wrote, "as numbers of 'trumpery' officers, whom I consider far beneath me, are received at that

table." Madame von Roncoule was present when the Queen received the letter. To her my mother showed it. "How can your Majesty hesitate for one moment in accepting her resignation?" this lady replied, after reading the letter. "Is your Majesty unaware of the manner in which she has treated the Princess? I shall not be surprised if the Princess is not soon brought to you with broken arms and legs. The poor child suffers martyrdom, and I would beg your Majesty only to ask the Princess's maids, if you require proofs of what I have said; you will then hear what scenes take place daily." The Queen at once sent for my maids, who excused themselves for not having sooner mentioned these facts to her; but they had been so threatened by Léti that they had not dared to do so.

This was quite sufficient for the Queen, and she determined to speak to the King as soon as ever he returned to Berlin. Fearing that I should try to deter her, she said nothing to me about her intention.

My father came home to Berlin at the beginning of April, and the Queen lost no time in communicating Léti's letter to him. He was so incensed at its insolent tone and contents that he would, had not the Queen begged of him not to do so, sent her then and there to Spandau. She, however, received orders to quit the Court without again seeing the King.

My parents now took most anxiously into consideration to whom they were to entrust my education. The King chose a Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, the Queen's second lady in waiting. She had been with the late Queen, and served her devotedly till she died, and was a highly trustworthy person. With this, enough has been said about her, as these memoirs will show how attached and faithful she was through good and evil times. She is still with me, and her devotion remains unchanged. The Queen did not approve of the King's choice, as she suspected Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld

of having been mixed up in Grumkow's conspiracy against Madame von Blaspiel. Whom she wished to appoint instead I have never been able to learn, but in the end she gave way to the King's wishes.

I knew nothing of all this, as I was not present during the conversation; but my brother was in the room at the time, and presently told me all about it. I was much distressed at the news—so much so that the Queen, on returning to my room, found me in tears. "Well," she said, "is it such a misfortune to part from Léti? I should have thought you had received blows enough from her!"

I threw myself at her feet, and entreated her to reverse her decision. It was, however, all in vain, and she told me I must make up my mind to be satisfied with things as they were.

My parents had a great deal of trouble in persuading Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to accept the office of governess; but on the King's insisting she should do so, it was finally arranged, and she entered on her new duties on the Wednesday in Easter week.

Léti's fate grieved me much. I did all I could to prove my friendship for her. I most generously gave her all my dresses, and these, as well as the many costly presents she had at different times received from the Queen, amounted in value to five thousand thalers. The Queen was obliged to give me quite a new wardrobe after Léti's departure.

I soon grew accustomed to my new governess. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had represented to the Queen that I must be treated with gentleness, and encouraged by every means; I had suffered so much that I needed this. As the King backed her up in all she said, the Queen left her to do what she thought right, and I began by degrees to improve. She taught me what real feeling was. I now did my lessons with delight, and began to take an interest in literature and reading, which soon became my favourite

occupation. I had an English and an Italian master added to the others. I was well versed in ancient and modern history, geography, and the first principles of philosophy; I understood music thoroughly, and I made great progress with my studies.

During the course of this year nothing of importance occurred, nor during the first half of the next year, 1722, beyond that my mother gave birth to another son, who was named Augustus William.

Among the household of the late Queen, my grandmother, was a Lady named Pölnitz. She had been Lady-in-waiting, and was a great favourite with the Queen. This she had not deserved: she was clever and well read, but untrustworthy, and had as sharp and ill-natured a tongue as it is possible to have. Since the Queen's death she had lived on a pension which the King of England paid in remembrance of his sister. Pölnitz came about this time to Berlin to visit her family who lived there. But before I say more on this subject, I must give a brief description of the English Court.

King George I. was very proud of being imbued with the ideas of the Roman Emperors, and of possessing great powers of resolution; but these unfortunately were not based on sound principles, and became therefore, instead of virtues, great faults. He was very cold-blooded, and never put himself out. He was very fair and just, but niggardly to a degree. He was moderately clever, with a chilling manner. He spoke very little, and gave very abrupt answers. He was entirely in the power of his favourite and his mistress. This latter belonged to the family of the Schulenburgs.

After the King ascended the throne of England she received the title of Duchess of Kendal, and in Germany that of Princess of Eberstein. The Princess of Wales* was most

* Caroline of Anspach.

cultivated and well fitted for the management of affairs. Her pleasant courteous manner at first gained her all hearts; but on nearer acquaintance she proved to be false, proud and ambitious. Her character resembled that of Agrippina* and she might well have exclaimed with that Princess, "Let everything perish, but let me remain sovereign." The Prince of Wales was, like his father, no great genius. He had a violent temper, was vivacious, and revengeful as well as avaricious and proud. The Duchess of Kendal was a good woman. She had no great faults or great virtues. Most people believed she was married to the King. Her one great anxiety was to retain her influence over him, and keep at a distance all those who were opposed to her or could interfere with her.

My Lady Arlington was the illegitimate daughter of the late Elector of Hanover and the Countess Platen, and, therefore, a step-sister of King George. She was very clever, but used her cleverness to no good purpose, and was a slave to evil ways. These three women, however much they hated one another, were agreed on one point, viz., to prevent the Duke of Gloucester's marriage with any princess of a great family or possessing great intelligence. As they had heard about me, and knew me to be very clever, they took a dislike to me; the more so as they were avowed enemies of my mother, who had on several occasions not treated them over wisely.

But to return to Pölnitz. She was a creature of my Lady Arlington's. As King George was to come to Germany the following year, Lady Arlington sent Pölnitz to Berlin to play her game there for her. And she could not have chosen a better tool! The Queen received her very graciously and presented her to me. She had scarcely looked at me, before she began to examine me from head to foot; then, turning

* Daughter of Germanicus Cæsar, and mother of the Emperor Nero.

to the Queen, she exclaimed: "Good gracious me, your Majesty, what a sorry appearance the Princess presents! She holds herself so badly, and is so stout for a young lady of her age."

I was extremely put out at this pleasant beginning, so much so that I was unable to say a word. The Queen herself was much taken aback, but answered quietly, "I do not pretend to dispute your remarks as to her presenting a sorry appearance, but as to her figure it is faultless, and she will fine down as she grows taller. If you talk to her, you will find that she is not what you think." Upon this, Pölnitz took me aside and began to ask me a hundred questions, fit for a child of four years old, but certainly not for one of my age. This aggravated me, so I determined not to answer her any more. My mother now heaped reproaches on me for my behaviour, and this she continued to do as long as Pölnitz was in Berlin. This lady sought in every way in her power to do me injury. On one occasion, when the conversation turned on people's powers of memory, my mother remarked that I had a wonderful power of remembering things, whereupon Pölnitz smiled in a most disdainful manner, as much as to say that she did not believe a word of it. My mother most unwillingly proposed to test my memory by making me learn 150 verses by heart in two hours. Pölnitz said that might be done, but that she was ready to bet that I would not remember anything of what she would write down for me to learn. She then wrote down fifty ridiculous names of her own invention, putting a number to each; these she read twice over to me, mentioning each number, and I had then to repeat them by heart to her. The first time it succeeded quite well. She then insisted on trying it over again; but this time she asked me to say the names out of their proper order, only mentioning the numbers to me. This too succeeded admirably to her great disgust. I had never before strained my memory to such a

degree, but, nevertheless, Pölnitz did not deign to say one word in approval.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who had been Lady-in-waiting with her in former years, and who knew how spiteful she was, comforted me as much as she could. She even spoke to the Queen about it, and assured her Pölnitz had tried on every occasion to find fault with all I did, and that she was sure she had some private motive in doing so.

Soon after Pölnitz had taken her departure, another Hanoverian lady, a sister of Madame von Konnken, came to Berlin. Her name was Brunow, and she had formerly been governess to the Queen. She was a good-natured but most foolish creature.

She asked her sister many questions about me, and this lady, who was very fond of me, praised me more than I really deserved. Madame von Brunow seemed very much surprised, and remarked that surely between sisters one might speak the truth. On Madame von Konnken asking what she meant by this, she replied, "I mean that your Princess is a perfect devil ; that she beats her servants daily ; that she is proud and haughty, and is, besides, so deformed that she is humped before and behind!" Madame von Konnken demanded to know on whose authority she said such things, adding that it was quite immaterial, as it could be contradicted at any moment. A few days after this conversation, Madame von Brunow came to see me, and was much surprised to find me so totally different from what she had expected. Still, she would not be satisfied till she had seen me without my clothes, and had seen with her own eyes that I was not hump-backed. I had to undergo this same treatment at the hands of several other ladies who came from Hanover, and was perfectly furious at it.

The year 1723 was much more interesting. The King of England came to Hanover, accompanied by the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Arlington. Léti was in my lady's

suite, as she was quite dependent on her. My father, who was at that time most anxious for my marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, went to Hanover soon after the King's arrival there. They got on extremely well together during the whole of the visit. After my father's return, my mother also went to Hanover, entrusted by him with secret powers empowering her to conclude the marriage treaties of my brother and myself. The Queen found the King her father much inclined to consent to my brother's marriage, but not favourable to a double marriage. He spoke in such a manner of me as to show clearly that he was not sure that my character and temper would suit the Duke his grandson. The Queen, in despair at this answer, turned to the Duchess of Kendal, enlisting her kind interest and help. She succeeded so well in this that the Duchess confided to her that the unfavourable reports about me which had reached the King were the cause of his acting in this manner. After much pressing on my mother's part, the Duchess told her that Léti had represented me in such a light that it was enough to deter any man from marrying me. She had said that I was *laide à faire peur* and deformed, that I was as bad as I was ugly, and that I was so violent that my violence often caused me to have epileptic fits.

"Your Majesty can well understand," the Duchess added, "that the King would not give his consent to the marriage, the more so as Pölnitz had fully confirmed all the reports."

The Queen was unable to conceal her anger at all this. She told the whole truth about Léti and her behaviour, and was so well supported by her suite that she succeeded in doing away with the bad impression that had been created of me. The Duchess now determined she would herself put an end to these calumnies. She suggested to the Queen that the King of England should be invited to Berlin, that he might convince himself of the utter untruth of these

stories. This plan succeeded, and the King's visit to Berlin was fixed for the month of October.

The Queen returned triumphant, and was very well received by my father, who was overjoyed at the near prospect of seeing his wishes realized. Happiness reigned everywhere. I alone was sad and depressed, for my mother scolded me incessantly, and insisted that I had given cause for these cruel inventions of Léti's. I was very stout, and my figure was not yet formed, but to make me slighter, my mother had me laced so tight that I could neither eat nor drink. Whatever I did she was sure to tell me that my manners would not please the Duke of Gloucester. "Your behaviour will not win him." I would rather a thousand times have endured Léti's blows, than have listened to these speeches, which gave me a perfect horror of the marriage. I spoke about it one day to my governess. "I am in despair," I said, "for I cannot please the Queen. She finds fault with everything I do, and I cannot satisfy her. I bow to her wishes at all times, and it is very hard to have to hear constantly that this and that will not please the Duke of Gloucester. I was not aware that ladies had to study the tempers and likings of gentlemen before they ever were married to them, and I cannot understand all the fuss the Queen makes about this marriage. I consider myself every bit as good as the Duke of Gloucester, and if the Queen really wishes my happiness, she had best consult the wishes of my heart, as well as those of the Duke! I do not even know him, and have never seen him, and who can say that when I do, I shall care for him? Tell all this to the Queen, and say that I shall always show myself obedient in every respect, but that I shall never do anything merely to please her nephew." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was much surprised at my speech. She did not approve of the way in which my mother treated me, but could not prevent it. She promised me nevertheless to speak to her, and her representations resulted in my being for some time left in peace.

Shortly afterwards, a personage belonging to the Duke's Court came to Berlin. The Queen was at this time holding receptions in her own apartments; and this gentleman, who was present at one of them, brought me very civil messages from his master. I merely acknowledged them by bowing to him, and then I put some questions to him respecting the Hanoverian Court. The Queen had been watching this interview with the greatest attention; and that same evening I had a tremendous scene with her, for she reproached me bitterly for having received the Duke's messages so coldly. I went in despair to my own room, mentally abusing the Duke and the marriage, and determined that my consent should not be so easily gained.

The arrival of the King of England was now close at hand.

We went to Charlottenburg on the 6th of October; and on the 7th, in the evening, King George arrived there. The whole Court was assembled, and the King and Queen and all the princes received him as he alighted from his carriage. After they had welcomed him, I was presented to him. He embraced me, and said nothing further than "She is very tall; how old is she?" Then he gave his hand to the Queen, who led him to her room, all the princes following. No sooner had he reached her room, than he took a candle, which he held under my nose, and looked at me from top to toe. I can never describe the state of agitation I was in. I turned red and pale by turns; and all the time he never uttered one word. My brother, on the other hand, he treated with the greatest kindness, and talked a long time with him, and this gave me time to recover myself.

My mother and I then shortly left this room, and all the English gentlemen in the King's suite were presented to her. After having spoken to them for some time, she left me quite alone among them, and though I felt terribly shy at being by myself with so many gentlemen I got on quite

well. I had an English conversation with My Lords Carteret and Townsend, the two Secretaries of State. I spoke their language as fluently as my own mother tongue. The Queen let me converse with them for more than an hour, and then came and fetched me away. She was extremely pleased at the praises bestowed on me by these gentlemen. The English gentlemen said I had the manners and bearing of an English woman; and, as this nation considers itself far above any other, this was great praise.

The King of England never unbent in the least, but remained cold and stern. He never spoke to any lady, but merely bowed. After I left the room he asked my governness if I were always so serious and melancholy. This question and his reception of me frightened me so much that I could never muster up courage to speak to him all the time he was at Berlin.

At last we went to dinner. The Queen kept the conversation going. We had already sat for two hours at table when Lord Townsend asked me to beg my mother to get up from the dinner table as the King of England was not feeling well. She thereupon made some excuse, saying he must be tired, and suggested to him that dinner was over. He, however, several times declared he was not the least tired, and, to prevent further argument on the subject, she laid down her napkin and got up from her chair. She had no sooner done so than the King began to stagger. My father rushed forward to help him, and several persons came to his aid, and held him up for a while, when he suddenly gave way altogether, and had he not been supported, he would have had a dreadful fall. His wig lay on one side and his hat on the other, and they had to lay him down on the floor, where he remained a whole hour before regaining consciousness. Every one thought he had had a paralytic stroke. The remedies used had the desired effect, and by degrees he recovered. He was entreated to go to bed, but would not

hear of it, till he had accompanied my mother back to her apartments.

The rest of his visit was celebrated by fêtes, balls, &c. Daily conferences took place about the treaty for the double marriage, and on the 12th of the same month it was signed. The King of England left on the 13th. My father and mother were to follow him to Ghör, a shooting castle near Hanover, but my mother had, for the last seven months, been in very bad health. Her condition was a strange one, and none of the doctors knew what was really the matter. However the evening before the King's departure for Ghör, which had been fixed for the morning of the 8th November, the Queen was suddenly taken ill, and before proper help could be obtained, gave birth to a princess, there being no one with her besides the King and her maid. There was no cradle ready, no baby clothes. There never reigned such confusion or consternation as during that night. Soon after the birth of the child I was sent for by the King and found him in high spirits, delighted at having officiated as both doctor and nurse.

My brother, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Amelia of England, and I stood sponsors to the child, who received the names Anna Maria.

The King left Berlin on the following day. Grumkow, who had made his peace with the King of England, accompanied him. My father was absent for a fortnight at Ghör, and we hoped to see him return in excellent humour; but such was not the case. He sent for us as soon as he arrived, without ever going near the Queen's room, and received us most kindly, but never asked after our mother. He dined with us in the evening, passing through her room without saying a word to her. At dinner he was very silent and thoughtful, and his whole manner was so strange that it filled us all with apprehension. The Queen was greatly upset as after dinner he again passed through her room without

taking any notice of her. She called him back to her bedside in the tenderest manner, but the only answer she received was a perfect flood of abuse, accusations, and insults with respect to the birth of this child, ending with a charge of having been unfaithful to him. She had not expected such treatment, for her conduct was at all times most exemplary, so that even the worst slander could not touch her. The answers she gave the King only enraged him more, and had he not been compelled by the Mistress of the Robes to leave the room there is no knowing what he might have done. The next morning he instituted an enquiry as to the Queen's conduct, but one and all took her part so vehemently that his suspicions (which we afterwards found had been aroused through Grumkow) were set entirely at rest. He thereupon asked the Queen's forgiveness, and peace was re-established.

Nothing of interest took place at the beginning of the year 1724, till the month of June, when the relations between the English and Prussian Courts began to be less friendly. My father's greatest passion and amusement consisted first in hoarding up money, and then in perfecting his regiment at Potsdam, of which he was Colonel. This regiment was composed of nothing but giants, the smallest of the men being six feet. They were sought for all over the world, and the recruiting sergeants took them by force wherever they found them. Up to this time the King of England had constantly sent my father such recruits, but the Hanoverian Government, which had never been friendly to the House of Brandenburg, refused to obey their King's orders any longer, hoping by this means to create a bad feeling between the two Courts. Some Prussian officers were bold enough to take several men by force from Hanoverian soil. This caused a great disturbance. The Hanoverians demanded satisfaction, but as the King could not make up his mind to send the men back again, the relations between the two sovereigns became very

strained, and ended, as I shall show, later on in open hatred.

About this time too the Devil's Kingdom began to be less peaceful. The story was ridiculous enough in itself, and would have made us laugh had it not caused us so much sorrow. Till now, Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt had been firm friends. The latter had entirely lost all his influence with the King, and was tolerated by him only on account of his great knowledge and experience in military matters. The former retained the King's favour. As he had not been able to prevent the marriage treaty and the project of a double marriage with England, he tried to bring them to a favourable termination, thereby hoping to be overwhelmed with gratitude and presents. He had actually succeeded in gaining the Queen's favour to a certain extent. But this was all a mere farce. The Prince of Anhalt had been godfather to one of Grumkow's daughters, and this last said that the Prince had promised his godchild 3,000 thalers whenever she married. A suitable offer had just been made the young lady, and Grumkow wrote to the Prince to remind him of his promise, which he, however, denied ever having made. A very warm correspondence now ensued, which ended in each accusing the other of his past conduct.

This all soon reached the King's ears. He tried by every means in his power to bring about a reconciliation. The Prince of Anhalt would, however, hear of no compromise. Nothing remained now but that a duel should put an end to this unpleasant affair.

In spite of all the descriptions I have given in these Memoirs of Grumkow's character, I have always forgotten to mention his being as great a coward as ever lived. He gave proof of his great valour at the battle of Malplaquet, where he threw himself into a ditch, saying he had sprained his leg, and remained lying there during the whole time the battle lasted. During the Stralsund campaign, the poor man

was so ill that, to everybody's regret, he was not able to take to another ditch! He, therefore, had no great desire to draw his sword; and as a duel is forbidden by God's laws as well as by man's, he hoped to reap the reward of a heavenly crown, and allowed every insult to be heaped upon him. He also took all possible steps to effect a reconciliation with the Prince of Anhalt. This latter, who knew with what a coward he was dealing, turned a deaf ear to every entreaty. Grumkow had, therefore, no other resource left him but to accept the Prince's challenge. He chose his great friend, General von Seckendorf, as his second. Nothing was more ridiculous than the letters this person wrote him to give him fresh courage. The King now interposed, and summoned a council of war at Berlin, composed of all the generals and colonels in the Army, and these were to decide the dispute. The greater part of the generals were devoted to the Queen, who managed so cleverly that the affair was settled in Grumkow's favour. The Prince of Anhalt returned to Dessau, and Grumkow was, for form's sake, put under arrest for several days in his own house. As soon as he was set at liberty, the King, who had managed the whole affair, advised him to fight the duel. They, therefore, drew their swords, and Grumkow threw himself on his knees before the Prince of Anhalt, imploring him to reinstate him in his favour, and to forget all that had passed. The only answer he received was that the Prince turned his back upon him. From that time forward they were sworn enemies, and their hatred of each other ceased only at Grumkow's death. The Queen made a grave mistake in protecting Grumkow. The Prince of Anhalt would have been far more useful to her, for he was of a generous disposition and a very faithful friend. He had by far the better nature of the two, and had wonderfully improved. Many people lay the blame of his evil conduct at Grumkow's door, as he had urged him on by his abominable advice.

I shall now return to the account of my own life, which I have abandoned for a few moments, to mention the foregoing occurrence. The King of England came again to Germany in the course of this year. My father, who flattered himself that he should get my marriage settled and celebrated, went to Hanover, where he was well received. When he returned, he sent my mother there, to try her hand at settling the last details of this much longed-for alliance. I was only fifteen, and the Duke of Gloucester seventeen. Our great youth was put forward in the first instance as a reason for postponing the marriage; then, too, Parliament had not been consulted about it. To soften the blow of his refusal to the marriage, the King of England assured my mother of his willingness to have the marriage celebrated during his next visit to Germany. The Queen had had only six weeks leave of absence from Berlin, but as her father treated her with much affection and kindness, she still hoped to see the object of her visit realized. She therefore begged my father to let her remain on longer, assuring him that she should, in time, be able to settle matters. This prospect induced the King to give her permission to continue her stay in Hanover.

During my mother's absence I remained at Berlin, and in great favour with the King. Every afternoon I talked with him, of an evening we dined together. He showed me much confidence, and even talked to me about affairs. In order to distinguish me still more, he ordered receptions to be held, at which he wished me to be treated like the Queen. My sisters' governesses were desired to bring me a daily report, and not to do anything without my knowledge. I in no way abused all the honours that were shown me. Young as I was, I could quite well have directed my sisters' education. I was as reasonable as anybody of forty might have been.

I had been for several years troubled with very bad headaches, and, though the pain often caused me to faint, I was never allowed to keep my room. The Queen was terribly

hard about such things. Indeed, though I was suffering tortures, I had to be as cheerful and bright as if nothing were the matter with me. She had given me such very strict injunctions on this subject before she left home that I was obliged to control myself to the utmost degree during the whole time she was absent. However, the day before her return I was suddenly taken ill in the night with violent fever, headache, and delirium, so that the doctors were at a loss what to do. I screamed dreadfully, and it took six people to hold me down in bed. Messengers were at once sent off to inform the King and Queen of my condition.

The Queen arrived at Berlin in the evening. She had not expected to find me so ill, for my life was despaired of. At length an abscess broke in my head, which discharged through the ear; in consequence of which the fever and pain decreased, and in a few days I was pronounced out of danger. My father arrived at Berlin three days after the Queen, and came at once to see me. He was terribly upset, and cried when he saw the deplorable condition I was in. On the other hand, he would not see the Queen, and had all the doors locked that communicated with her rooms. He was extremely angry with her, on account of her long and useless visit to Hanover, and also because she had flattered him that she would bring about the speedy realization of his plans.

My mother had a very jealous nature. The manner in which my father noticed me made her furious with me. One of her ladies, the daughter of Countess Finkenstein—whom I shall always designate as the Countess Amélie, to distinguish her from her mother—stirred my mother's anger up against me. This lady was in love with one of the King's ministers, who was ambassador in England. He was named Wallenrodt, and was a complete buffoon. She had got her plan all cut and dried. Looking on my marriage as a certainty, she intended to ingratiate herself with the Duke of

Gloucester, so as to obtain the post of Mistress of the Robes in my Household. To attain this object it was necessary to get rid of my present Lady-in-waiting, and accordingly to calumniate her to my mother, so as to bring about a rupture. As Countess Amélie was in such high favour with the Queen, and ruled her completely, this was easily done. I had liked this girl very much; and it was to some extent my fault that she was such a favourite. But she rewarded me very ill, for she was the cause of my mother's anger against me, and of the constant reproaches that were heaped on me. I dared no longer speak in the King's presence, or show him the least mark of affection, for if I did so, the Queen was sure to scold and say I loved him better than her; and that if I did not care for her, she could get on quite well without me!

It was the same with my brother; if the King told him to do anything, the Queen was sure at once to forbid his doing it. The poor child often did not know what to do, but as Count Finkenstein, his governor, was a great favourite with my mother, and taught him to care much more for her than for his father, he always obeyed my mother's orders rather than the King's. This was naturally most irritating to a man of my father's obstinate nature.

At the beginning of the year 1726, the Queen gave birth to a son, who received the name of Henry. As soon as she had recovered from her confinement, we all went to Potsdam. I cannot resist giving an account of a most ridiculous incident which happened to me. We led a most sad life. We were awakened at seven every morning by the King's regiment, which exercised in front of the windows of our rooms, which were on the ground floor. The firing went on incessantly—piff, puff—and lasted the whole morning. At ten we went to see my mother, and accompanied her into the room next the King's, where we sat and sighed all the rest of the morning. Then came dinner-time; the dinner consisted

of six small badly cooked dishes, which had to suffice for twenty-four persons, so that some had to be satisfied with the mere smell. At table, nothing else was talked of but economy and soldiers. The Queen and ourselves, too unworthy to open our mouths, listened in humble silence to the oracles which were pronounced.

When dinner was over, the King sat himself down in a wooden armchair and slept for two hours. But before doing so, he generally managed to make some unpleasant speech for the Queen or for us. As long as the King slept I worked, and as soon as he woke up he went away. The Queen then went back into her room, where I read aloud to her till the King returned. He came back only for a few minutes, and then went to the "Tabagie." This was the time I had free. I loved music dearly, and practised, and made great progress in it. Supper, from which we generally got up hungry, was at eight in the evening. The Queen played at cards with her Lady-in-waiting and mine, who were our only attendants, and I remained alone with my sister. As her age did not in any way make her a companion for me, my only resource was in my books. I had a small library, which I hid under all the beds and tables, for the King despised all learning, and wished me to occupy myself with nothing but needlework and household duties or details. Had he ever found me writing or reading he would probably have whipped me. On the other hand, I should have grieved my mother greatly had I neglected my education, as she encouraged me more and more to improve and cultivate my mind.

My brother, who was in great disgrace with the King, remained at Berlin during the year 1726. The King was very angry with him, and one day expressed himself in such a manner about him, that we trembled for the poor child. He said he would put him in prison, disinherit him, get rid of his governor, Count Finkenstein, and treat him in such a

manner as to teach him what a disobedient son deserved. We should have paid no heed to such remarks had anyone else but the King made them; but we were, alas! but too well acquainted with his violence not to fear for its consequences. The chief cause of his anger was the determined manner in which my brother refused to be subject to him; and it was not the poor young Prince's fault; the Queen had forbidden him to be so. The King continued abusing the Prince till the evening, when he said he would not have any supper, and went to his smoking party. As soon as we reached the Queen's room she told me to sit down and write and tell my brother all that had taken place, enclosing him a rough draft of a letter to the King, in which he begged him for forgiveness.

I was writing quietly, and had nearly finished my letter, when I heard the King coming—for he had such a heavy step that it always sounded as if he wore thick boots. The fright I was in could not be described, but I never lost my head, and hid my letter behind a Chinese cabinet. My governess put my pens, etc., in safety. As the King was already in the room, I slipped the ink-bottle into my pocket, and there I held it in my hand. This was all done in a second. The King spoke a few words to the Queen, and then moved towards the Chinese cabinet. "It is a pretty thing," he said, "I will give it to you," at the same time trying the lock. I saw the moment coming when my letter would fall to the ground and be discovered. The Queen, half dead with terror, directed the King's attention to her little dog and mine, which were at the other end of the room. "Look," she said, "my daughter will have it that her dog is much prettier than mine; now you must be the judge, and decide between us." He laughed, and asked me if I was very fond of my dog? "Yes, I am," I answered, "because he has so much sense, and deserves so much at my hands." My answer so pleased the King that he took me in his arms and kissed me.

And I—oh! miserable fate—I was obliged to let go the ink-bottle, which was spilt all over me and the floor. I never stirred or moved. Happily the King soon left the room, and put an end to the painful position we were in. The ink had wetted me to the skin, so that I had to be dried. When once the danger was over, we were able to laugh heartily at the whole occurrence.

The King soon afterwards made it all up with my brother, who then came to Potsdam. He was the most amiable Prince you could see, handsome, well-grown, with great mental gifts, and endued with all the virtues which could make a perfect sovereign.

I now come to most serious events, which were the cause of all the cruel fatalities which afterwards befell my beloved brother and myself. In the year 1717, the Emperor* had founded an East Indian Company in Ostend, a small town in Holland. This company began to trade with two ships, and in spite of all the difficulties which the Dutch tried to lay in their way, they reaped many advantages. The Emperor had given this company, to the exclusion of all his other subjects, the right and privilege for thirty years of extending their trade to Africa and India. As trade and commerce are the best means of increasing the prosperity of a State, the Emperor had made a secret treaty with Spain, in 1725, in which he bound himself to obtain Gibraltar and Port Mahon for the Spaniards. In addition to this, a Treaty of Commerce was made with this country, to which the Russian Empress also became a party. These secret negotiations of the Court of Vienna did not long remain unknown to England, France, and Holland. The East Indian trade had already attacked that of the two Maritime Powers, and as the greatness of these Powers lay in their commerce, they soon became aware that the Vienna Treaty meant their ruin. In order to resist the ambitious designs of

* Charles VI. of Austria, Emperor of Germany.

Austria and Spain, they made a new alliance with France, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and it was this treaty which was signed at Charlottenburg.

The Emperor was well aware that he could not withstand so powerful a combination, and therefore sought to destroy it. He found this, however, no easy matter, as he met everywhere with resistance. He would have been obliged to seek for other means had not the Count Seckendorf, whom I have already mentioned, helped him out of the difficulty. Seckendorf was Grumkow's most intimate friend. He knew him thoroughly, and was aware that his ambition and selfishness would make him shrink from nothing. Already in the preceding year he had written to Grumkow, telling him of the Emperor's precarious position, and of the need in which he stood of the King's support. These letters were accompanied by presents, and by promises that offered no small temptation to so venal a nature.

As I have before said, the friendly relations between the Courts of England and Prussia had cooled down since the year 1725. My father was much annoyed, too, at the postponement of my marriage. Grumkow kept constantly telling him that the King of England was only trying to put him off, and had negotiated only to attain the end he had in view, namely, to gain him over to his side; when he no longer wanted him, he would let the mask drop, and pay no more attention to any promises he had made. In this way Grumkow had prepared the King to consent to break through the treaty. The King was most anxious for my marriage for more than one reason. England and the other signatories of the Hanoverian Treaty had guaranteed him the enfeoffment (investitur) of the principalities of Jülich and Berg.* But the

* The death of the idiotic Duke of Cleve Jülich and Berg in 1609 without issue was the cause of prolonged hostilities between the Protestant Union and the Catholic League. As the succession was the cause of the dispute, the Emperor of Germany claimed the lands for himself till matters were

King had the misfortune to be always deceived by those who least deserved his confidence, and these knowing his violent temper, used his weakness to assist them in attaining whatever end they had in view.

When Seckendorf, who had been sent as special envoy, reached Berlin, he found everything ripe for his plans. He began by ingratiating himself with the King, who had known him from the time when he had been in the Saxon service, and had always respected him. He brought a whole suite of Hungarian soldiers (Heyducken) with him, the smallest of whom stood six feet. These were presented to the King, together with gracious messages from the Emperor, and also permission to raise recruits from Hungary and any other part of his dominions where tall men were to be found. The King was overjoyed at this; nor did the brilliant fêtes which Seckendorf gave in his honour fail to make their impression, for the King was very fond of amusements and good living as long as he had not to pay for them. Only Seckendorf and Grumkow's friends were invited to these festivities, so that it became an easy matter to win the King over to the Emperor's cause; yet the treaty with England was still to be preserved intact. The King was also strongly of that opinion, as he still flattered himself that my marriage might come to pass.

The Queen was much distressed and troubled by all these machinations, for she foresaw their results, which could only be the reverse of pleasant. My father continued to be very bitter against the King of England, and never mentioned

settled, but the two pretenders, the Elector of Brandenburg and the Palatine of Neuburg, hastily took possession of them. There soon, however, arose fresh quarrels between them, and the Elector called the Dutch to his aid, whilst the Palatine was supported by Spain. In 1614 the dispute was settled. Brandenburg got Cleve, and Neuburg, Jülich Berg; and they divided the lands between them. The hatred and differences of religion, however, continued to grow more marked. In a word, the partition may be looked on as the prelude to the Thirty Years' War.—*Note by the Translator.*

him without using some abusive epithet. My mother could not listen to this in silence, and always had an answer ready. There were, consequently, daily quarrels between them, which always ended in serious differences. But this was only the beginning of all the trouble and sorrow which were in store for us; and had we then known what was to follow, we should have thought our present condition very agreeable.

I must mention one other event which took place in the year 1725. Whilst the Queen was at Berlin, she often conversed with the French Envoy, Count von Rotenburg, about the sad position she was in with reference to the English Court. He gave her all the information he received on the subject. One day, when she was talking to him about it, he mentioned to her that, in spite of all the trouble France had given herself at the English Court to bring about the speedy settlement of my marriage, it had availed nothing; that he was well aware that the continued obstinacy of the King of England must cause a breach, but that he did not understand why the Queen was so grieved about it, as the Prince of Wales was, after all, not the only alliance I could make, and that other crowns could be offered me that were worth quite as much as that of England! The Queen was much taken aback by this speech, not knowing to what it might lead. Count Rotenburg, observing this, continued as follows: "Our King is not yet married, and he would be overjoyed to win for himself a Princess such as the daughter of your Majesty." The Queen, answering him, said: "I have nothing to find fault with in your offer; but the religion is a bar to it, and for this reason I could never give my consent." She thereupon turned the conversation. The Count afterwards sounded the King on the subject, and received much the same answer. The question, consequently, was never raised again.

The year 1727 was not any happier than 1726. Seckendorf became daily a greater favourite. He gained such an

ascendancy over the King that he was appointed to all the vacant posts, and nothing was decided without his advice. All the King's servants were at his orders; yet, in spite of the power he had over him, he did not dare endeavour to induce the King to consent to break through the treaty with England. He, therefore, contented himself with embroiling matters. To ingratiate himself still more, he proposed to the King to arrange a marriage for my second sister, and promised to persuade the Margrave of Anspach to come to Berlin and see her. The King was enchanted with this idea. The parties concerned were still both too young, so it was decided that the whole matter should be kept a profound secret till the marriageable age had been attained. My sister was very beautiful, but she was not particularly clever, and my mother loved her least of all her children. She was very violent and hot tempered. All the sorrow which she has since gone through has cured her of these faults, for she has now become so gentle that one would scarcely know her again.

Soon after the arrival of this Prince* the sad news reached Berlin of the death of the King of England. He had left England for Germany in perfect health, was seized at Osnabrück with another stroke, where he died in the arms of his brother the Duke of York. All the remedies applied proved of no avail. The Queen was in utter despair at his loss, and even the King was affected by it. He had always looked on him in the light of a father, having been entrusted to his care during the time when King Frederick I. fled to Hanover to escape from the persecutions of his stepmother, the Queen Dorothea. My father felt his death all the more, as he had learned that he had determined to have my marriage celebrated at Hanover during this year. My uncle, the Prince of Wales, was now proclaimed King of Great Britain,

* Margrave of Anspach.

and the Duke of Gloucester assumed the title of Prince of Wales.

I have already mentioned in these memoirs that my father had been very subject to severe nervous attacks, which the use of ipecacuanha had cured. It now became apparent that these nervous symptoms had in a great measure caused him to become hypochondriacal. He suffered from attacks of profound melancholy, during which he did nothing else but speak of his intention to shut himself up from the world and to abdicate in favour of his son.*

In the hope that the King of England would carry out the treaty made with his late father, my father was most polite and obliging to the King, but the Queen, my aunt, whose character I have already described, was not favourable to him, besides which the Court of Vienna, which was well acquainted with the King, was playing the same game in England as at Berlin.

The year 1728 was far more interesting than the former, and seemed to bring events to a climax.

Grumkow and Seckendorf were in great perplexity as to what to do about their plan. The King spoke incessantly of his abdication, and all the measures he took seemed to point towards his being in earnest about it. These two ministers constantly laid difficulties in his way, to prevent his carrying out his intentions, telling him how deeply he would repent of doing so. These representations had no effect on him whatever, and he became more and more bigoted in his views. No one dared laugh or be cheerful in his presence. Herr Franke, the great devotee and founder of the Academy and Orphan Asylum at Halle, was constantly attacking him.

* The following note is added in another handwriting: "The King never had the intention of giving up the Crown to his son, or else he would certainly have done so. The King was making fun of Grumkow and Seckendorf, and wanted merely to put them to a test."

We lived like Trappists, to the great grief of my brother and myself. Every afternoon the King preached a sermon, to which we had to listen as attentively as if it had proceeded from the lips of an Apostle. My brother and I were often seized with such an intense sense of the ridiculous, that we burst out laughing, upon which an apostolic curse was poured out on our heads, which we had to accept with a show of humility and penitence.

As all Grumkow and Seckendorf's efforts to rouse the King from his sad condition hitherto had proved useless, they determined to try some other means. King Augustus, of Poland, had lately become a party to the Austrian treaty. The Court at Dresden, where this King lived, was generally acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant in all Germany. The King was courteous, generous, and civil. Grumkow and Seckendorf, therefore, settled to try and induce the King—for more reasons than one—to make a journey to Dresden, first of all to distract his mind by amusements of various kinds, in order to prevent his carrying out his wish of abdicating; then to bring him into more intimate relations with the Saxon Court, a step which was necessary for the success of their plan; and, thirdly, to attain more quickly the advantages the Emperor wished to reap by means of that Court. They succeeded in winning the King over to their views on political grounds. He agreed to their proposition, and in the middle of January started for Dresden from Wusterhausen.

My brother was much put out at not being allowed to accompany him, and still more so at being obliged to stay at Potsdam during the whole of the King's absence. The manner in which he spoke to me about it proved how much he took it to heart. I comforted him to the utmost of my power, and told him I hoped he would in a few days be more contented, as I had not given up all hope that he might yet see his wishes realized.

The Queen, who had returned to Berlin, held a reception next day, at which the Saxon Envoy, M. de Suhm, was present. He was a very clever and distinguished man, and much attached to my brother and myself. As soon as I saw him I exclaimed, "Your King is not very civil to have forgotten my brother, and to have left him to languish at Potsdam whilst happiness reigns at Dresden." Suhm was much surprised at my speech, as he thought my brother had left with the King. He assured me his master would be only too delighted to see the Crown Prince, and that he would at once send off a messenger to inform him that the Prince was not accompanying the King. "That will be an excellent plan," I replied; "but you must not mention me or the Prince; it must be quite your own idea." How often and often have I since repented of this step; but how could I know beforehand that it would lead to such tragic results? I loved my brother so passionately that I always tried to give him pleasure. Suhm managed so well that my brother received orders to come to Dresden.

I have already mentioned that the King of Poland loved the pleasures of this world. He had a complete harem, and his excesses surpass all description. As soon as my father reached Dresden he was drawn into a perfect whirl of amusements, in which he soon lost his melancholy and piety. Nor was good living disregarded, and the intimacy between the two sovereigns ripened into friendship. Grumkow, who was enchanted to see the effect produced on his master by the visit, encouraged the King of Poland to lead the King still further astray, by offering him temptations of the lowest description.* . . . . . .

[The Margravine here mentions that not content with

* The translator has here omitted several details in reference to the King of Poland. They were both coarse and unedifying, and at the same time without influence on the narrative.

having got hold of the King, the King of Poland also tried to corrupt the Crown Prince, through the agency of a certain Countess Orselska.]

My father left Dresden highly delighted with his visit, and invited the King of Poland to be present at the inspection of the Prussian troops at Berlin.

I spent all this time most sorrowfully at Berlin. The Countess Amélie continued to persecute me. My mother's scoldings I bore with patience, but it was all I could do to tolerate in silence this girl's insolence; and though I controlled myself so far as not to answer it, I did not feel it the less keenly! I was nineteen years old, and therefore no longer a child, and was capable of deciding for myself. My patience was well nigh exhausted in defending myself against the Countess Amélie, as well as against a new favourite of my mother, whom I can compare only to a monster. This last was a maid of the Queen's, named Ramen. She was a widow, or rather she had, like the woman of Samaria, more than one husband. Her hypocritical piety, her assumed charity toward the poor, and the long speeches on morality which she hurled at everybody, had induced Madame von Blaspiel to recommend her to the Queen. At the time of my sister Amélie's birth she had known how to make herself most useful and pleasant to the Queen, and since that time had become a still greater favourite. The Countess Amélie and this woman both ruled my mother, but they did not hit it off so well with each other as they did with the Queen. They were rivals for her favour, but each being aware of her influence, they took good care not to show their mutual hatred in the Queen's presence. I was, of course, the victim tormented by both. I thought I should go mad in consequence. I never failed in civility towards my two persecutors; it was my principle never to forget what was due to all, even to my enemies. Unaffected civility is no deceit, and enemies are more easily won over by gentleness than by violence.

Besides, gentleness is a virtue which most becomes our sex. I have always acted up to this precept, and I can say with truth that through it I have conciliated many that were not friendly to me.

Shortly after the King's return from Dresden Marshal Count Flemming was appointed Saxon Envoy at Berlin.*

He was a man of great worth. I had known him since my childhood, and was much attached to him. The Princess Radziwil, his wife, was a most amiable lady. Although I was not allowed to receive visits from gentlemen, Count Flemming's age and his high personal character induced my mother to brave all gossip, and make an exception in his favour. He often made use of this privilege, and he and his wife, who was of a very cheerful temperament, spent many an hour with me. The day before his departure, when he came to take leave of me, he assured me once more of his entire devotion and respect, adding: "I hope before long to give your Royal Highness striking proofs of my attachment, and to make you as happy as you deserve." At that time I thought he referred to my English marriage, and made no reply beyond assuring him of my esteem.

A few days after this we went to Potsdam. The journey there had always been disagreeable to me on account of the depressing existence we led there. This time, however, I was glad to leave Berlin, knowing I should escape from Countess Amélie's persecutions. It was, however, of little use: the Queen was so irate with me and my governess that I was ill-used nearly the whole time. The Queen even went so far as to threaten to speak to the King, but knowing the great esteem in which he held Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, she never dared to do so. In consequence of my entire sub-

* The following note in another handwriting mentions that Count Flemming was at Berlin before the King left for Dresden, and that it was he who induced him to undertake this journey.

missiveness and the interference of Count Finkenstein, who did not share his daughter's * ambitious views—he did not even know of them—I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld made our peace with the Queen.

The King continued his abuse of the King of England. He did so openly at the dinner table, where, in general, the most confidential matters were discussed. Seckendorf never left his side. The Queen could not bear these speeches about England, and one day plainly told Seckendorf what she thought of him. She reminded him of an occurrence which was anything but to his credit, and that he was no man of honour. Seckendorf, who would always have the last word, gave some biting answer, and this led to others. Nobody took any pleasure in such scenes, except the King, who tried to provoke a daily repetition of them. Up to now Seckendorf had done all he could to bring about a rupture between the Courts of England and Prussia, but since the Queen had treated him so ill he determined on another plan, which was much more advantageous to the Emperor, and which, as I shall afterwards show, nearly caused our complete ruin.

My brother had been in a most dejected state ever since his return from Dresden. All my endeavours to rouse him were in vain, and when I asked him what was the matter he said it was the result of his father's unkind treatment of him. The Queen too did her best to cheer him, but without avail. He grew thinner and thinner by degrees, would not eat, while the constant fainting fits he had made all fear he was going into a consumption. The King, who was informed of the Prince's condition, sent him his Surgeon-General, Holzendorf, who reported the Prince to be so seriously ill that, unless energetic measures were adopted, he would certainly become consumptive. This account made the King very

* The Countess Amélie.

anxious, for he had naturally a good heart, and in spite of the dislike which Grumkow had fostered in his mind against his son, the voice of nature made itself heard, and he regretted having treated him so unkindly.

No one knew what was really the matter with the Prince. He was merely love-sick, as will be seen later on. Many well-intentioned persons advised the King to marry his son, but this advice produced not the slightest effect. The near arrival of the King of Poland seemed to restore the Prince to health. He hoped to renew his acquaintance with Countess Orselska, whom he had seen at Dresden, and with whom he was much in love, for she was to accompany the King. Although my brother and I had few secrets from one another, he had not confided anything of this to me, for he knew my views about most things, and took care not to mention anything to me of which I should disapprove.

We returned to Berlin at the end of May, and on our arrival the Queen found letters awaiting her, informing her of the Prince of Wales's intention of coming *incognito* to Berlin. He thought he should, thanks to the commotion and confusion caused by the King of Poland's presence, be able to see me. The Queen was delighted at the visit, and immediately told me of it. The news caused me less satisfaction, as I did not care at all about this marriage. Ambition was not one of my qualities, and I was quite certain that the English Court would not suit me.

The King of Poland arrived on the 29th of May, and immediately waited on the Queen. He was fifty years old at that time, had a majestic presence, and manners that betokened kindness and civility. His very irregular life had injured his health, and he was suffering from lameness, and could not stand long. The Queen sat herself down with him on "tabourets," and the King and the rest of us stood round them in spite of the King of Poland's repeatedly asking us,

to be seated. He looked at me very attentively, praised our family, and made some amiable speech about each one of us. After an hour he took his leave, the Queen accompanying him beyond her audience chamber. The Crown Prince of Poland then came to pay his respects to my mother. He was tall and strong, with a handsome face. His manner was not so courteous as his father's. He looked proud and spoke little, and was not much to be praised for his civility. Since he has ascended the throne, people speak very well of him, much good is said of him, and his work has made one forget what is unpleasant in his manner. His visit to my mother was a short one. We spent our evening in our accustomed solitude, the King of Poland and his son each dining in his own room.

On the following morning we all assembled in the State rooms of the Castle. The two Kings soon afterwards joined us there, the King of Poland accompanied by three hundred nobles of his Court. They were presented to the Queen and afterwards to me. Among them was Prince Johann Adolf of Weissenfels, Lieutenant-General of Saxony. Although I did not converse for long with these gentlemen, I have remembered their names, however barbaric some of them sounded. There was a State dinner. The King of Poland and my mother sat in the middle, my father next to his Royal guest, then the Crown Prince and all the Saxon and Prussian Princes, as many as there were present. I sat on the other side of my mother. Then came my eldest sister, and next her all the other princesses. After dinner all returned to their rooms, and in the evening my mother held a reception, at which also were present the Countesses Orselska and Bilinska.

The Poles that were received by my mother were much surprised at my knowing and addressing them by their names. It flattered them so much that they said out loud that I must "become their Queen." Count Flemming, whom I

have mentioned before, was not present: he died soon after leaving Berlin on his way to Vienna.

Balls and festivities succeeded each other without intermission during the King of Poland's visit, but on account of my father's jealousy at our taking part in them I had but little enjoyment from them. The Prince of Weissenfels seemed to take much notice of me, but I took all his assiduity merely as a mark of civility, and never for one moment thought that his attentions meant anything more.

The day before the King of Poland's departure the two Kings dined at Charlottenburg, where we had been staying the last few days. After dinner they went to the Queen's rooms, and the King of Poland proposed playing a game at Ombre, in which I had the third hand. During the whole of the game the King payed me endless compliments, all of which I set down to the good wine he had had at dinner. He tried hard to make me win a hundred ducats, which would have been very useful to me, as I did not possess a penny, and was in consequence never able to give any little pleasure to my friends. The game did not last long; the King of Poland soon afterwards took his leave, and he left that same night with his suite for Dresden.

The King soon afterwards went to Prussia,* the Crown Prince remaining at Potsdam, with permission to visit the Queen twice a week. Countess Orselska, to whom he had paid secret visits, had quite cured him of his melancholy. During the King's absence the time passed most pleasantly; the presence of many foreigners made our Court very brilliant, and the King of Poland sent the best performers in his private

* Prussia was at that time still a distinct province under Polish jurisdiction, though it had been united to Brandenburg in 1618. In 1773, Frederick the Great assumed the title of King of Prussia in Germany, and united the Electorate of Brandenburg and his other provinces into one kingdom called *Prussia*. Before that time the kings of Prussia held only the rank of Electors of Brandenburg in the German Empire. (*Note by Translator.*)

band to be heard by the Queen. During this period, we became aware that my father had been on the point of engaging me to the King of Poland. Count Flemming had opened the negotiations during his stay in Berlin, and on the King's return to Dresden, these were nearly concluded, when the Crown Prince opposed the marriage. It would have been an advantageous alliance for both sovereigns. My father was to lend the King of Poland three million thalers,* a handsome sum was to be settled on me, on the occasion of my marriage, in return for which Poland guaranteed the possession of the Lausitz for twenty years, on a mortgage, with the administration of its revenues, and my dowry was also to be charged to this Province. To prevent any difficulties in respect to my religion I was always to remain at Dresden. This brilliant project fell through, as the Crown Prince refused to sign the articles.

The Queen was very glad of this. She continued to intrigue with the Envoys of England and France. The King was aware of all that was going on. That wretched maid Ramen, from whom my mother could keep nothing secret, kept him well informed, and employed his valet Eversmann and his Court surgeon Holzendorf for that purpose. My brother, the Queen's ladies and I, all knew this maid's intrigues, but she stood so high in my mother's favour that none of us dared expose her. I even remember that the French Envoy several times expressed his surprise to me that most secret matters confided to him by the Queen were at once known in Grumkow's house. I answered him that I knew of nothing, and was very glad when I did not hear of things which did not concern me. "I shall never say anything to the Queen for the future," the Envoy continued, "but shall entrust all to your Royal Highness, which will be far better." I entreated him to

* £450,000.

spare me, adding that it was already unpleasant enough for me when the Queen did confide anything to me. "I have already told you," I continued, "that I wish to remain in ignorance of all these affairs." "And yet," he answered, "they concern your happiness and that of a whole nation." "I am quite ready to believe this," was my reply, "but at present I have not troubled myself about the future. My ambition is not great, and I have my own views on this subject, which no doubt differ much from those which others have formed."

The King was extremely annoyed at these cabals. Grumkow and Seckendorf's plan was not yet ripe, and they delayed its execution and altered its whole character. Shortly after the King's return, we left Berlin for Wusterhausen, and had been there only a few days when he shut himself up with my mother. We were left meanwhile in the adjoining room. We soon heard a violent altercation. The King was speaking in very loud tones, and we heard my mother crying. This agitated me terribly, as I did not understand what it all meant. After an hour and three-quarters had elapsed, the King suddenly passed through the room in which we were with such a furious expression on his face that I quite trembled. The Queen at once sent for me. I found her crying bitterly. She embraced me tenderly, saying: "All is lost! You are to be married—I am sure you have no idea to whom." I was struck dumb, and when I was at last able to answer her, said I feared it would be no happy provision for me, seeing it caused her so much sorrow. "No, indeed, it is not," she answered, "the King intends giving you in marriage to the Prince of Weissenfels." My surprise was intense.

This Prince's position was dependent on an annuity paid him by his family, and he was so badly off that he could scarcely live as his rank required. I at first said to the Queen that I thought my father had wished only to frighten

her by saying this; that he could not really mean it. "But what will you say when I tell you he is coming here," my mother answered, "and that your betrothal is to be solemnized? Be firm; I will support you. Come what may, my consent shall never be given to this marriage." I promised her I would resist it as long as it was possible.

The very same day we received letters from Berlin confirming this unpleasant news. I was terribly upset and agitated, because I foresaw what a disturbance it would cause in the family, and that the whole violence of my father's anger would fall on me. My brother and I talked all day long about this miserable business. He encouraged me, and tried in every possible manner to calm me.

The King ill-used my brother more and more: nobody dared speak to him, for fear of exciting my father's suspicion. Though he still had his governors, they were no longer allowed to accompany him, in consequence of which my brother led a very dissolute life. Not having anyone to turn to, he was helped in many of his adventures by Keith, one of the King's pages, who soon became inseparable from him. Keith was intelligent, but without education. He served my brother from feelings of real devotion, and kept him informed of all the King's actions, with whom he was in great favour. We were unaware of my brother's artifices; and though I had noticed that he was on more familiar terms with this page than was proper in his position, I did not know how intimate the friendship was. In answer to my remarks on the subject, he said that this young man had been the means of saving him much ill-usage at his father's hands, as he told him everything the King said of him. I mentioned nothing of all this to the Queen, for I was anxious that my brother should be saved all annoyance, and was afraid of her displeasure, which was often carried too far.

I must now return to the Prince of Weissenfels. He arrived at Wusterhausen on Sept. 27th. During the first

day I did not see him, but the King came to my mother and desired her to send to Berlin for her own jewels as well as mine. He wished me to be decked out with them in honour of my betrothal, which he intended to be solemnized. The Queen refused to do as he bade her, and told me that she would rather die than give her consent to this marriage. The next day being Michaelmas Day we went to Church, and during the whole of the service the Duke never took his eyes off me. I was in a great state of agitation. Ever since this subject had been mooted I had had no peace night nor day, and was prepared for the very worst. After church the Duke was presented to the Queen, who turned her back on him without a single word. I had managed to slip away unseen, in order to avoid his speaking to me. The Queen, who had several confidential friends with her at Weisterhausen, determined to let the Prince of Weissenfels know that if he continued to press his suit, she would have him publicly insulted, and that she would be the first to set the example. She added that neither she nor I would ever consent to the marriage, and that she therefore advised him to avoid all scandal by making an honourable retreat. In spite of the dislike I always had for this Prince, I must do him justice, for though narrow-minded, he was most upright, and would never have taken this whim into his head had it not been put there by others. He made up his mind at once, and wrote to the King, that, whilst knowing how to appreciate the great honour he had done him in choosing him for his son-in-law, he confessed himself unworthy of it. That however great his happiness would have been to have possessed me for his wife, he would rather sacrifice it than marry me against my will. He therefore entreated the King to leave me perfect liberty, and not to force my inclinations.

The King had no sooner received this letter, than he took it to the Queen, and the quarrel began afresh. The Queen's tears and entreaties resulted in her obtaining a delay, "but

only on condition," the King said, "that you write to the Queen of England and insist on her declaring positively what her intentions are with respect to the marriage of my daughter with the Prince of Wales. If the answer meets my approbation, I give up all thoughts of any other marriage for her. But if England continues to allure me with fine words, and nothing more, I will break off all negotiations, and shall give her in marriage to whomsoever it pleases me."

The Queen assured him that she was ready to write at once to England, and did not doubt for a moment but that she would receive a satisfactory answer. "We shall see," the King replied; "but be sure of this, that if I do not receive the answer I require, you can hope for no more mercy for your daughter, and as regards your worthless son," he continued, meaning my brother, "you need not expect me to think of marrying him. I will not have a daughter-in-law who carries her nose in the air, and fills my Court with intrigues, as others are already doing. Your Master Fritz shall sooner get a flogging at my hands, than I will look out for a marriage for him." Happily my brother was not present, for the King now poured forth a perfect flood of abuse.

The conversation at last came to an end. My mother having well considered the step she was about to take, began to be less confident as to its ultimate success. She would not, however, own it to herself, and said to me, "I shall not give up hope, and trust all will be well." I told her I doubted it, because I was sure the King of England would not consent to my marriage without my brother's being settled too; and my father would not be satisfied unless he received exactly the answer he wished. The result of this would be fresh storms and scenes, which she would be unable to prevent. My mother was inclined to be angry at this remark, for she replied: "You already give up hope: well then, marry your fat Johann Adolph, and be sure that my curse will rest on you." I assured her that I was too

well aware what was best for my own advantage not to know all the evils of this marriage, and that I should do everything in my power to prevent its taking place. This seemed to calm her; but I did not dare say anything more on the subject or explain my views to her, as I saw that my doing so annoyed her. The Queen, however, thought much over the whole question, and afterwards said to me, "I have thought of a means which cannot fail to help us in attaining the end we have in view. My son must assist us. He too must write to the Queen of England, and promise her solemnly, on condition that she consents to your marriage, to marry no one but her daughter, the Princess Amelia." I was allowed to make no remark to this; and my brother, who came into the room just at that moment, at once consented. He ardently wished to marry an English princess, in order to have support and protection from further ill-treatment. He at once wrote this luckless letter, which the Queen sent off secretly.

My position was a very sad one. The Prince of Wales was indifferent to me—indeed I disliked him, and it was my mother's fault that I did so, for she had given me most unfavourable descriptions of him. "He is a good-natured Prince," she sometimes said to me, "kind-hearted, but very foolish. If you have sense enough to tolerate his mistresses, you will be able to do what you like with him."

Such a man would have suited my mother, for she loved to rule, but as I did not care about this, I was in a very different position. My ideas of marriage were very different. I wished to marry a Prince for whom I could entertain a real respect, and to whom I could look up as to a true friend. I wished that our mutual love and esteem should guide all our actions. My desire to please him in everything would result from these feelings. The notion of duty excludes a wife's feelings of friendship for her husband. Where real love exists nothing becomes difficult or hard when it is done

to please the object we care for. I can now say this from personal experience, for Providence granted what I desired. But I must return again to the subject I was writing about. I had a horror of this Duke of Weissenfels: my father and mother did not agree on this point. The one had the power on his side and the other common sense. What was I to do in such a difficult position? When I thought over it all, I was ready to despair, for whichever way I turned I felt I should be the victim of one or the other. The Duke, however, took his departure, and we were left somewhat in peace.

I must mention a little occurrence which greatly irritated our persecutors. Grumkow had a beautiful house at Berlin, bought for him by the King. He begged the Queen to give him her portrait, which was to be one of the chief ornaments of his house. The Queen promised to do so. She had lately had herself painted for the King of Denmark, and as the picture was not quite finished, she ordered a copy of it to be made for Grumkow, whilst the original was to be given to the Sovereign. Grumkow came one day to thank the Queen for her present, and talked much of the beauty of the painting, and of its being one of the best portraits that the artist had ever executed. The Queen said in a whisper to me, "I do hope that there has been no mistake, and that he has not got the original instead of the copy," and she asked him straight out about it. He answered her that as he had an original portrait of the King, he had thought it but fair to have the same of her, and that consequently he had asked the artist to give him the original. "And who gave you this permission?" the Queen enquired, "I have never honoured any private person with such a present, and I do not intend to make an exception in your favour." The King prevented Grumkow from replying by leaving the table, but Grumkow followed the Queen, entreating her to let him keep the picture. Her very curt refusal resulted in

some sharp answers, upon which, to put an end to the conversation, the Queen withdrew.

As soon as the King had gone out shooting, which he did daily, my mother sent for Count Finkenstein, to whom she told the whole story.

Count Finkenstein was Grumkow's sworn enemy, and was delighted at having an opportunity of playing him a trick. He, therefore, advised the Queen to make a still greater fuss about the whole business, to send several of her servants and demand to have the picture back, at the same time saying that Grumkow should not even have a copy till he had learned to behave himself towards her with more respect. I was present at this conversation, of which I greatly disapproved, and which I thought very wrong. Next day the Queen carried out the advice given her by Count Finkenstein. Grumkow sent her word that he possessed so many interesting portraits of far greater princes and princesses, that these would comfort him for the loss of hers.

Soon after this we returned to Berlin. My mother had constant interviews with the English Envoy, M. de Bourguait. Four weeks had already elapsed since she had written to the Queen of England, and, in spite of her assumed confidence as to the expected answer, she was terribly anxious. Grumkow was greatly embittered against her. Neither he nor his family went near her, and he spoke of her in the most insolent terms. He went so far as to write to the King and insist on personal satisfaction being given him for the insult, as he called it, which the Queen had offered him. I do not know what good spirit ruled my father at this moment, but Grumkow received no answer to his many complaints. Several people tried to put in a good word for him with the Queen. He himself even offered her apologies, a step which he made the King believe was greatly to his credit.

At last the long-expected answer from England arrived. The Queen of England wrote that both she and her husband

were much inclined to strengthen the bands which united the families by a double marriage, but that this could not be definitely settled till Parliament had been consulted. The Queen at the same time received a private letter, encouraging her to remain firm, and containing many other suggestions, which were of little use to us in our present position. A letter to my brother was written in much the same strain. No Medusa's head ever had such an effect on anyone as these letters had on my mother! She trembled to show them to the King, and had nearly determined to suppress them and to write a second time to England. M. de Bourguait, when he came to see her, informed her that he had received much the same messages for the King. My mother then spoke quite openly to him about the matter, and said that if England behaved in this manner she could no longer answer for what might happen. She was prepared for endless troubles and persecutions on the King's return, and that unless she were speedily helped, everything would be lost. M. de Bourguait endeavoured to pacify and calm her as much as he was able.

A few days afterwards the King arrived. His first question was, what was the reply from England. "Here it is," the Queen replied with the greatest composure; "I hope you will be satisfied with it." "Satisfied," he cried, after having read it, "how can I be satisfied when they are again trying to deceive me?" and with this he left the room without another word. Immediately afterwards he had a long conversation with Grumkow, and when he returned to us we could observe nothing, and he treated us most kindly. The Queen was greatly relieved. Not I, however; for I knew the King too well, and that if he was driven to dissemble he was far worse even than during his violent fits of passion. He did not remain long at Berlin, but soon returned to Potsdam.

A new epoch began with the year 1729. M. de Lamotte,

an officer in the Hanoverian service, and a near relation of Von Sastot, one of my mother's chamberlains, came to Berlin. He suddenly arrived at Sastot's, quite secretly, one day. "I am the bearer of a most important confidential message," he said. "You must hide me somewhere in your house that my arrival may remain unknown, and you must manage that one of my letters reaches the King." Sastot promised him all he asked, and then enquired if his business were good or evil. "It will be good if people can hold their tongues, but if they gossip it will be evil. However, as I know you are discreet, and as I require your help in obtaining an interview with the Queen, I must confide all to you. The Prince of Wales intends being here in three weeks at the latest. He means to escape secretly from Hanover, brave his father's anger, and marry the Princess. He has entrusted me with the whole affair, and has sent me here to find out if his arrival would be agreeable to the King and Queen, and if they are still anxious for this marriage. If she is capable of keeping a secret, and has no suspicious people about her, will you undertake to speak to the Queen on the subject? Yet before doing so, and in order to run no risk, you had better first consult with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, of whose discretion I am sure. She will be your guide."

That very same evening Sastot appeared as usual in the Queen's apartments, who was not holding receptions. He called Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld on one side and told her all that had passed between him and Lamotte, and added that he had not been able to speak unreservedly with him about the affair, as he was afraid of telling this good news to the Queen, because he knew quite well that she would at once confide it all to that wretched Ramen, who would immediately communicate it to Seckendorf and his creatures.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was much perturbed, but after having well considered the question, decided that Sastot should

speak with the Queen. The joy this news caused her is easily to be imagined. She at once communicated them to Countess Finkenstein, and my Lady-in-waiting,* who both implored her to keep them secret. I was just then very ill. I had had a bad fainting fit, followed by violent fever, which confined me to my bed. The Queen desired Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to prepare me by degrees for this happy event of which she then wished to speak to me herself.

The next morning Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld came to drink her tea by my bedside. "I cannot think what has come to Sastot," she said, "he dances about, sings, and is full of nonsense, and says it is all because he is so delighted at some good news he has heard, which he will, however, tell nobody." "Perhaps he has taken too much," I said, "and this makes him so merry."

"Oh! no," she replied, "he declares the good news concerns you!"

"Good God," I cried, "what good news can I expect in the position in which I am placed, and how can Sastot have anything to do with it?"

"But," continued Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "supposing he had received the news direct from the Prince of Wales himself?"

"Well! would that be such great happiness?"

"Your Royal Highness is very sinful," she replied, "and you will be punished for it, if you so despise a Prince who risks everything for your sake. What do you want? Do you wish to fade and pine away, or do you wish to marry that delightful Prince of Weissenfels?"

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld would have endured anything that this marriage might be accomplished; it was the only point on which we differed, and we had often had arguments on the subject. I now laughed at her speech,

* Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld.

without taking much heed of it. I thought that the Prince of Wales had most probably given an assurance similar to that which my brother had given the Queen of England, and that this had caused Sastot's high spirits. When, however, the Queen herself came to me with this pleasant piece of news, I felt in a very different mood. I remained dumb, and could not utter a word. My mother thought it the result of my satisfaction at the news. "I shall at length see you happy and my wishes realized at the same time—how much joy at once!" I kissed her hands, which I covered with tears. "You are crying," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?" I would not disturb her happiness, so I answered, "The thought of leaving you distresses me more than all the crowns of the world could delight me." The Queen was only the more tender towards me in consequence, and then left me. I loved this dear mother truly, and had only spoken the truth to her. She left me in a terrible state of mind. I was cruelly torn between my affection for her and my repugnance to the Prince of Wales; but I determined to leave all to Providence, who would direct my ways.

That same evening the Queen held a reception. As bad luck would have it, the English Envoy came to it and began at once to tell her all the news he had received from his Court. The conversation grew livelier and livelier, and, without reflecting on the consequences, the Queen confided to him the whole of the Prince of Wales's project. M. de Bourguait, with intense surprise, asked her if it were all true. "Certainly," she replied, "and to show you how true it is, he has sent Lamotte here, who has already informed the King of everything."

"Oh! why does your Majesty tell me this? I am wretched, for I must prevent it." Greatly frightened, my mother asked him why he must do so. "Because I am my Sovereign's Envoy; because my office requires of me that I should

inform him of so important a matter. I shall send off a messenger to England this very evening. Would to God I had known nothing of all this!" The Queen's prayers and entreaties were all of no avail, for he left her, to despatch the messenger. My mother's consternation was indescribable! She was in utter despair. Countess Finkenstein came the next morning and told me all that had happened. The only means we had in our power of preventing greater misfortune was to endeavour to keep it all from the King. At the end of a week, the King came to Berlin to receive the Prince of Wales. He had had a secret interview with Lamotte, after which the long ardently desired arrival of the Prince was daily expected. But this joy was doomed to be turned to sorrow. A courier brought the news that at the express command of his father, the Prince of Wales had suddenly left Hanover for England. This news fell on the King and Queen like a thunderbolt.

But it is time that I should now unravel this mystery. The English nation were most anxious for the Prince of Wales's presence in England, and had incessantly begged the King to grant it. The King, on the other hand, did not feel at all inclined to do so, as he feared he might suffer in personal consideration, and that the Prince's arrival in England would raise an opposition against him, which might lead to disturbances. In order to have some plausible reason against his presence in England, the King had himself written to the Prince, suggesting his going to Berlin and marrying me. This step he intended to use afterwards to bring about a rupture with the Prince, by which means he could keep him several years longer at Hanover. The Prince, who ardently desired the alliance with me, was only too delighted to obey his father's wishes. The sudden arrival of Bourguait's messenger spoilt everything. This messenger was sent to the Secretary of State. Nothing remained to the King, who was anxious that no suspicion

should be aroused in England, but to desire the Prince to return. Poor Lamotte became the innocent victim of all this. He had to spend two years in the fortress of Hameln, and was obliged to leave the Hanoverian service. He afterwards entered the Prussian army, where he still commands a regiment.

My father was greatly incensed at again finding himself duped by England. He returned to Potsdam soon after this affair was settled, and we shortly followed him.

Immediately after our arrival my father had a violent attack of gout, which troubled him for some time. This illness, added to his displeasure at his disappointed hopes, made his temper unbearable. I was called nothing else by him but the "English *canaille*," and he ill-treated me and my brother in a shocking manner. We were not allowed to leave him for one single moment during the whole day. We took all our meals near his bedside, and to torment us still more he let us have only those things to eat for which we had an absolute dislike. But, good or bad, we were obliged to swallow them down, and run the risk of being ill for the rest of the day. Not a single day passed without some unfortunate occurrence, and we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some unhappy being who was being tormented. The King was of too impatient a nature to remain long in bed, so he sat in an armchair in which he had himself wheeled about the castle. He held a crutch in each hand to support himself, and we followed this triumphal car like wretched prisoners expecting their sentence.

On one occasion, when his temper was more than usually bad, he told the Queen that he had received letters from Anspach, in which the Margrave announced his arrival at Berlin for the beginning of May. He was coming there for the purpose of marrying my sister, and one of his ministers would arrive previously with the betrothal ring. My father asked my sister whether she were pleased at this

prospect, and how she would arrange her household. Now my sister had always made a point of telling him whatever came into her head, even the greatest home-truths, and he had never taken her outspokenness amiss. On this occasion, therefore, relying on former experience, she answered him as follows: "When I have a house of my own I shall take care to have a well-appointed dinner table, better than yours is, and if I have children of my own I shall not plague them as you do yours, and force them to eat things they thoroughly dislike!"

"What is amiss with my dinner-table?" the King enquired, getting very red in the face. "You ask what is the matter with it," my sister replied, "there is not enough on it for us to eat, and what there is is cabbage and carrots, which we detest." Her first answer had already angered my father, but now he gave vent to his fury. But instead of punishing my sister he poured it all on my mother, my brother, and myself. To begin with he threw his plate at my brother's head, who would have been struck had he not got out of the way; a second one he threw at me, which I also happily escaped; then torrents of abuse followed these first signs of hostility. He reproached the Queen with having brought up her children so badly. "You will curse your mother," he said to my brother, "for having made you such a good-for-nothing creature. A man was once condemned to death in Carthage for various crimes," he continued, "and as he was being led to the place of execution, he asked to be allowed to speak to his mother. Whilst pretending to whisper to her, he bit a piece out of her ear, saying at the same time, 'I treat you like this, that you may serve as an example to all mothers that do not bring up their children virtuously.' You can do the same," my father continued, still addressing himself to my brother, and with this remark he let himself be wheeled away in his chair. As my brother and I passed near him to leave the room, he hit out at us

with his crutch. Happily we escaped the blow, for it would certainly have struck us down, and we at last escaped without harm from the room. I had been so upset by this scene, that I trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down to avoid fainting. My mother, who came after us, comforted us as best she could, and endeavoured to persuade us to return to the King. We were, however, not the least inclined to do this. The scene with the plates and the crutch had frightened us too much. At length we were obliged to do so, and we found the King conversing quietly with his officers.

I felt quite ill nevertheless, and fainted away in the Queen's room. My mother's maid exclaimed, on seeing me, "Good gracious, your Royal Highness, what is the matter, you look dreadful!" I looked in the glass, and saw that my face and neck were covered with red spots. I told her I had been very much agitated, and that this was the result. I fainted again several times. The red spots disappeared as soon as I was in the cold air, appearing again in the heat of the room. I was obliged to keep about as best I could, as I was unable to get to bed. That night I was attacked by violent fever, which left me so weak next morning that I was obliged to ask my mother to excuse me from coming to her. She sent me word that dead or alive I must go to her. I then sent word that I had a rash which made it impossible. She however, repeated her command, and I was carried into her room, where I went from one fainting fit into another. In this condition I was dragged to the King. My sister, seeing that I was ready to give up the ghost, said to the King, "I beseech you, dear father, let my sister return to her room, she has fever, and cannot even stand. The King asked me if this were true. "You look very ill," he said "but I will cure you," and he forced me to drink a whole goblet full of very strong, old Rhine wine. My rash had gone in, and I was fighting with death. I had no sooner drunk the wine than I began to be delirious, and begged my mother to have

me taken to my room. This she granted on condition that I would leave it again in the evening.

I laid myself down without taking off my head dress, but no sooner was I in bed than the violence of the fever deprived me of my reason. The doctor who was called in pronounced me to be suffering from an inflammatory fever, and gave me three remedies not at all suitable to my present illness. From time to time I recovered consciousness, and then I prayed that God would take me to Himself. Amidst bitter tears I said to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "the many sufferings I have been through have made me indifferent to this world, and now Providence will grant me the highest bliss. I am the cause of all my mother and brother's sorrows; my death will put an end to these. If I die, promise me to say two things in my name to the King, first that I beg he will restore me his affections, and secondly, implore him to be kinder towards my mother and my brother." I lay for thirty-six hours between life and death, and at last small-pox declared itself.

The King had never once inquired after me, since the commencement of my illness. As soon, however, as he heard the nature of my complaint, he sent his Court Surgeon to find out if I really had small-pox. This rude personage said many unkind things to me in the King's name, besides being most repulsive in his own behaviour. At any other time this would have provoked my anger, but I was now far too ill to notice his insolence. Upon the doctor's confirming the statement that I had the small-pox, I was put into quarantine. All communication with my rooms was cut off, and nobody about the King and Queen was allowed to come near me. I felt that I was being treated like a plague-stricken creature. My governess and my maid were the only attendants I had. Though I lay in an icy cold room, deserted by the whole world, I had the comfort of my brother's visits. He had had the small-pox, and came daily to spend with me what spare

time he had. The Queen sent incessantly to enquire after me, but was not allowed to see me. For nine days I was as ill as I could be. All the symptoms seemed to point towards a fatal termination, and those who saw me thought I should be marked for life. I escaped death, however, and not a trace remained of this fearful malady.

Meanwhile M. von Bremer, who had been sent by the Margrave of Anspach, arrived at Berlin. My sister's betrothal by proxy then took place, the ceremony being of the simplest description. The King had got rid of his gout and of his bad temper, preserving the latter towards me alone. That charming Holzendorf* never entered my room without bringing me some disagreeable message from him. This bad man was in the very highest favour, and everybody bowed before him. He used his advantages, however, to do as much harm as he could, particularly to the Queen, my brother, and myself. He was Seckendorf's creature, and that says volumes.

My father was now kinder towards my brother, but merely because he thought it politic to be so, and because Grumkow, into whose hands he had completely fallen, advised him to be so. Count Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein were in Grumkow's way, and prevented his carrying out his plans. They were, therefore, to be got rid of under the pretext that my brother no longer required governors. He persuaded the King to agree to their discharge, and succeeded. The two governors were dismissed in an honourable manner, both of them receiving a good pension for their services. They were replaced by two officers who had not the slightest power over my brother. The one was Colonel Rochow, the other M. von Kaiserling. The former, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs, was no genius, and the other, while exceedingly clever, had no religion of

* The King's Court Surgeon.

any kind. He had read a great deal, and boasted of being somewhat of a poet. It will be easily understood that my brother infinitely preferred Kaiserling to Rochow. The former's love of science and learning made him a very agreeable companion. They had not long been together before the conversation turned on religious subjects. Kaiserling raised doubts in my brother's mind. These doubts were, as I shall hereafter show, indelibly strengthened by another person.

My brother came to me every day, and we occupied ourselves in reading and writing. I remember well how we read Scarron's comic novel, and made satires from it applicable to the King's *entourage*. We called Grumkow La Rancune; the Margrave of Schwedt, who had reappeared with his pretensions, Saldague; Seckendorf, La Rapinière. We did not even spare the King, but I must not say which part we assigned to him. We showed our performance to the Queen, who was greatly amused at it. I fear we deserved a severe reprimand. Children ought never to lose sight of the respect and honour they owe their parents. I have reproached myself a thousand times since, for acting so much against this precept. Our youth, and the approval our efforts at authorship met with, must to some extent be our excuse.

Madame de Bouvillon was not forgotten in our satirical novel; we gave her name to the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, whom we thought she resembled. We often joked in her presence about it, so that she became curious to know who this Madame de Bouvillon was. I told her that the Queen of Spain's "Camerera Majors" were called so, and they all had to be of this family. Six weeks after this, at one of the Queen's receptions, the conversation turned on the Spanish Court, and my mother's Mistress of Robes thought she could not do better than show the world how much she knew about it than by saying that all "Camerera Majors" were of the family of Bouvillon. Everybody laughed, and she found

out that she had been taken in. After enquiring further, and being made acquainted with the story of the heroine to whom I had given the rank of "Camerera Major," she perceived at once that I had made fun of her, and was so extremely angry that I had the greatest trouble in appeasing her. I was very fond of her, and knew her worth, and what I had done was done to amuse the Queen. Since then I have left off turning people into ridicule: it is wiser to find fault with one's self. How easily the faults of others are perceived by us, whilst to our own we are blind. But I must return to my story.

As the Margrave of Anspach was expected in a week, and as neither he nor my sister had had the small-pox, I was sent away from Potsdam. Before my departure I went to see the King, but my mother would not allow me to remain long with him. He was generally so unkind to me that, as I had not yet quite recovered my strength, the Queen was afraid the agitation would be bad for me. When I arrived in Berlin, I found the Countess Amélie was engaged to be married to Viereck, the Minister of State. Her old lover had died a year ago, in England. She had received the news whilst attending the Court circle, and it affected her so much that she fell down in a swoon. This occurrence did not increase her favour with the Queen. Countess Amélie, however, was not long in getting over her loss. The King and Queen soon joined me at Berlin, with the rest of the family.

My sister's wedding took place amidst great pomp and rejoicing. She took her departure with her husband a fortnight afterwards, and I was then set at liberty.

We did not remain long in Berlin, but joined the King at Wusterhausen, where the quarrels began afresh. Not a day passed without some scene or other. The King's anger against my brother and myself reached such a pitch that, with the exception of the hours for our meals, we were banished both from his presence and the Queen's. He scarcely

allowed us the necessaries of life, and we were tormented with hunger from morning till night. Our only food was coffee and milk, and during dinner and supper time we were honoured with epithets anything but pleasing. Of an afternoon we went secretly to see the Queen, and whilst we were with her she always had her spies watching to inform her in good time of the King's approach. One day, whilst we were with her, she had not, through some carelessness or other, had early enough notice of my father's return. There was only one door to the room in which we were, so that we had to make up our minds at once what to do. My brother hid himself in a cupboard, and I slipped under my mother's bed. We had scarcely had time to do so before the King entered the room. He was unfortunately very tired, sat down, and went to sleep for two hours. I was in a most uncomfortable position, and nearly smothered hiding under that low bed. I peeped out from time to time to discover if the King was still asleep. Anybody who had witnessed this occurrence must have laughed.

At last the King woke up, and left the room; we crept from our hiding places, and implored the Queen never to expose us to a similar "comedy" again. I often begged the Queen to allow me to write to the King, asking him the reason of his anger against me, and begging his forgiveness. She would not let me do so, however. She said it would be of no use: "Your father would only grant you his favour on condition that you married either the Margrave of Schwedt or the Duke of Weissenfels." I quite saw the force of these arguments, and had to submit.

A few peaceful days followed these storms, but, alas, only to make way for still worse. The King went to Libnow, where he met the King of Poland and his son. In spite of all the difficulties that had been placed in his way, my father still hoped to arrange a marriage between me and the King of Poland. The Crown Prince of Poland persistently turned

a deaf ear to the entreaties of both sovereigns, and was not to be induced to sign the marriage contract. My father, finding himself forced to give up this plan, deemed it right at once to solemnly betroth me, during the King of Poland's visit, to the Duke of Weissenfels. On his return to Wusterhausen my father passed through the small town of Dam, which belonged to this Prince, and stopped there a few days. During his absence we had remained at Wusterhausen, and consequently enjoyed some peace and quiet; but this all came to an end as soon as the King returned. He never saw my brother without threatening him with his stick, and this latter often said to me that he would respectfully bear all ill-treatment save blows, and that if it came to these he would run away.

The page Keith had meanwhile become an officer in a regiment quartered in Cleves. We were delighted at his promotion, as we hoped his removal would have a good effect on my brother, and that he would in consequence give up many of his wild ways. Alas! he unfortunately found a far worse favourite in the son of Field-Marshal von Katt, grandson of Field-Marshal von Wartensleben.

His father had had him very well educated, and had intended him, on account of his cleverness, for the Civil Service. This plan did not please the King, so young Katt entered the Army, in which he held the rank of Captain of Gendarmes. His constant intercourse with the French Envoy, Count von Rotenburg, his travels, industry and study, had given refinement both to his mind and his manners. He was extremely cultivated, and a most agreeable social companion. His appearance was not attractive. He was very plain, with a dark complexion, much marked by small-pox. His thick black eyebrows were drawn down low over his eyes, and met above his nose. This gave him a most unfortunate expression. Katt was very wild, and boasted of being very strong-minded. It was Katt's influence which

destroyed all religious belief in my brother. I had observed this in his conversations, and had also often argued with him about his fatalist views. He maintained that being once predestined to sin, it was impossible to escape from it. I never, however, for a moment thought that he intended with this one theory to overthrow all religious belief.

We at last left Wusterhausen to return to Berlin. As the King had not again mentioned my marriage with the Duke of Weissenfels, the Queen thought all was safe. One evening she received a letter from my brother, which he sent her secretly, in which he told her of his utter despair. The King had so cruelly ill-used him, and beaten him so terribly, that he thought he would have killed him. He said his patience was at an end, that he was too proud to submit to such treatment, and that if his sufferings were not soon put an end to by England, he should be obliged reluctantly to take other means to find relief. It is easy to imagine the effect this communication had on my mother and myself. Our grief was indescribable. I foresaw the saddest results, for I understood my brother better than the Queen did, and knew that the means he hinted at meant flight. I ventured to implore my mother to let the King have his own way, and not oppose him. She saw what divisions there were in the family, I continued, how my brother was ill-treated, and how embittered the King had become during the last year. I was quite ready to become the victim of it all, I said, and there was no sacrifice, however great, which I would not gladly make were it to put an end to the misery which my brother had to endure. My mother was extremely angry with this speech of mine. "Do you wish to break my heart, and commit actions which are unworthy both of myself and of you? If so, do what you like, but my curse will be upon you, and I disown you from henceforth." She quite frightened me by her violence in saying this, and I had the greatest trouble in calming her and making my peace with her.

Since the Countess Amélie's marriage, Mademoiselle von Bülow, first Lady-in-waiting, had taken her place, and become a great favourite with the Queen. This lady's character differed greatly from that of her predecessor. She was kind-hearted and obliging, and did no one any harm. Her only fault was love of intrigue. She was on very good terms with M. de Bourguait, the English Envoy, and his wife, and still more so with M. von Kniephausen, first Secretary of State at the Court of Berlin, in consequence of which it was easy for the Queen also to obtain information about affairs of the most confidential nature. Ramen meanwhile continued her mischievous work. She brought the Queen false news about the King, whilst, at the same time, she betrayed her to him. Since my brother's letter, the Queen did not know to which saint she was to pray for help. Eversmann, whom I have already mentioned several times, was the King's especial favourite. The Queen was well aware that this creature was in Seckendorf and Grumkow's pay, and that he did his utmost to create a bad feeling between the King and his family. She determined therefore at all hazards to win him over to her side, and spoke to M. de Bourguait on the subject, to obtain his co-operation. He could, however, give her only five hundred thalers, (£75). She herself added the same amount. After speaking with Eversmann in a most friendly manner, and promising him endless favours, she gave him the money, remarking, at the same time, that it was small in comparison to the advantages he would reap if he would join her party, and do his duty. Having promised her all she asked for, Eversmann at once went and betrayed the whole transaction to the King. He boasted greatly of this fresh proof of his devotion to him. My father's anger against my mother was only increased by this incident, and we sank into depths out of which we could only with difficulty extricate ourselves.

I now arrive at a most critical period in these memoirs, the

year 1730, which certainly was the cruellest in my life. The King came to Berlin for the *fêtes* of the New Year. He was in an excellent temper during the whole time he was there, and the subject of my marriage was never touched on. We had found means of pacifying my brother, and flattered ourselves that after having gone through so many troubles we should at last have some peace! But who knows the recesses of man's heart, and who can rely on constant happiness! The King left Berlin and returned to Potsdam. A few days after Count Finkenstein received a letter from him with an order which he was not to open except in the presence of Grumkow and Field-Marshal von Bork, both of whom were Ministers of State. These two gentlemen received a Royal command to go to Count Finkenstein. As soon as they had assembled they together read the order, which enclosed a letter from the King to the Queen. The order ran as follows:

"As soon as you three, namely, Grumkow, Bork, and Finkenstein have assembled together, you are to go to the Queen, and tell her in my name that I am tired of her intrigues, that I no longer intend to remain England's plaything, a part which dishonours me and my family, that I am determined to spite everyone, and settle my daughter Wilhelmine's marriage; but that as an act of great clemency towards my wife, I give her permission once more to write to England, and ask if they will consent to the marriage with the Prince of Wales. If, however, the answer does not meet my wishes, then the Queen must give me her word of honour no longer to oppose my daughter's marriage. She can have her choice between the Margrave of Schwedt and the Duke of Weissenfels. If, on the other hand, she does not agree to these conditions, tell the Queen that I shall break with her for ever, and that she can retire with her worthless daughter, whom I shall no longer acknowledge, to her dower house of Oranienburg. Do your duty as devoted subjects, and use all

your influence to bring about the Queen's submission to my commands. I shall know how to reward you; but if, on the other hand, you fail, you and your families shall suffer for it.

"I remain, your affectionate King,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

As soon as they had read the letter, Grumkow, Bork and Finkenstein went to the Queen. She was quite unprepared for this visit; Count Finkenstein had, however, found means to let her know of it. They handed her the King's letter, which was couched in such harsh terms that I will pass over it in silence. They then showed her the King's order addressed to them, and spoke with her about it as they were desired. Grumkow distinguished himself much on this occasion. He followed the Devil's example. Having tried in vain to convince her on political grounds why it was for the King's advantage that she should make this sacrifice, he tried to quote the Bible to her. He said that it was written there that wives should be in "submission to their husbands," and that as regarded the obedience due from children to their parents, they owed it to their father above all things; that a father had the right too of forcing his daughter to marry against her inclinations. The Queen answered him by quoting the example of Bethuel, who replied as follows to Abraham's servants when they came to ask for Rebekah as wife for Isaac: "'Call the damsel,' and they called Rebekah and said unto her, 'Wilt thou go with this man?'" She knew, the Queen added, what obedience a wife owed her husband, but she confined herself to submitting to all reasonable demands, and to those the justice and fairness of which could not be disputed. But that neither justice nor fairness existed in wishing to marry me to a coarse, dissolute creature, stamped with the traces of all his vices. He was the youngest Prince of the House of Brandenburg, a Polish General, dependent on an annuity, on which he was scarcely able to

subsist, still less to keep me as befitted my rank. His age was out of all proportion to mine, his appearance most unpleasant, and, finally, he did not possess a single advantage which could make him attractive. As regarded the King's threats to separate himself from her, the Queen continued, these went for nothing, because that matter did not lie in the King's power. She had never given him the least cause for complaint, either by her behaviour or her actions, and therefore she considered it beneath her to notice this portion of his letter. The Queen would, she said, write to England as the King desired, but she would never give consent to either of the other two marriages: she would rather see me dead than plunged into such misery. In conclusion, my mother said she felt indisposed, and had expected that greater consideration would have been shown her in her present condition; and after addressing some sharp words to Grumkow she left the room in a terrible state of agitation.

She sent at once for me, told me all that had taken place, and showed me the King's letter, to which I could answer only with my tears. This dreadful letter had to be answered, and my mother's reply was most touching. Having repeated in it most of what she said to the three gentlemen, she afterwards held a consultation with Countess Finkenstein, Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and myself, as to the decision to be taken. We agreed that the Queen should pretend to be very ill, and in such a manner, too, that even her maids should be deceived. Countess Finkenstein took this opportunity of telling my mother that she did not know who the persons were that repeated everything that happened in her rooms, even to the confidential conversations she had with her. "I assure your Majesty," she continued, "that you cannot be too careful at this critical moment. People listen at your doors, and those you think devoted to you betray you!" "No one," said the Queen, "can betray my secrets, as they do not know them, and I am quite sure of Ramen's

discretion." As the Queen said this, we all three looked at each other in such a way that she must have read our thoughts; but if she did so, she took care we should not be aware of her discovery.

That same evening, whilst we were at dinner, the Queen acted as if she were taken suddenly ill. We all played our parts so well that every one was taken in, excepting the maid Ramen, who had been told of the plan. The next day my mother kept her bed, and made all believe she was very ill. This, however, did not prevent her from secretly informing my brother of all that had happened, and of sending him the rough copy of a letter which he was to write to the Queen of England. He was to say that though he had met with no favourable response to a former letter he had written on the subject of my marriage he had not lost courage. He was too well aware of the kind-heartedness of the King and Queen of England, knowing besides how tenderly attached they were to the Queen, his mother, not to feel sure that, taking our painful position into account, they would no longer refuse to consent to my marriage with the Prince of Wales. They would risk nothing in doing so, for he gave his solemn promise never to marry anyone but the Princess Amelia. If, however, the question of my marriage were further postponed, he would consider himself no longer bound by his promise, and would agree to the first marriage his father proposed to him. My brother made no difficulty about writing this letter, which was sent off, together with a very strong one from the Queen. Much as I had disliked the idea of this marriage, I own that I now much desired that it should take place. It was the least of the three evils which threatened me, and I saw but too clearly what would be the result if the negotiation failed.

Things continued in this state for several days. The Queen left her bed of an afternoon, and dined with us in the evening. On the 25th the crisis began. The Queen

received a fresh embassy from the King, consisting of the same persons as had composed the former; but this time their messages were far more peremptory than those she had received before. The King persisted in his threat of sending my mother away to her dower house, at the same time threatening to imprison me and ruin my brother. He alluded to the proposed marriage with England, only to say he would hear nothing more about it. Even if the King and Queen of England agreed, he would now refuse his consent. My mother was therefore quietly to submit to his propositions, or she might be certain that the whole force of the King's resentment would fall on me. These messages, accompanied by a still more violent letter from my father, had no effect in shaking my mother's determination. She persisted in her refusal to consent to either of the marriages proposed. The King might kill her, she said, before she would give her consent. We were prepared at any moment for the King's taking extreme measures. The perpetual agitation and sorrow in which we lived affected my health, which was always delicate. I could neither sleep nor eat, and grew visibly thinner.

A week passed in this painful state, when at last the reply from England arrived. It was couched in the usual terms. The King and Queen of England were favourably inclined to my marriage taking place on condition that my brother's was solemnized at the same time. The Queen of England's letter to my brother contained only civil speeches. My mother at once communicated this news to me: she was so affected by them that we were afraid of the result on her health. She accompanied the letter from England, which she was obliged to lay before the King, with a most touching note of her own, hoping to soften his heart. He, however, returned both unread, because Ramen, to whom the Queen had confided, had betrayed everything to him. Eversmann arrived that evening from Potsdam, and told the Queen that

the King was greatly incensed against her and me, and had sworn to use violence to force us to submit to his will. Everybody was suffering from his bad temper, he said, and he had most cruelly ill-treated my brother, having seized him by his hair, dragged him through the room, and then beaten him till he bled. When Eversmann left the Queen's presence, he said to me in a most insolent tone, "How long will you continue to be the cause of these dissensions in the family, and to draw down the King's anger upon you? I speak to you as a friend. Obey the King's orders with a good grace, or prepare yourself for the grossest insult. I know what is in store for you. You have not a moment to lose. Give me a letter for the King, and don't pay any attention to what the Queen says. I don't tell you this from myself, but by the King's orders."

Put yourself in my place, and judge what I suffered at being treated thus by a wretched valet and spy! Yet I was obliged to remain cool, and therefore merely answered, "the King's displeasure is most painful to me, and I shall do everything in my power to win back his favour. I know his kind heart and fatherly tenderness too well not to believe that he would not willingly plunge me into misery. I shall obey all his commands, however hard they may be, as soon as he and my mother are of one mind about them. I know that he has full power over me as my father, but my mother's rights are equally good. I am quite ready to take an oath never to marry the Prince of Wales, if the King will only exempt me from marrying either of the two people to whom I have an unconquerable repugnance." Eversmann then turned to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and said, "the King commands you to induce the Princess to accept the marriage with the Duke of Weissenfels, and if she will not have him, then to take the Margrave of Schwedt. If you do not obey the King's orders, he will have you imprisoned on bread and water in Spandau, and ruin the whole of your family."

"The King has the power to do this," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld answered, in the quietest manner possible. "He appointed me to educate the Princess, but not to force her to this marriage. I shall not meddle in this business, nor shall I tell her to accept one or the other suitor, but I shall pray to God to guide her aright, that she may decide on what is best."

"But are you not aware," Eversmann began afresh, "on what the King has decided if she continues to remain so obstinate?" "No, I am not, neither do I wish to know," was her reply. "I will, however, tell you," he continued, "the King gives the Princess three days to think it over; if she then persists in her refusal, the King will send to Wusterhausen for the two Princes, and force her to marry the one or the other. If she does not then cheerfully consent, the religious service will be dispensed with, and she will be shut up with the Duke, and we will then see if he cares to marry her after that!" Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and Madame von Konnken as well as myself, who had heard this speech from a distance, were petrified with astonishment at it. Madame von Konnken could however stand it no longer, and spoke to him most severely. He, however, insisted on every word being the truth, and moreover said that there were no means to escape from this evil fate. "Are there no other suitable marriages in the whole world for the Princess but just these two?" Madame von Konnken asked, "and must she be forced to accept either of them?" "If the Queen knows of any better, excluding, of course, the marriage with the Prince of Wales, I think the King would not so much mind," Eversmann answered, "though he has the marriage with the Duke of Weissenfels much at heart."

At this moment the Queen sent for us, and thus put an end to the conversation. She saw, by the expression on my face, that something out of the common had taken place; and I then told her, with as much caution as I could,

Eversmann's conversation. After a long deliberation, she determined to speak next day with Field-Marshal von Bork. He was a very honest man, and might be able to help her to see her way in her present difficult position. She accordingly sent for him, and gave him an account of all that had taken place the day before. Her Mistress of the Robes was present with her during the interview. "You have delivered the messages with which the King entrusted you," she said, "and I answered you as his Envoy. Now you have nothing more to do with those messages. To-day I have sent for you in the capacity of friend to ask your advice, and pray you to give it me unreservedly." The Field-Marshal shrugged his shoulders. "I am in utter despair," he replied, "to see such dissensions in the Royal Family, and to learn what worry and annoyance your Majesty has to endure. Till now, I had always hoped that England would come to a favourable decision; but as this is not the case, I do not see how your Majesty is to escape from the predicament in which you are placed. What Eversmann said yesterday leaves little doubt as to the truth of the violent measures which the King has in contemplation against the Princess. The Margrave of Schwedt is here incognito: one of my people saw him, and from the information I have gathered, he has been here already several days, living in the 'Neustadt.'* He goes out only of an evening. These two letters from Dresden inform me that the Duke of Weissenfels is staying at a little village near Wusterhausen. We, therefore, have everything to fear from the King's violence. Your Majesty knows him but too well, and how difficult it is, when once his anger is roused, to pacify him. He has already come to blows with the Crown Prince, and has given vent to his fury against your Majesty, so that little more is required to make him carry out his other threats. Your Majesty has

* The new part of Berlin.

asked me to give you my advice quite candidly: it is this, to gain time. It is the only means remaining to you."

"But my daughter must come to a decision the day after to-morrow," the Queen exclaimed, "how are we to gain time?"

"The only thing then to be done," the Field-Marshal replied, "is to propose a third marriage. I am sure that neither Grumkow nor Seckendorf will agree to that, and you will thereby gain time and pacify the King."

The Queen agreed to this, and thought over for some time which prince she could propose. She finally determined on the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. The Field-Marshal undertook to let the King know of the change in the Queen's views. "If all the ropes break," he added, "at least this marriage is worth a thousand times more than either of the others. This Prince is very highly spoken of, and will also be a reigning sovereign. His country is beautiful, and his age is in every way suitable to that of the Princess." "Well then, I am satisfied," my mother said, "and if my last endeavour to get a satisfactory answer from England fails, then in God's name let her marry this Prince. My enemies will at least not have the satisfaction of triumphing over me."

The King returned two days later to Berlin. He entered my mother's room frantic with rage. She was still in bed pretending to be ill. Neither my sister nor I was in the room at the time. My mother let him say what he would, without uttering one word, and when he had finished endeavoured to soften his anger by the most gentle and touching words. It was all of no use. "You can choose," he finally said, "and this is the last time you have the chance, either the Margrave of Schwedt or Duke Johann Adolph, and if you wish to please me, then let your choice fall on the latter." "May God defend me from that," my mother cried. "Very well then," the King answered, "I shall go this very moment

to the Margravine Philip, (mother of the Margrave Schwedt) and accept her son for my daughter, and shall ask her to undertake the marriage preparations. And without leaving my mother time to say a word in answer, he left the room.

My father wasted not a moment, but went forthwith to the Margravine. "Your Highness will be doubtless surprised at my visit, but I bring you news which I am sure will greatly please you," and, without giving her time to reply, the King continued, "I come to announce the decision I have come to, namely, to marry my eldest daughter to your son. I do not for a moment doubt that this alliance will meet with your entire satisfaction, and that you will gladly give your consent to it. Write to your son at once—he left for Schwedt to-day—and tell him of my intentions, also that he need fear nothing, as I intend to show that I am master in my own house."

The venerable Margravine, who had listened with the greatest pleasure to the beginning of the King's speech, entirely changed her opinion before he got to the end of it. "I am fully sensible, as I ought to be, of the great honour your Majesty has done me, in choosing my son," she replied, "and fully recognize the good fortune and the great advantages accruing therefrom, both to my son and to myself. But though this son is dearer to me than my life, and though nothing would seem too hard to me to procure his happiness, yet I should be in despair if this happiness were obtained at the Princess's expense. I should not only refuse my consent to such a marriage, but should declare myself my son's greatest enemy if he were base enough to marry the Princess against her will."

"Would you then rather that she married the Duke of Weissenfels?" the King said. "It is immaterial to me whom she marries," the Margravine answered, "as long as neither I nor my son are the cause of her misery." When the King found that nothing would move her, he took his leave. That

same evening the Margravine sent me a note by a confidential servant, informing me of all that had taken place, and begging me to tell my mother. Such generosity deserved its full measure of gratitude, and my reply expressed this feeling in the strongest manner possible, both in my own name and the Queen's.

I had not yet seen the King. My mother was afraid to let me, as she dreaded his violence. Her room was full of screens, which almost made a labyrinth, and I was able to escape through these when the King entered whilst I was with her. Ramen, who was as watchful as Satan himself, and rejoiced whenever she could do harm to anyone, had altered the position of the screens without my having noticed it. One day the King entered the room. I wanted to escape in the usual way, but found no outlet among the screens. The noise I made soon betrayed my presence. No sooner did the King see me than he poured forth a flood of abuse upon me, which he threatened to accompany with blows of his stick. There was nothing left me but to hide behind my governess. The King advanced towards her: she stepped back, pushing me behind her, further and further till we were close against the fire-place, the King, meanwhile, approaching nearer and nearer. As we had no intention of jumping into the fire, we were obliged to come to a standstill. The King now put his head over Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's shoulder, screaming abusive epithets at me. Each time he put out his head I dived down on the other side. Finding that he could not catch me he left the room, laughing in spite of his anger at the absurd spectacle we presented.

On the following day he renewed his entreaties and his threats. The Queen, after vainly trying to divert his attention, and make him think of other things, at last said to him, "Let us both be reasonable. I agree to the rupture with England; pray do on your part give up the idea of the marriage with Weissenfels or Schwedt. I promise you to

give my consent to any other marriage which holds out a fair prospect to my daughter." "Very well, then," my father answered, "name such a one to me, and I agree." The Queen thereupon named the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, saying, "he belongs to your House, has a beautiful principality, his age is suitable to that of my daughter, and he is said to be an estimable Prince." "Well then I am satisfied," the King exclaimed, "but if she marries according to her own inclinations, I will give her no trousseau, or dowry, or marriage feast. If, on the other hand, she obeys me, I will provide for her in every way."

"But what in the world can I do more to please you?" my mother replied, "do you wish to torment me to death? Let her then marry that fat Johann Adolph; but if she has any love for me, she will never, never do so."

Upon this my father said, "You shall have your way, I will write to-morrow to the Margrave of Baireuth, and you shall see my letter."

As soon as the conversation was at an end my mother sent for me. I found her in the greatest state of delight. "All goes well," she cried, embracing me tenderly; "the King and I have together chosen the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth to be your husband, and the King writes to-morrow to the Margrave on the subject. There is only one point that makes me rather anxious, but I trust still to see it satisfactorily settled. It is this, that the King will not give you a dowry, neither will he give the marriage festivities. I hope, however, that you will get over this."

This news and decision disconcerted me terribly. I promised my mother to obey her in everything, but I expressed a hope she would consider to what she was exposing me. "What will the world say, if I marry against the King's will, and what can be more painful to me than to be turned out of the house like a worthless girl? What will the Prince think whose wife I am destined to be? I have

persistently refused my consent to the other two marriages proposed to me by the King, your Majesty cannot blame me if I now refuse this which you propose to me? As soon as ever you and the King are entirely of one mind as to any particular choice, I will submit blindly, but I cannot do so as things are now!" "Well then, marry the Sultan or the Great Mogul, and have your own way!" the Queen exclaimed. "If I had known you better I should not have brought so much sorrow and trouble on myself. Marry the King's head if you like, I will have nothing more to do with the whole business," and she sent me out of the room without letting me answer a word. My mother then sent for Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. "Induce my daughter to give way to my wishes," she said to her. "I insist on her marrying the Prince of Baireuth, and will not hear of a refusal. This marriage gives me as much pleasure as if I settled my daughter in England." She spoke in the same tone to my brother, and as he was getting very weary of England's procrastination, he spoke seriously to me on the subject. I answered him that I was ready at all times to sacrifice myself for him, but in this particular case my honour was concerned. "If my father reconsiders his determination, and gives me a dowry, at the same time letting me leave my home in a manner befitting my position, I shall not for one moment hesitate in accepting the Prince of Baireuth. If, however, he persists in his intention, then nothing in the world will move me."

My brother was very angry with me for this, and said so many hard things to me that I was in despair. Mademoiselle von Bülow, who had been present at this interview, implored me to be calm. "I beseech your Royal Highness to reflect that all is not yet lost! I am sure I know of means to pacify the Queen. We must let her anger pass over, and then when I have spoken to her, I feel sure that she will again turn to you in love." I implored her in vain to tell me to

what means she intended to resort to extricate me from my painful position.

The following morning the King brought his letter to the Margrave of Baireuth to the Queen. It was written in most courteous terms, inviting the Prince to strengthen the ties that united the two families, by consenting to a marriage between his son and myself. The King then said to my mother, "I shall send off the letter under the conditions named. Your daughter's dower, trousseau, and the marriage festivities, you can give her, but from me she shall never have a penny!" The Queen was quite satisfied with everything, but still more so when Marshal Bork secretly informed her that evening that the King had changed his mind, and had been induced by Grumkow and Seckendorf not to send off the letter. Mademoiselle von Bülow told her at the same time that M. von Kniephausen and the English Envoy had decided on sending the English Chaplain, who was my English Master, to London. They wished to make one last endeavour, and the letters they intended sending were so strong and urgent that they must wake the English Court out of its apathy.

As the Chaplain had been a witness of everything that had taken place, and knew, besides, every detail of our painful position, he would be able to describe it all in such a manner that it could not fail to produce an effect, and induce the English sovereigns to give their consent to this much-desired marriage. The Queen entirely approved of this decision, and entrusted the Chaplain with letters to the Queen of England, in which she reproached her with her want of friendship, and described to her her sad position.

My father seemed pacified. He no longer spoke of these other hateful marriages, and treated the Queen more kindly. My brother and I were, however, in constant disgrace, but with this difference: that I was never allowed to appear before him, whilst he had to be constantly about him, a position which exposed him to constant blows and ill-treat-

ment. I had made up my quarrel with my brother, and suffered terribly at witnessing his despair at the treatment he received from his father.

On the 18th of February the King went to Dresden, where he had several interviews with the King of Poland. These he kept quite secret.

During his absence, my mother was taken dangerously ill, and nearly died. Her sufferings were terrible. I suffered as much as she did, and never left her bedside for one moment. As soon as the King had returned to Potsdam, the doctors and her Mistress of the Robes informed him of her great danger. He was much alarmed, and would have hastened to her bedside, had not Ramen and Eversmann assured him that the sickness was a mere pretext, and that the Queen was not really ill at all. As, however, the illness increased, and the doctors considered her in imminent danger, a messenger was sent at night to tell the King. He started off at once on receipt of the news, and arrived in the afternoon. He found the Queen in a most grievous condition. His own surgeon entirely endorsed the doctor's opinion as to the gravity of the case, and the King was beside himself. My mother took this opportunity of speaking with him about his past conduct, and of all the sorrow he had caused her, which had, she told him, brought her to her present condition. She implored him to forgive me, and to restore me his fatherly affection. My father at once sent for me. It was a most touching moment. I knelt before him, kissing his hands and covering them with tears, whilst speaking in the tenderest manner to him. To please the Queen he embraced me, but as soon as she had turned her head away he pushed me from him with such a furious look on his face that I quite trembled. This apparent reconciliation between my father and myself made my mother so happy, that three days afterwards she was out of danger.

We had scarcely escaped from one crisis when we entered

upon another. My brother was so irritated at the ill usage he received from the King that he was considering seriously what decision he should come to. He never let the Queen suspect anything, but daily came secretly to see me.

"I am perpetually being told to have patience," he said, "but no one knows what I have to endure. I am treated like a slave, am beaten every day, and have no relaxation of any kind. I am forbidden to read, to study the sciences or music, and am scarcely allowed to speak to anybody. My life is in perpetual danger, I am surrounded by spies, I have not even enough clothes, and am wanting in most other necessaries of life; but the last terrible scene with the King at Potsdam has quite overcome me. He sent for me one morning. As soon as I entered the room he seized me by my hair and threw me on the ground. After having beaten me with his fists, he dragged me to the window and tied the cord, which fastened back the curtain, round my throat. I had, fortunately, time to get up and seize hold of his hands, but as he pulled with all his might at the cord round my throat, I felt I was being strangled, and screamed for help. A page rushed in to my assistance, and had to use force in freeing me from my father's hands.

"Tell me now what remains to me but flight. Katt and Keith are both ready to follow me to the end of the world. I have passports and letters of credit, and have arranged everything in such a manner that I cannot possibly run any danger. I shall fly to England, where I shall be received with open arms, and shall have nothing more to fear from my father's anger. I shall confide none of these intentions to the Queen. First of all because she gossips with Ramen; and secondly, because should such an occasion arise, she could then swear that she knew nothing about the whole business. As soon as my father undertakes another journey, for that makes everything safer for me, I shall carry out my plan, for everything is in readiness."

I cried incessantly during this speech, and afterwards asked him if he had reflected as to the results of this step, and how terrible they would be. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was present, spoke in the same strain to him, but we both saw that our representations were quite useless.

Soon after this the King went to Potsdam. During his absence I took the Holy Sacrament, and on my return from the Dom (Cathedral) on Sunday I found Katt waiting for me. Ramen's rooms were just opposite, and she was standing at her door, and Katt was unfortunately imprudent enough to give me a letter from my brother in her presence.

"I have just come from Potsdam," Katt said, "where I have been staying secretly for three days to see the Crown Prince, and he entrusted this letter to my care."

I took it from him without saying a word, and went my way, much annoyed, as anyone may suppose, at his want of tact. As soon as I reached my room I opened the letter and read as follows :—

"Dear Sister,

"I am beside myself. The King ill-treats me worse than ever. I can stand this existence no longer. The Queen puts the final touch to this misery by her infatuation for this maid Ramen. The King knows everything that takes place every day in her apartments, because Ramen keeps him informed of it all through his valets. These villains ought to be hung on the highest gallows. The King returns to Berlin on Tuesday; but, as it is still a secret, do not tell the Queen, or else she will at once inform that wicked creature.

"Good bye, dear Sister,

"Yours always entirely."

I was now in a terrible difficulty. I could not show this letter to the Queen, and yet I feared that Ramen would have told her I had received it. After thinking it well over, I threw the missive into the fire, and determined to

say nothing. Happily, that ill-natured woman had never mentioned anything about the letter. It was, perhaps, the only good deed in her life. This circumstance is, probably, scarcely worth mentioning, still the course of these memoirs will show that I was right in noting it down.

The English Chaplain had meanwhile arrived in London. He had described our position in such touching terms, and given so favourable an account of my brother, that the whole nation was won over to us. The Prince of Wales, with whom he had a long conversation, declared to the King his father that he would never marry anyone but myself, and begged him at last to allow the marriage to be solemnized. For this purpose the King named the "Knight" Hotham as his Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Berlin, where he arrived in the month of May. The Queen was still ill, and her great weakness prevented her leaving her bed. She was much pleased at Hotham's mission. As soon as he arrived at Berlin, he demanded an audience of the King, for which purpose he was at once summoned to Charlottenburg. The Queen sent some trusty friends there to keep her informed of all that took place. Hotham made a formal proposal for my hand. He told my father that his King and master and the whole nation were convinced that, after giving him this proof of their confidence, the King would not refuse his consent to the marriage of the Crown Prince. At any rate, people in England would be quite satisfied if my wedding took place first, and they left it free to the King to decide as to the time when the Crown Prince's should be celebrated. My father was enchanted, embraced the Envoy over and over again, and gave him endless assurances of his friendship. Then dinner was announced, to which Seckendorf and Grumkow were invited. The King was in the best of tempers. At the close of the dinner he sent for a large glass, and proposed the health of his "dear son-in-law, the Prince of Wales." He had scarcely finished speaking, when

all present rose from their seats and congratulated him. This expression of sympathy touched him so much that he had tears in his eyes. After dinner he took leave of the Envoy, who begged him not to make too much ado about the marriage, and to grant him another audience. Grumkow and Seckendorf meanwhile were thunderstruck, and had the greatest trouble to hide their dismay.

As soon as the King had left Charlottenburg, the Queen's faithful people came rushing to her with this joyful news. I was in my own room working and being read aloud to, when my door was thrown open, and more than thirty ladies, gentlemen and servants, entered, and bending one knee before me, according to English fashion, wished me joy. In utter surprise I asked what it all meant, and if they had all gone mad. The only answer I received was that they called out, "Long live the Princess of Wales!" and then told me what had taken place. "Is that all?" I answered, and quietly resumed my work. A few moments later my sisters and several ladies from the town came to me to express their interest and sympathy. I was much beloved: everyone wept with joy and satisfaction. I refused to accept all these compliments, and told them that I knew of nothing, and could not accept their good wishes on mere hearsay. In the evening I went to my mother. Her heart was overflowing with joy. She received me on entering the room as her dear Princess of Wales. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld took the liberty of entreating her to be more careful. "The King might be offended," she said, "if your Majesty makes so much ado about a subject of which he has not yet informed you. Pray be more prudent than ever! The slightest trifle may yet destroy all our hopes." As Countess Finkenstein entirely supported Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's opinion, the Queen promised to be careful.

Three days later the King came to Berlin. He never uttered a word to the Queen about all that had happened,

so that we had but little faith in these negotiations. On the other hand, he announced to her that he had just settled my second sister's marriage to the eldest son of the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, and that he and his father would arrive here next day. Seckendorf had negotiated this marriage, and intended it to serve his further purposes. It was to be the corner-stone of the political edifice he had in view.

The Duke of Brunswick was the Empress' brother, and at that time dependent on an annuity. His father-in-law, the Duke of Blankenburg, however, was the probable heir to the Duchy of Brunswick. I shall waste no time in painting his portrait, suffice it to say that he was in every way a most estimable and excellent prince. His son followed in his footsteps. My sister's formal betrothal took place two days after his arrival. As my mother was expecting her confinement, the ceremony took place privately, no other minister being present but Seckendorf. In consequence of my mother being unable to leave her room to dine with the King, we missed all opportunity of seeing Hotham.

Though Hotham did not dine with the King, he had frequent interviews with him on the following subjects. The King of England demanded Grumkow's dismissal, as a return for the step taken in the King's favour. He let my father know that he considered Grumkow the cause and instigator of the unfriendly relations between the two Courts, and of all the misunderstandings that had taken place; that he basely betrayed his master, as could be proved through letters that had been intercepted. These letters Grumkow had written to Reichenbach, a Prussian residing in London. They had been deciphered, and later on I shall give their contents. The King of England then further acquainted my father with all the intrigues of the Court of Vienna, and finally insisted on my brother's marriage. He wanted only the betrothal. He was quite ready to accept me without a dowry, and promised that the Princess Amelia's dowry should

be £100,000. All this staggered my father much. As to Grumkow, he answered that if he could see the letters proving his guilt, he would dismiss him at once. My brother's marriage he would take into consideration, but as regards my own he gladly accepted every condition. A few days later the King said to Hotham, "I will agree to my son's marriage if he is made Regent of Hanover, and allowed to direct the management of the kingdom till my death, and if provision is made for his maintenance." Hotham answered that he would at once write to England about it, and that he did not think he should meet with any great difficulties.

As long as Hotham was at Berlin he received letters from the Prince of Wales by every post. Some of these he communicated to my mother. I also saw some of them, and they always ended up in this way, "Please, dear Hotham, get my marriage settled, my impatience increases daily, for I am quite foolishly in love." It cannot be disputed that these were most romantic feelings: he had never even seen me! I really believe it was more obstinacy than love, and was not, therefore, much flattered by his protestations.

The suspicions Hotham had raised in the King's mind against Grumkow began to take effect. My father scarcely ever spoke to him now, and abused him before others, who he knew would be sure to repeat to him what they heard. Seckendorf also stood very low in favour, and to all appearance my marriage was a certainty. On the twenty-fifth the Queen gave birth to a prince. He was named Augustus Ferdinand, and the whole Brunswick family stood sponsors. On the thirtieth the King left for the camp at Mühlberg. The King of Poland's love of pomp and splendour were very apparent on this occasion. Nearly the whole of the Saxon army was assembled in the camp, and performed all the evolutions and manœuvres laid down by Polybius. The

uniforms, liveries, and carriages were wonderfully rich, and people say that this camp quite exceeded in splendour the Field of the Cloth of Gold which took place in France.*

The evening before his departure, my brother came to see me. He wore a French uniform, which frightened me dreadfully. No prince or officer is allowed to wear any other uniform than his own, and to do so is a punishable offence. It is true that it could matter but little to my brother whether he was turned out of the army or not; but, considering my father's temper, such an act of disobedience might have led to terrible consequences. "I come to take leave of you," my brother said, "and do so with the greatest grief. God knows when we shall see each other again!" These words fell on me like a thunderbolt, and I stood there petrified. My governess, who had more presence of mind, tried to induce him to feel how very wrongly he was acting in taking this step, and what cruel consequences it might have for us. Just now too when the King was becoming reconciled to England, when Seckendorf and Grumkow were losing their influence, and when everything seemed turning out for his happiness. He would destroy all these hopes if he carried out his purpose. Besides, the King was too well aware of the intimate relations subsisting between my brother and myself, not to suspect me of participation in this plot, and would therefore make me the first victim. Already it was but too apparent how much our great devotion to each other annoyed him, and she was sure that he was on the point of bringing wretchedness on our whole family. I added my entreaties to those of my governess, and these and our tears prevailed so far as to induce him to give us his word of honour to return home again.

* The meeting of Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England in 1520.

The King had no sooner reached Mühlberg than endeavours were made to impress on him that the measures taken by England to bring about the marriages were only moves in some deep-laid game; that it was intended to get rid of the King's most trusty and devoted servants. He was further told that the English Court was ready, in order to gain my father's consent to the Crown Prince's marriage, to acquiesce in the most stringent conditions, but that its real object was to depose him, so that my brother might assume the government. I have often mentioned that suspicion and distrust were marked traits in my father's character. His great dislike to my brother, therefore, prevented him from examining into the truth of these rumours, and he returned to Berlin in a state of anger that boded ill for the success of Hotham's mission.

The King at last spoke to the Queen on the subject. He told her that he was most anxious to see me provided for and my future settled, but that he would never agree to my brother's marriage. My mother tried her utmost to calm him and allay his suspicions, and she seemed to have succeeded in doing so. The Danish Envoy, a very clever man, came gallantly to her aid, and helped finally to pacify the King. He spoke to him about Grumkow, and exposed all his intrigues. The King answered that he was quite willing to dismiss him, and to treat him severely, but would not do so till my marriage was formally declared. England, however, insisted on his dismissal before this event. The King left Berlin very favourably inclined.

Grumkow, who had his spies everywhere, soon learned what had passed between M. von Lövner, the Danish Envoy, and the King. His conscience told him what treatment he had to expect if all his plots, double dealings and intrigues were discovered. The Queen was holding receptions during this time, and Grumkow was imprudent enough to appear at one of them. His appearance betrayed his state of mind

most clearly, for he looked like a culprit, and did not dare raise his eyes from the ground. The Queen never spoke to him, nor did she invite him to sit at her table: he stood the whole time in a corner, and nobody went near him. The fall of a man, who had up to this time been honoured and feared by all as much as the King himself, made me very thoughtful. His fate called forth my pity, and I determined to speak to him. I accordingly had a long conversation with him on trivial subjects, and treated him as civilly as I was wont. M. von Lövner afterwards expressed his surprise to me that I should have spoken with such a villain, and said that the English Envoy would not be over satisfied when he heard of my doing so. "I am not in England," I answered, "and at present it is not necessary that I should frame my behaviour according to the ideas of that nation. I am quite well aware that Grumkow is a bad man and my bitterest enemy, but his misfortune calls forth my pity. Believe me, a fallen enemy can still remain dangerous. For my part I wish him no other punishment than that of being unable to do any further harm." M. von Lövner has often since reminded me of this conversation, and of the truth of my prophecy.

The King returned to Berlin soon after this. I found my brother in a terrible state of mind. His whole being had so suffered from the constant ill-treatment he had received, and he was so embittered against his father, that it was no longer possible to pacify him.

I have already had occasion to mention Colonel Rochow, who was about my brother's person. My brother had, during moments of his bitterest despair, let fall some hints of his plan of flight before him. This imprudence had made Rochow pay greater attention to the Prince and his utterances, and he found that they were not merely wild words uttered at random, but that he had some fixed plan ready to carry into execution. Rochow went to Mademoiselle von

Bülow, and begged her to speak with the Queen about it. Had he been a discreet man he would have let the matter rest there, but as it was, he went from house to house confiding it to every one. My mother was greatly alarmed when Mademoiselle von Bülow spoke to her on the subject, and at once asked me if I knew anything about it. I answered that I was but too well aware of my brother's utter state of despair, and that he only hid it from her to spare her sorrow. But I said I did not believe him capable of the plan attributed to him. I was unable to say more to her about it on account of the maid Ramen. I begged the Queen to speak with my brother, but in all love and gentleness, as I had great confidence in her influence with him. She followed my advice, and the assurances she received from him allayed all her fears. My own were, however, none the less, and I was in an agony of mind. I could not confide in the Queen, on account of Ramen, and yet I was powerless to avert the threatened blow.

Meanwhile the replies from England arrived. Every condition the King had made as regards my brother was agreed to, but the English Court insisted anew on Grumkow's immediate dismissal. Till he was gone the consent to the marriage would be withheld. Intercepted letters from Grumkow were at the same time sent to my father. Seckendorf, who had his spies everywhere, heard of these, and to be beforehand he sought an interview with the King. In this audience Seckendorf represented to his master, in the most glowing terms, the trouble and pain the Emperor had taken to gain the King's friendship. He had not only allowed him the right of getting recruits for his army in his dominions, but had also promised him to be security for the principalities of Jülich and Berg. Furthermore, in what despair the Emperor would be when he found that despite all his efforts the King had thrown himself entirely into the arms of England. If the King, however, were so

desirous of my marriage, then the Emperor would not object to its being carried out. Seckendorf then continued to say, with abject hypocrisy, "I am an honest man, and have been devoted to you for years past: your position causes me the greatest alarm. See these letters which I received from England: they prove that the Crown Prince is in complete understanding with that Court, that the Queen has expressed herself most imprudently as to the steps he has taken, and that he has engaged himself to the Princess Amelia without your knowledge, and has twice written to the Queen of England on the subject. Grumkow has even more positive information about all this than I have, and is ready to lay it before your Majesty. Your Majesty may now judge for yourself as to the dangers to which you expose yourself if you consent to the Crown Prince's marriage, and dismiss your faithful servants. You will have a daughter-in-law for whose maintenance the State is not able to pay, your Court will be filled with intriguers, and the Crown Prince will soon assume the government, leaving your Majesty merely the bare title of King, whilst he will be the actual Sovereign. You will soon feel the truth of all I have said, as you already have the beginning of it before your eyes. England already treats you like a child. It dictates its commands to you, and, so to speak, coaxes you with a piece of sugar, saying, 'If you dismiss Grumkow you shall have the sugar, otherwise you get nothing.' "

Seckendorf's long speech, which he accompanied with all the necessary action and exclamations, fulfilled its object. The King became very silent and thoughtful, and though he made no answer, Seckendorf observed that he had succeeded in shaking him.

On the 14th of July, the day after this conversation, Hotham had an audience with the King. He began by saying that England was quite ready to agree to all the King's conditions, and to further all his objects, but that

his King did not doubt that my father would be ready on his part to sacrifice Grumkow; and Hotham thereupon showed the King Grumkow's intercepted letters. My father took the letters, white with rage, and threw them in Hotham's face, asking whether he expected him to kick him if he only lifted up one foot, with which remark he left the room, furiously banging the door behind him. Hotham left the Castle no less angry, a circumstance which, to people acquainted with English temper, speaks for itself. He at once sent for the Danish and Dutch Envoys, told them of all that happened, and declared that he considered all negotiations broken off, and that he would leave Berlin next morning. It was only with the greatest trouble that these gentlemen induced Hotham to postpone his departure for a few days.

The King had no sooner reached his own room than he began bitterly to regret what he had done, foreseeing the results. He was in perfect despair. The Queen was informed of what had occurred, by a note which Hotham wrote to Mademoiselle von Bülow. It is needless to say how greatly distressed she was at it. At last we went to dinner. The King spoke little, and seemed very much put out. As soon as dinner was over, he sent for the Danish and Dutch Envoys, and asked their aid as mediators between him and Hotham. During the rest of this day, which was spent in perpetual "goings and comings," the King did nothing but torment my mother by saying that all negotiations with England were broken off. That as he did not any longer know "with what sauce to serve me," I had better become Abbess of Herfort. My mother answered that she should be quite satisfied with this. The King, therefore, wrote to the Margravine Philip, who was at this time the Abbess of Herfort, begging her to give me the post which my youngest sister there had. That she readily met the King's wishes, is almost unnecessary to state.

As the King became aware that all his endeavours to

pacify Hotham had been unavailing, he now desired the two Envoys to offer him an ample apology in his name. My brother, who heard of this from M. von Lövner, at once wrote word to my mother, mentioning at the same time that Lövner had begged him to write to the English Envoy, entreating him to accept the King's excuse. The Queen entirely approved of this suggestion, and my brother wrote as follows:—

"Sir,

"I have heard from M. von Lövner of the King's latest proposals, and feel sure that you will agree to them. You will no doubt remember that the whole of my sister's future happiness and my own, as well as that of the two houses, depend on your answer. I feel convinced that your reply will fulfil our expectations, and that you will yield to our entreaties. I shall never forget the gratitude I shall owe you for this service rendered by you: it will be life-long.

"I remain always, Sir,

"Your well-wisher and sincere friend."

Katt was sent with this letter to Hotham. The Queen had grown very fond of Katt, in consequence of my brother's constant, earnest recommendations. Half an hour later my brother received the following answer from Hotham:—

"Sir,

"M. de Katt has just given me your Royal Highness' letter. I am most grateful for the confidence expressed in me. If this whole business concerned me only, I should leave no stone unturned to prove the devotion and respect I bear your Royal Highness and your wishes. But the insult which has been offered me touches the King my master, and for this reason I cannot give way to your Royal Highness' request. I shall endeavour to place the whole subject in the best possible light, and although the negotiations

have been for the present broken off, I trust that they are not so finally.

"I remain, Sir,

"Etc., etc., etc."

How greatly this answer grieved the Queen will easily be understood. My brother threw his head up in the air, saying, "After all, the misfortune is not so great," then turning to me, he continued, "You had better become Abbess, for then you will have nothing more to fear from the Duke of Weissenfels or the Margrave of Schwedt. It is really not worth while for the Queen to make such an ado about the business. I am sick and tired of the whole concern. Do you do what you like. I have nothing more to reproach myself with on your account. I have done all I can to see you settled in England, and now the time has come to think of myself. Tears and entreaties are no longer of any use: I have suffered enough. You must see how you can get on alone." These words, which he uttered in a very disdainful manner, hurt me extremely. I endeavoured at first to pacify him with gentle words, but his answers were so curt and rude, that I at last grew angry, and said some sharp things before we parted.

My brother was to accompany the King early next morning to Anspach. In spite of my anger with him, I determined to make one last effort to dissuade him from carrying out his long well-considered plan. I loved him also far too dearly to be long angry with him. I consequently began a fresh conversation with him after dinner. His answers, however, remained cold and curt. At last he said, "I don't know why you torment me so to give you my word of honour to return. Who has told you that I meditate flight? I have been thinking about it, and have given up the plan." The King entered the room at this moment, so I was unable to say anything, and merely

embraced my brother, who whispered to me that he would probably come and see me. I waited for him in my room a whole hour. At last a note was brought me from him by his valet, full of excuses and assurances of his affection.

This valet was a young man who had always served him, and had studied with him. He was clever, and had till now been most constant in his fidelity and devotion to him. He unfortunately fell in love with one of the Queen's maids, a sworn enemy of Ramen's. As my brother was so fond of this young man, he allowed him to marry. No sooner had he done so, than Ramen tried to induce his wife, by means of every kind of flattery at her disposal, to persuade her husband to betray his master to the King. She allowed herself to be entrapped by this Megæra's soft words, and succeeded in making her husband one of the King's spies. My brother had as yet observed nothing of this, but at last he learnt the truth in the cruellest manner.

The King left for Anspach the following day. The conversation with my brother, his manner and his answers, made me so nervous that I could not sleep all night. I spent it in talking with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and in crying bitterly, for we were both prepared for some great sorrow and trouble.

On the following day Hotham sent my mother Grumkow's letters, which she communicated to me after having read them. There were six or seven of them. Three of them were written in the month of February, when my mother was so dangerously ill. In each of these he says: "Everybody is speaking of the Queen's serious illness. It is mere pretence, assumed for the purpose of softening the King of England's heart. She is as well as a fish in water" (this is his own expression). "If possible, let the King know this. I have again got posts for two of my creatures, so as to be able to play upon the Crown Prince. Please continue to inform me of all the sly games going on at your Court." In

another letter Grumkow writes: "I have settled with the friend" (this was Seckendorf) "that he is to tell the King that the Crown Prince corresponds with the English Court. Write me a letter about this which I can show to *the fat one*" (this was the King). "Don't be afraid, I will support you, and will take care we are not found out, for I can do what I like with him" (the King). And then he always ended with the same refrain, "the Queen is as well in health as a fish in water." In the month of March Grumkow wrote: "The measures taken by the Prince of Wales surprise me greatly. What in the world, dear Reichenbach, does Hotham's mission mean? Why do they give themselves so much trouble about marrying a Princess who is as ugly as the devil, besides being copper-coloured, disgusting, and silly? I cannot understand how this Prince, who has free choice, can be satisfied with such a moon-calf. I pity him with all my heart, he ought to be spoken to about it. I leave this to you." All the rest of the letters were written in the same strain.

The Queen received company three times a week at Monbijou. This was a little garden just outside the town, which she had herself laid out and beautified. Grumkow constantly appeared here, and showed by his demeanour that he was in greater favour than ever.

One day Katt came to me and asked me if I had any message for my brother. He was sending him a messenger, and the opportunity was quite a safe one. I replied that I was surprised at his venturing to do this, for if the King found it out it would cost him his whole happiness, and only cause my brother worry and annoyance. I, at any rate, would not entrust anything to this messenger. A few days later Mademoiselle von Bülow, and a few other well-intentioned people, came to me and told me that Katt was saying everywhere that the Crown Prince was thinking of flight. That he had at the same time boasted of his influence and

of the great favour in which he was held by his master, and that he had said all this in the presence of persons there was reason to suspect. He had also shown about a beautiful snuff box he had with the Crown Prince's portrait and my own on the lid, and had given himself airs which did not at all become him. I was of opinion that the Queen should be told of Katt's behaviour, first of all in order to cause him to be silent, and secondly to get the snuff box out of his hands. My mother was very angry when she heard of it, and desired Mademoiselle von Bülow to get the snuff box with the miniature from Katt, and to tell him of her extreme displeasure. He obstinately refused to give up the box, but promised not to show it about any more. He confessed to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld that he had copied my portrait from one my brother had of me, and which he had given him to take care of for him. After this occurrence neither my mother nor I could any longer endure Katt. One morning when I woke I saw Ramen enter my room. She said she came purposely to speak with me and to confide something to me which she had on her mind. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld wished to retire, but she begged her to remain in the room, as what she had to say concerned her. "You are distressed," she began, "that the Queen shows you so little affection. Thank God that it is so, for to be in her favour is enough to ensure your dismissal. I happily have nothing to fear, for I am quite safe. I know quite well that you are aware of all my double-dealings, and therefore I will not pretend to deny them; but beware if you speak to the Queen about them: I shall certainly take my revenge. You need be under no illusion: the King shall hear of it at once, and his anger will know no bounds. The Queen, on the other hand, is no great genius, and I should soon make her believe that all you had told her was slander, and I should manage it in such a way that all the harm you wished to do me would fall back on yourself. Dreadful things will take

place here, and you will have much sorrow. I advise you to make up your mind to accept the Duke of Weissenfels. After all it is not such a very important matter to get married. I know the Queen: she will take comfort at last, and the King will look kindly on you, and then everything else will come right."

If I had dared I would have thrown this insolent woman out of the window: as it was I had to control my anger and deal gently with her. I understood her words at once, and alas! all came but too true.

But to return to Grumkow. His fate was that of those who have to reproach themselves. At times his conscience pricked him, and he became morose. The following Sunday he was, as well as myself, to take the Holy Communion, and had had the Court Chaplain, Jablousky, all day with him. I had so much to think of all day that I sat down quietly in the garden near Mademoiselle von Bülow to let my melancholy thoughts have free course. To our great surprise Grumkow joined us there, and began holding forth to us. His moral reflections sounded to me like words from the Bible in the mouth of the Devil. I did not wish to get up at once and leave my seat, but as I knew the Queen's mistrust, I broke off the conversation and returned to the house. He followed me all the way, and at last said, that it had grieved him extremely to see us treated so unkindly by the King; yet, he said, he thought the Prince should give way more to his father's wishes, and then he began a long speech in my brother's praise. I walked on faster and faster, but he would not let himself be disturbed, and continued, saying that, as I had so much influence with my brother, I could surely recall him to a sense of his duty. He was an amiable Prince, but was unfortunately in bad hands. I answered Grumkow that I knew perfectly what were the duties of children towards their parents: if my brother followed my advice, he would never fail in any of them, and would always obey

the King's orders as soon as he knew what they were. He wanted to answer me, but at this moment, to my great joy, some ladies met us, and put an end to the conversation. M. Jablousky has since told me that Grumkow had been in a strange state of excitement all that day, and everything he said to him on that occasion was in connection with later events.

That same evening—it was the 12th of August—as my mother was sitting near Mademoiselle von Bülow, and taking off her head-dress, they heard a terrible noise in my mother's boudoir. This room was beautifully decorated with china, some pieces being most rare, and embossed with crystal and precious stones. All the crown plate, too, and my mother's jewel case, were kept in this room. The Queen at once exclaimed that all her china had been broken, and that it must be looked after. Mademoiselle von Bülow and three maids immediately entered the boudoir, but they found everything in order and nothing broken. The noise was repeated three times, and they also heard a great disturbance in the corridor connecting the King and Queen's rooms, at the end of which sentinels were always posted. The Queen said, "I cannot stand this, I must go and see myself what is the matter." Upon this the Queen, Mademoiselle von Bülow, and the maids, each took a candle and stepped out into the corridor. As they did so they heard sighing and groaning close to them, but could discover nobody. They asked the sentinels if they had seen anything, and they answered no, but that they had heard the same noise. My mother, who was very courageous, caused every nook and corner to be searched, even the King's rooms, but nothing whatever was discovered. My mother and those that were present with her on this occasion gave me an account of everything next day.

A few days afterwards the Queen gave a concert. I generally accompanied on the piano and guitar, and every

amateur in Berlin was present. When I had played long enough, I rose to go into another room where some ladies were playing at cards. I was suddenly stopped by Katt, who said to me, "For God's sake, and for the love you bear your brother, listen to me for a moment. I am distracted: I have been calumniated to the Queen and to yourself, and you have been made to believe that I have put the idea of flight into the Crown Prince's head. I swear to your Royal Highness by all that is most holy, the whole plan was settled long before I knew anything of it. You can assure the Queen most emphatically from me that I have written to him, and told him that, if he carried out his intention, I shall not follow him. But there is nothing to fear this time, I will answer for it with my head."

"I already see your head shaking," I replied, "and fear it will soon be lying at your feet. What pleasure can it have afforded you to have proclaimed everywhere that my brother had the intention of taking flight? And who allowed you to have a snuff box with my portrait on it?"

Katt then answered me, "As regards your first question, I merely mentioned your brother's idea to M. von Lövner, and a few others whom I knew I could trust; then as to your second remark, I did not think it such a serious matter to have shown a portrait of you, which I had myself painted."

"You are playing a dangerous game," I replied, "and I fear that I shall prove but too true a prophet."

He grew very pale, and answered, "Well, if misfortune is to be my fate, then it will be in a good cause, and I know that the Crown Prince will never desert me."

This was my last conversation with Katt, and I never saw him again. I had not thought that I could so truly have foretold what was in store for him, and I said it then only to make him more modest and discreet.

The next day was the 15th August, the King's birthday, and everyone came to congratulate my mother. On such

occasions the Court was very numerously attended. I had another long conversation with Grumkow. He had got rid of his fit of moroseness, and held forth at length on my father's many great qualities. He finished up the conversation by saying, "I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your Royal Highness how truly I am devoted to you." He said this in such a marked manner that I could not make out what he meant by it. Mademoiselle von Bülow was on such a good footing with him, that she teased him on every possible occasion. Sometimes the jokes went too far, so that I cautioned her to be careful, but her great vivacity carried her beyond herself. On the present occasion she and Grumkow were as usual having a friendly altercation, but he wound up the dispute by using almost the same words as he had addressed to me, "You will shortly find out how true a friend of yours I am."

The Queen had prepared a fête at Monbijou for the next day, which was to be a surprise for us all. It was also to celebrate a second time the King's birthday. I shall never forget this day. My mother had arranged the supper-table most beautifully, and each guest found a charming little present under his napkin. We were all in the highest spirits, except Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Bülow, who never uttered a word. After supper, there was a ball, and as I loved dancing, I enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Mademoiselle von Bülow said several times, "It is late, I wish the dancing would stop!" to which I replied, "Oh, do let me have the pleasure of dancing as long as possible. I shall not so soon have the opportunity again." "That is very likely," she answered. At the end of half-an-hour, she touched my arm and said, "Do put an end to the ball, you have danced quite enough. You are so engrossed by it that you neither see nor hear." "But what is the matter?" I answered in great astonishment. "Look at your mother," Mademoiselle von Bülow said, pointing to the Queen, who

was standing in a corner of the room, talking in whispers to Countess Finkenstein, Madame von Konnken, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. All four were pale as death, and showed symptoms of the greatest alarm. I asked at once what was the matter, and if it concerned my brother. Mademoiselle von Bülow shrugged her shoulders and said she knew nothing. The Queen at last took leave of the company and got into her carriage with me, but she never spoke one word the whole way home. My heart began beating furiously: I was in a terrible state of agitation, and yet I dared not ask her a single question.

No sooner had I reached my room than I tormented Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to tell me what had happened. "You will learn it but too soon," she replied. Yet as she saw the state of mind in which I was, she continued, "The Queen was anxious not to disturb your rest, and has therefore forbidden me to mention anything of what has occurred." As, however, she now saw in what great distress I was, she thought it better to tell me the truth than to let me suppose even worse news. She then proceeded to say that the King had sent a messenger to the Mistress of the Robes, Madame von Konnken, to tell her he had been obliged to arrest the Crown Prince, as he had discovered his intention of taking flight. Madame von Konnken was to tell this to the Queen, as he wished to spare her health, and she was to give her the enclosed letter. "The Crown Prince was arrested on the 11th," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld continued, "the very same day on which the Queen heard all that noise in the corridor." I thought I must have fainted on hearing all this. My grief about my brother knew no bounds, and I spent a terrible night.

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the King's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion. "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as

his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son. He has cast dishonour on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

The Queen then told me that Katt had been secretly arrested next day, and all his papers and possessions seized. Marshal Natzmer had been entrusted with this task.

As this whole occurrence sounds very strange, I must try and explain it all. Grumkow had been in possession of the fact of the Crown Prince's arrest since the 15th, and could not resist telling several people of his great satisfaction at it. M. von Lövner, the Danish Envoy, had been informed by his spies of the probable arrest of Katt, and had written him, a note advising him to fly before it was too late. Katt accordingly went next morning to Marshal Natzmer and asked leave to go to Friedrichsfelde, where the Margrave Albert had invited him to dinner. As Natzmer had not then received any orders from the King, he gave him permission to go. Katt had ordered a saddle to be made on purpose for him, in which he could put money and papers and even clothes. This saddle was unfortunately not quite finished, and this delayed his departure; and he employed the time he was kept waiting in burning letters and papers. Just as he was about to mount his horse Marshal Natzmer appeared and desired him to give up his sword. Natzmer had waited three hours after receiving the King's orders to arrest Katt, in order to give the unfortunate young man a chance of escape, and was therefore not a little surprised when he still found him in Berlin.

When my mother had somewhat recovered from her first burst of grief, she asked me if I had known of my brother's intentions. I answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to tell her everything that had passed on the subject, saying that I had not told her anything of it that she might not be involved if he did carry out his plan, but that after what Katt had lately told me, I had not been in the least prepared for

this catastrophe. "But what has he done with our letters?" the Queen said. "We are lost if they are discovered." "I have often spoken to him about this," I answered, "and he has always assured me that he had destroyed them." "But I know him better," my mother replied, "and I am sure they are among Katt's papers." "That is possible," I said, "and if so, then my head is in danger." "And mine too," the Queen answered. "I have sent for Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, to consult with them as to what can be done." And we really heard next day that all my brother's papers were amongst Katt's things. The officers who had been present when these were seized, described to me all the different boxes, and I recognized from the description the casket which contained our letters. After much consideration, the Queen determined to seek the aid of her chaplain, Reinbeck, in this matter. He was to ask Natzmer to find some means of getting the casket out of Katt's house. Reinbeck was unfortunately ill, and could not come. These letters were of the utmost importance to us. In several of them I had expressed myself in very strong terms about the King. I repeat it here again—that I have reproached myself over and over again for having been wanting in respect towards him. In spite of my sharp words, I loved my father dearly, and it was more from a desire to show off my cleverness than from any evil motive that I wrote about him as I did. But to return to my subject.

Next morning Countess Finkenstein came to my room in a great state of alarm, exclaiming, "I am lost. Yesterday on my return from the Queen I found a casket sealed with Katt's arms, addressed to the Queen at my house, accompanied by this note." She gave it to me to read, and its contents were as follows. "Pray have the goodness to deliver this casket into the Queen's hands, it contains her correspondence and the Princess's with the Crown Prince." "Four trusty friends brought the box and letter to my servants," Countess

Finkenstein continued, "I do not know what I am to decide on doing. Am I to say anything to the Queen about it, or shall I send it to the King? If I do this last, then I may be certain of sharing Katt's fate?" We teased and begged her so long that she consented, although in fear and trembling, to speak with the Queen about it. My mother was greatly relieved at this good news, till she reflected where she was to hide the casket. If we made a mystery about it, and Katt were to mention it during the enquiry held on his conduct, then Countess Finkenstein would be ruined, and my mother would lay herself open to every kind of suspicion, and consequently would be exposed to the King's fury. If on the other hand the casket were brought openly to the Queen, then my father would hear of it, and he would force the Queen to give up these luckless letters to him, by doing which she would herself work her own destruction.

After due consideration, and weighing carefully all the advantages and disadvantages, it was decided to make no mystery of the matter, and the casket was brought to the Queen, who locked it up in her boudoir in the presence of all her household.

No sooner had one difficulty been surmounted than another presented itself. The question now was to destroy the letters. The Queen was of opinion that they had best be burnt, and the King told quite simply that they were of no importance of any kind, and that she had not thought it necessary to show them to him. This proposition, however, met with general disapproval, and the whole day was spent in useless discussion. The next day I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld again carefully considered what could be done. At last I said, "I have thought of a last resource, but we must be careful that we risk nothing. The seal on the casket is only of leather; we must break it, break the lock, take out our letters and write others, which we must put in the casket in their stead. I think we shall hardly need even to break the

seal, and if the Queen will only promisè solemnly not to say anything to Ramen about it, I will at once set to work." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld entirely approved of my idea, and we proposed its execution to the Queen, who agreed. We explained to her how all-important it was to keep it a profound secret from Ramen, who saw so many people, and might let drop a word which would at once rouse suspicion. The Queen promised to say nothing to her about it, and kept her word. That afternoon she sent all her ladies away and kept me alone with her. As the casket was too heavy for the Queen and me to lift, we had to take her page into our confidence, but we ran no risk in doing so, for he was an old, tried and faithful servant. It was not possible to undo the cords which were tied round the casket without breaking the seal, and this necessity made us tremble. However, when we came to examine the seal we found it a very simple one. The arms on it were composed of a dog surrounded by implements of war, and we thought we might easily find one like it, and as good luck would have it, the Queen's page's own seal was very similar to it. We broke open the lock and began our examination of the letters.

The sight of them caused me a deadly fear. I had often secretly written to my brother, and to escape discovery in case the letters fell into the King's hands, we had used lemon-juice instead of ink. If you held the letter close to the fire you could decipher the writing. My letters contained, chiefly, abuse of Ramen, and complaints of her influence over the Queen. The effect these letters would produce on my mother, if she read them, would be anything but pleasant for me. And this would have happened had not the chaplain, Reinbeck, been announced to her at this moment, and extricated me from the difficulty. As the Queen had sent for Reinbeck some days previously, she could not do otherwise than receive him. My mother was so nervous at all that was taking place, that she said to me as she left the room, "For

goodness' sake burn every single one of these horrid letters." I did not require to be told this twice, and all my letters, five hundred in number, fell a prey to the flames. I then next destroyed my mother's letters, and had just finished my task when she returned. We then proceeded to look through the other papers. We found two French passports made out in the name of Ferrand, a letter from my brother to Katt, and some quite unimportant papers. Then we lighted on a bag with a thousand pistoles,* some notes and meditations in my brother's handwriting, and some jewels in gold, as also in precious stones.

His letter to Katt was written as follows: "I am leaving, dear Katt, and have taken such precautions that I risk nothing. I go first to Leipsic, where I shall give myself out a Marquis d' Ambreville. Keith is already informed of all, and goes straight to England. Don't lose any time, for I hope to find you at Leipsic. Good-bye! Be of good courage." We thought it best to burn all these things. For several days we were busily occupied in writing letters with different dates. But how could we possibly manage to write twelve or fifteen hundred of these missives? We therefore took sheets of paper with the dates of different years, and folded them so tightly together that the Devil even would have noticed nothing. Yet, in spite of all our trouble, the casket was still so empty that that would have betrayed us, so my mother filled it up with a quantity of snuff boxes and other knick-knacks. I did not like this, and offered to write a hundred more letters, but the Queen would not hear of it. We therefore replaced the lock and fastened up the casket, and no one could ever have discovered that it had been tampered with.

The King arrived on the evening of the 27th, his household having preceded him. We asked in vain after my brother

* A gold coin of the value of about fifteen shillings.

nobody could give us any news of him, or knew where he was. They could only tell us of the circumstances and manner of his arrest. As this account tallies with all my brother has since told us about it, I think it will be well if I repeat it here.

When my brother arrived at Anspach he complained bitterly to the Margrave of the ill-usage he received at the King's hands. He added, that not satisfied with abusing him before his family he had publicly insulted him, and had on several occasions even said to him, "If my father treated me as I do you, *I* should have run away a thousand times over. But you, you are such an arrant coward, you have courage for nothing." This reiterated remark at last determined my brother on carrying out his intention. He asked the Margrave to lend him his fastest horse, saying he wished to go for a ride, but as the former knew nothing of my brother's plan, he put off the ride till after the King's departure. As my brother saw his first attempt thwarted, he thought of another. Katt's messenger met my brother a few miles beyond Anspach. I knew of this messenger, but I have never learned what the contents of the letters he brought were. He answered at once, that he intended to take flight two days later, and that he advised him to do the same: they would meet at the Hague. My brother again assured Katt that his plan would certainly succeed. If he were pursued, he could then take refuge in the monasteries which were on his road. He sent this answer back by the same messenger. The Crown Prince had unfortunately forgotten to address the letter to Berlin. A cousin of Katt's was stationed ten or twelve miles* from Anspach, and the messenger instead of going on to Berlin delivered the letter to this officer.

The King meanwhile had continued his journey to the neighbourhood of Frankfort, and found himself compelled

* 20 or 24 English miles.

with his suite to spend the night in some barns in a small village. The Crown Prince had a barn appropriated to him, in which he, Colonel Rochow, and his valet were to sleep. The King had made Keith's brother his page. This young man was very stupid, so that my brother had said nothing to him of his intentions. He determined, however, to take advantage of this lad's stupidity, and told him to wake him at four in the morning, as he wished to go to the neighbouring village in quest of adventures; also to get him horses, which was an easy thing, as a horse fair was being held close by. The page did as he was told, but mistook the bed, and woke the valet instead of the Crown Prince. This man had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had not observed anything, so he lay quiet, watching the course of events. My brother rose hastily, dressed himself in a French uniform, instead of his own, and left the barn. The valet instantly told Rochow what he had seen, and he rushed to the King's generals and suite and told them of it. These were Generals Bedenbruck, Waldow, and Derchow. The last named was a thorough scoundrel, and as true a son of Satan as ever walked this earth: he was, besides, a sworn enemy to my brother. These four gentlemen at once went out to look for the Prince, and after having searched the village thoroughly, found him on the market-place, leaning against a carriage. His French uniform startled them at once, and they asked him, at first respectfully, what he was doing there. My brother has often told me since that his despair and fury at having been discovered were so great that, but that he had no arms, he would have attempted violence. He answered them very brusquely. "Sir," they said, "the King is awake, and intends starting in half an hour: for goodness' sake change your clothes before he sees you." The Prince refused to do so, and said he was going for a walk, and would be back before the King left. They were still disputing when Keith appeared with the horses. My brother endeavoured to

jump on one of them, but the gentlemen surrounded him, and took him back to the barn, where they forced him to change his uniform. His state of mind resembled that of a madman. They reached Frankfort that evening, and next morning the King received a messenger sent by Katt's cousin, sending him my brother's letter. The King at once summoned Rochow and Waldow, and communicated this beautiful news to them. It is said that the valet had already told my father of the scene enacted that morning.

The King desired the two gentlemen to watch my brother, and to answer for him with their lives. He then commanded the Crown Prince to be immediately brought on board the yacht on which they were going from Frankfort to Wesel, and his orders were at once obeyed. This was the 11th August.

My father came on board the yacht next morning. As soon as he caught sight of my brother he sprang upon him, and would have throttled him had not General Waldow liberated him. The King tore my brother's hair out in handfuls, and in one moment beat him till he bled. At length the entreaties of the gentlemen prevailed on the King to allow the Crown Prince to be removed to another vessel. They took his sword from him, and all his clothes, but discovered no papers of any kind, for the valet had taken possession of these before the search commenced, and burnt them in my brother's presence. In doing this he had rendered my mother and myself a signal service. Nothing further of importance took place during the journey. The King never saw my brother, but swore he should die, an oath which he repeated constantly.

My brother meanwhile tried his utmost to discover some means of eluding the watchfulness of the two gentlemen.

In this manner Wesel was at last reached. The King strengthened the watch put on the Prince by adding a company of soldiers, and treated him like a State prisoner. The next day he sent for my brother. There was nobody present

with the King but General Mosel, a brave officer, and a most upright man.

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert:" this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the Prince replied in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter, you have neither courage nor honour," the King screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the Prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done, had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the King into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My Sovereign, kill me, but spare your son." He defended my brother so well with his own person that the King could not strike at him. From that day my father and my brother were never allowed to meet. It was represented to the King that my brother's life was at all times in his power, but that such behaviour was opposed to all the principles of Christianity. Upon this the King never asked again to see his son.

A few days only were spent at Wesel, and the journey was then continued to Berlin. My brother—this was the King's order—was to follow in four days. My father, who did not sufficiently trust his two Arguses, appointed a third, General Dostow, who was as great a scoundrel as Derchow. In spite of the King's orders, Waldow and Rochow allowed the Crown Prince to receive visits. In that part of the country my brother was adored: his generosity, courtesy, and goodness had won him all hearts. The cruel treatment he had received from the King was an excuse for everything, but at the same time made all tremble for his life. He had found numbers of people who would gladly have risked their lives to set him

at liberty. Ropes had already been brought him, by which to let himself down from the windows, and a disguise in the shape of a peasant's dress in which to escape, when General Dostow's appearance spoilt all his plans. As Dostow was a great favourite with the King, and was anxious to pay him as much court as possible, he offered to take the sole watch over the Prince, pretending that he wished to lighten Waldow and Rochow's work. From this time forward my brother was so incessantly watched that it was quite impossible to try to think of escaping. He started four days after the King, and was by his orders taken to some place six or seven miles beyond Berlin.

After the King's arrival, the Queen went alone to see him in his room. As soon as he saw her he said in a furious tone, "Your son is dead," and then at once, "Where is the casket with the letters?"

My poor mother cried out in great distress, saying how was it possible to believe that he could have made his son a victim of his "barbarous" fury.

"He is dead," the King repeated, "and I will have the casket." The Queen fetched it, and as she brought it called out, "Oh, my God, my God!" I heard these lamentations, which pierced me through and through. The King had scarcely got hold of the casket when he broke it open and tore the papers out of it, and therewith left the room. The Queen lost not a moment in taking possession of the seals and whatever else there was which could rouse suspicion, and gave them to me to burn. My mother afterwards came and told us all that had passed between her and the King. God alone knows what I endured during this terrible tale, and I burst out crying violently.

At this moment my father entered the room. In the terrible state of uncertainty in which we were as to my brother's fate, I did not know what I had best do. My sisters and I approached the King to kiss his hand, but he

had no sooner caught sight of me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently in the face, one blow striking my temple, that I fell insensible to the ground. The King wanted to kick me and repeat his blows, but the Queen and my sisters surrounded me like a wall, and prevented his touching me. One of my sisters, seeing me lying as it were lifeless, fetched a glass of water with a little spirits, to try and restore me to consciousness. The King was struggling meanwhile with my defenders, and prevented my being lifted up from the ground. After much rubbing and smelling strong salts, I recovered sufficiently to be placed on a stool which stood in the window. How gladly I would have remained in my unconscious condition! It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition. The King was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen and his mouth foaming. The Queen was crying and wringing her hands. My sisters were kneeling at my father's feet, even our little tiny sister of three years old, all sobbing bitterly. Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld stood there pale as death, unable to speak, and I—I was in the very depths of despair. I was shivering from head to foot, and a cold perspiration poured off my face. My father now said that my brother was not dead, but that "by all holy angels" he would kill him! These reiterated assertions roused me from my lethargy, and I cried out, "Spare my brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels!" The King was too angry to understand what I was saying, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, fearing that I should repeat these imprudent words, stuffed her pocket handkerchief into my mouth just as I was going to do so. My father now began to abuse me. He said I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and that I should pay for it with my head. He could not then have granted me a greater favour than to have carried out his threat. My grief was so intense that I would gladly have left this world.

During this scene I saw poor Katt being led between two gendarmes to the King. He looked pale and disordered, and as he caught sight of me, he took off his hat, and I observed his distressed and frightened expression. My brother's boxes and his own were carried behind him. Immediately afterwards the King was informed of Katt's presence, and he rushed off saying, "Now at last I shall have proofs enough against this scoundrel, Fritz, to cost him his head." The Mistress of the Robes followed him saying, "For God's sake, if you wish to put the Crown Prince to death, at least do not kill the Queen. I can assure you that she has known absolutely nothing of the whole business, and if you are kind to her you may succeed in obtaining much help from her." Madame von Konnken then continued in another tone. "Hitherto, you have laid great stress on being a just and pious King, and God blessed you for it; but now you wish to become a tyrant. Take heed that God's wrath does not fall on you. Sacrifice your son to your fury, and be sure that God's vengeance will light upon you. Remember Peter the Great, and Philip the Second: they died without heirs, and their memory is held in abhorrence." The King looked at her, and said, "You are very bold to say such things, but you are a good woman, and mean well. Go and calm my wife." I really admired this lady's courage in speaking at such a moment in the manner she did, because she ran the risk of being sent to Spandau. We were, on the other hand, much astonished when Ramen in the Queen's presence insisted on having been ignorant of what had occurred. I was at last dragged out of the Queen's room, for I shook all over, and was incapable of walking a step. I was brought into an apartment into which the King never came.

My father had meanwhile sent for Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to come to his room. Mylius was Fiscal-General, and a very bad man, and Gerber Auditor-General. As soon as the King entered the room, Katt threw himself on his knees

before him. My father fell upon him, hit him with his stick, and treated him shamefully. The enquiry then commenced. Katt confessed at once that he had agreed with the Crown Prince about his flight, but that there had never been any designs against the King, and that their only intention had been to escape into England to be safe from his anger, and to put themselves under English protection. On being asked what had become of my letters and those of my mother, he answered that he had given them back to the Queen. Katt was then asked if I had known of the plot: his answer was "No." He was then questioned as to whether he had been entrusted with letters from the Crown Prince to me, and if I had ever given him any for my brother. He replied that he remembered giving me a letter from the Prince one Sunday morning as I came out of the Dom (Cathedral), but that he had no idea what were its contents. He had never any letters entrusted to him by me. Katt then confessed to having been several times secretly to Potsdam, where Lieutenant Span had let him into the town; that Keith knew of the plan, and was to have accompanied them in their flight. After the enquiry was over, my brother's boxes and Katt's were searched, but not a single letter was discovered. Grumkow, who had hoped to have caught us this time safely in his net, was in despair at this, and said to the King, "These devils of women are cleverer than we are, and have cheated us."

The King returned again to the Queen and said to her, "I have not made a mistake: I knew it must be so. Your worthless daughter has been mixed up in this plot. Katt has just confessed that he gave her letters from the Prince: I shall have her conduct rigorously inquired into! Command her in my name not to leave her room. In three days I will have her removed to a place where she may repent of her misdeeds. Tell her this, and that she is to be ready to start as soon as her examination is closed." The King was in a great rage as he said this. The Queen swore that I had

never received any letter through Katt, and offered to go and ask me about it.

I must call to remembrance what I said about that letter which I suppressed on account of Ramen. I now gave myself up for lost, and I was rather glad than otherwise. In order not to involve the Queen, I determined to brave it out alone, and I at once answered Madame von Konnken that I was surprised that my mother remembered nothing about the letter, as it had been given me in public, and had contained only the most ordinary expressions of friendship. I had burnt it, but I remembered every word, and, if the King wished, would write it all down. The Queen, to whom I had shown the letter, must have forgotten all about it.

Madame von Konnken brought my answer to my father, who then left the room to be present at the close of Katt's examination. I was able to persuade my mother that she had read the letter, till at last she really believed she had done so. The Queen now gave me the King's orders, crying bitterly as she did so. She impressed on me the importance of never mentioning the casket. "But if I have to take an oath about it, what shall I do then?" I asked her, and she answered that the sore straits in which we were must condone what, in another case, would be a grave fault. I promised her absolute obedience, but added, "I cannot do anything my conscience disapproves of. The good God will not desert me. I will rather sacrifice all than expose you to danger, but I cannot take a false oath." We then took leave of each other, my mother holding me for some time in her arms, and at last we parted in deep sorrow.

The whole town was horror-struck at the misery and sorrow which had fallen on our family. People spoke of me and my fate, openly in the streets, for my mother's rooms were on the ground-floor, and the windows stood open, so that passers by must have witnessed that terrible scene. As I was carried to my room that day, I had to pass through quite a crowd, who all

were sobbing and crying. Things were very much exaggerated, and in several parts of the town the rumour of my death was circulated, and also that of my brother, and this only tended to increase the general feeling of hopelessness.

I spent a very sad night, disturbed by dark and sinister forebodings. Fear of death did not trouble me, and I was not disturbed about the journey, but what I dreaded beyond description was being separated from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and being given over into strange hands. These sad reflections kept me awake till the news was brought me in the morning that the sentinels before my room had been doubled. I had scarcely risen, when Ramen appeared and brought me a message from my mother, to the effect that the King would send the same people to examine me as had conducted Katt's enquiry, and that she begged me to be careful, and not to forget my promise. I was much put out at receiving such a message through so suspicious a person, who could at any moment, by betraying the Queen and myself to the King, ruin us.

She then continued in a hypocritical tone to say that my mother "was in great anxiety" about my examination, and feared I "should not retain my firmness." "I cannot understand," I replied, "how the Queen can trouble herself about such a trivial matter. I need not be afraid, as I have had nothing whatever to do with the whole business, and if the King has me examined, I shall simply say what I know about it." "Yes," she answered, "and other terrible things are happening. Your departure is decided on, and you are to be taken to a convent called 'The Holy Grave.' There you will be kept as a State prisoner. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and all your own people are to be taken away from you, and you will be much to be pitied." I replied that the King was my father and my master, and that he would decide my fate as he pleased. "I trust in God and in my innocence, and know that Providence will watch over me."

Ramen then proceeded to say, "You are only so full of courage because you believe these are mere threats, but I have seen the written order for your imprisonment, signed by the King himself. Besides which, you must see by all that has taken place that the King is in earnest. Poor Mademoiselle von Bülow has received commands to leave the Court in two days, and to retire with her family to Lithuania. Lieutenant Span, who let Katt secretly into Potsdam, is cashiered, and has been sent to Spandau. A mistress of the Crown Prince who lives at Potsdam is to be flogged by the public hangman, and turned out of the town. Dühau (he was my brother's master, and devoted to him) is exiled to Memel. Jaques (his librarian) is also sent there, and your governness would have shared the same fate had she not been, as good luck would have it, not on good terms with the Queen during this last winter." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had had a quarrel with the Queen because she had said that she thought it had been a mistake to insist on Grumkow's dismissal. It would have been best, in her opinion, had my marriage first been settled, and then the dismissal insisted on. This had annoyed my mother, and she had in consequence treated my governess rather unkindly. I do not understand how I could listen to all this quietly. God does indeed give strength in the time of our sorest need. My great composure saved me, and made this old Megæra believe that I was either innocent, or that nothing would shake my courage. When she had left me, I felt I need no longer control myself. The ruin of so many excellent people cut me to the heart. My brother's fate inspired me with deadly fear, and the separation from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld filled me with the bitterest sorrow.

The day went by. I hourly expected my examination to commence, and every little sound made my heart beat faster. But I waited in vain, no one appeared, and I began to feel calmer. My face as well as my body were so

bruised by my fall, and I was so exhausted, that when the evening drew on I lay down.

The next morning Ramen made her appearance. She again repeated my mother's injunctions as to courage and determination, and then added that my enquiry had not yet taken place because it had been determined to confront me with my brother and Katt, and that to prevent the possibility of any disturbance, the Crown Prince would be brought to Berlin only in the dusk of the evening. I answered Ramen in the same way at which, the previous day, the Queen had been so vexed. She thought I must be so overcome with fear that I should lose my head and mention the casket, because otherwise she could not understand my determination to say all I knew about this sad business. In the afternoon she sent me her faithful old page to implore me not to betray anything. I confided to him in what a difficult position I was placed by having Ramen sent to me with such messages, and begged him to assure the Queen that she need fear nothing, and that I should never say anything which could compromise her. All I ventured to beg of her was not to send so often to me, as it might awaken the King's suspicions, but if she had any message, to send it through her page and not through Ramen, who knew nothing about the business of the letters. I was obliged to treat the matter from this point of view, to avoid vexing my mother. I know she would have been annoyed if she had found out that I distrusted Ramen.

Another day passed in the same manner, and I remained standing at the window till one in the morning, only to have the comfort of seeing my brother pass by. The thought of seeing him made me wish ardently to be confronted with him at my examination. This wish was not fulfilled. My brother was taken to Küstrin on the 5th of September, and shut up in the fortress of that place. All his household and all his possessions were taken from him, so that he had nothing but

the shirt and clothes he wore. Nobody waited on him, and his only means of occupation were a Bible and Prayer-Book.

His expenditure was limited to 4d. a day. The room in which he was imprisoned received all its light from one tiny aperture. He had a candle only when his supper was brought him at seven o'clock. All the rest of the time he had to sit in the dark. What an awful fate for a prince that was already held in such high esteem. So much sorrow could only make him bitter and harsh.

A short while after my brother's arrival in this melancholy residence, the King sent Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to open an enquiry on him. His answers agreed with those of Katt, and instead of treating Grumkow, who was guiding his fate, gently, the Crown Prince spoke in a most slighting manner to him, saying many sharp things. They then showed him Katt's boxes, and asked him if all the things they had contained were still in existence, or if any letters were missing. My brother, thinking Katt would have burnt the papers, answered yes, but that the box contained many snuff-boxes and other such articles which he knew nothing of, and which Katt probably had put there. This answer opened their eyes, and they discovered how they had been cheated.

The evil was done, and they knew that neither threats nor violence would ever make us divulge the contents of those letters.

During the whole examination, and also in the protocol, he never received his title of Royal Highness. Seckendorf and Grumkow knew perfectly well that the Prince's attempt at flight was but a youthful prank, and that in his position as Crown Prince he had deserved only a reprimand: they therefore induced the King to treat him merely as an officer. During the whole trial he was always called "Colonel Fritz," and in this capacity he really could be tried as a deserter.

As soon as the inquiry was at an end, these gentlemen returned to Berlin, and Katt was again examined. Several

times the King wished him to be put on the rack, but this inhumanity was prevented by General Wartensleben, a great friend of Seckendorf.

My fate continued unchanged. Every evening I took the tenderest leave of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and my people, because I could not know if I should ever see them again. My jewels and all my other valuables I had sent secretly to the Queen. I had not yet been able to make up my mind to burn my brother's letters. They were locked up in a little box which I gave my governess every evening to take to my youngest sister, as I knew they would not be looked for there. In fact, I took every possible precaution against being suddenly surprised.

At last the King left Berlin, and that same evening the Queen came to see me. Seeing her made me beside myself with joy. She told me she did not now think I was to be taken to the convent, because the King had, for several days, mentioned nothing more about it. She also said that she had made him less furious with my brother, as she had thrown all the blame on Keith. Perhaps my readers will be curious to know his fate.

When my brother was arrested at Frankfort, the Prince of Anhalt happened to be there. Since his quarrel and rupture with Grumkow he had greatly changed for the better. He never mixed himself up in intrigues, but tried to help and be of service to others. I had succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between him, my mother, and my brother. The Prince of Anhalt was to accompany the King to Wesel, and I do not know what reason made him send his page on before him. The first person this man saw on reaching the town was Keith, whom he knew well. He also knew how much he was in the Crown Prince's good graces. "Oh! how glad I am to see you here," he exclaimed; "I thought you were already under lock and key." "What do you mean?" said Keith, who could not understand being addressed like

this. "All right," replied the other, "don't you know that the Crown Prince has been arrested?"

Keith remained apparently unmoved during this speech. He however broke off the conversation as soon as he could, mounted a horse, and left the town with all possible speed. He reached the Hague safely, but only three hours before Colonel Dümoulin, who was sent by the King to pursue him. As soon as Keith arrived, he sought the protection of the English Envoy, Lord Chesterfield, who saw him safely on board the packet, despite Dümoulin's presence, and in this manner Keith reached England in safety. As the King now found it impossible to punish him, he gratified his desire for revenge by having Keith's effigy hung in Wesel, and punished his brother for having procured horses for the Crown Prince without his leave, by degrading him to the rank of sergeant.

In order not to interrupt my account of these terrible events, I left one circumstance unmentioned, which had a great influence on my future. Before the King left Berlin he told the Queen of his intention of marrying my fourth sister to the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and the betrothal was publicly announced. The Queen was much pleased at this, because she had feared that having once proposed this Prince to the King for me, the question of this marriage would be brought forward again. Now that my sister was thought of, her fears were laid to rest.

During the short time my mother spent in Berlin she came daily to see me. The day before her departure, she whispered to me that she had been told of Prince Henry's* death. He was said to have died at Paris of fever. I said I was very sorry, as he had been a most deserving Prince. "And I, on the other hand, am glad," she said, "as I always feared he wished to marry you!" "Now, however, that he has been

* Hereditary Prince of Baireuth.

engaged to my sister," I replied, "there can be no idea of that." The Queen then took leave of me. She cried much as she did so, and told my sisters and her ladies to come and see me from time to time. She also told me to send my letters to her through her page's wife. My mother left Berlin on the 15th September.

One day, as I was engaged in my usual occupations, my maid came into my room in a very agitated state. This maid is the same I have mentioned before, a most devoted, honest soul. "What is the matter?" I said, on seeing her disturbed countenance. "Am I to leave?" "No, your Royal Highness," she answered, "but I am in a great difficulty. A sergeant of the gendarmerie has this morning brought my husband a packet for you. I know that my husband is already looked on with suspicion, because he is devoted to the Crown Prince. I do not, therefore, know if he ought to have received the packet, the more so as I am not sure whether we can trust this sergeant. But I am ready to do whatever you desire, even at the risk of my life." "But do you not know what the packet contains?" I inquired, "and whether it is of importance?"

"The sergeant told my husband that it contained a portrait," my maid replied. Then I at once perceived that it was the likeness my brother had given Katt to take charge of for him. I felt how serious the consequences would be if the picture fell into my father's hands, as he would at once say that Katt had been my lover and had ill-used me. I therefore entreated my maid to bring me the packet without delay, which she accordingly did next day, and the whole circumstance was kept secret.

Two days after this, my maid had another fright. An unknown person brought her a letter which enclosed one from my brother to me. She brought it to me at once. I could not receive it without feelings of the deepest emotion. The letter was written in pencil, and its contents read as follows.

(I have copied every word from the original, which I keep as a most precious relic).

"Dear beloved Sister!

"I am to be declared an arch-heretic by the Court-martial before which I am shortly to appear. It will not require any great difficulty to do this. You can therefore imagine what a creature they are going to make me out. I do not in the least care about the ban which they will pronounce over me, if only my dear sister will not bear me false witness. How thankful I am that neither bolts nor bars can prevent my assuring you of my sincere friendship. Yes, dearest sister, there are still people in this almost depraved century, who are devoted enough to procure me the means of expressing my devotion to you. If I only know that you are happy, dear sister, then my prison will become an abode of contentment and satisfaction. 'Chi ha tempo, ha vita,' let this comfort us. I wish, with all my heart, that we needed no interpreter to go to and fro between us. May those happy hours return once more, during which your Principe and my Principessa (we called my guitar and his flute by these names) brought forth such sweet harmonies. To speak plainly, may I soon again be able to tell you, by word of mouth, that nothing in this world can ever lessen my affection for you. Good-bye.

"The Prisoner."

This letter touched me deeply, and I cried over it.

"How deeply I pity my poor brother," I said to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld; "he is still able to joke in the midst of his sore trouble. Goodness only knows what misery is in store for him. I must answer him. You will not forbid my having this comfort? The same person who brought me his letter so safely will find means of letting my answer reach him."

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld did not wish at once to damp

my joy, but by degrees she made me understand the great danger I exposed myself to if I carried out my intention of writing.

The Court-martial assembled on the 1st November. As my governess was aware of the agitated state I was in, she hid this news from me, the more so as she knew that my brother's fate was to be decided by it.

Although I did not at that time know of what took place, I will here continue my account of these tragic events so as not to break the thread of my narrative.

The Court-martial was held at Potsdam. It was composed of two Major-Generals, two Colonels, two Lieutenant-Colonels, two Majors, two Captains, and two Lieutenants. The whole army were obliged to draw lots as to who was to constitute it, as everyone declined to have anything to do with it.

The lots fell on Major-Generals Dönhoff and Linger, and Colonels Derchow and Panewitz. I do not remember the names of the Colonels and Captains, but the Lieutenants were Einsiedel and one other from the King's regiment. They had all to take their oath on the Bible. Dönhoff and Linger voted for pardon being granted, but Einsiedel, Derchow, and the others, all Grumkow's creatures, and favourites of the King, condemned my brother and Katt to the scaffold. A monstrous and unheard of sentence in a civilized land! Seckendorf now stepped in as mediator, and begged for mercy for both criminals, particularly my brother. It was granted him only with much trouble, for my father's rage had increased. For Katt he could obtain nothing, not even a reprieve. His sentence was therefore pronounced. He heard it without moving a muscle, and with the most heroic firmness. He merely answered, "I submit to the King's will, and to that of Providence. I can die without fear, for I have nothing to reproach myself with, and I suffer for a good cause." He then prepared himself for the

awful trial before him. Next day he was told that the King wished his execution to take place away from Berlin. This rather startled him, but he soon regained his composure.

As soon as he was left alone, he called the officer of the guard, and gave him the snuff-box containing the portraits of my brother and me, saying, "Keep this, and think sometimes of me. Do not, however, show the box to anyone, as it might do harm to the high personages who are represented on it." Katt then wrote three letters, one to his grandfather, one to his father, and one to his brother-in-law. When the clergyman came to him, he said, "I have greatly sinned before God. My great ambition was the cause of many faults, of which I repent sincerely. The Crown Prince's favour made me blind to all else. I now know how vain are all earthly things. I repent truly of all my sins, and pray death to lead me to everlasting peace." The day was spent in conversing in this manner. Towards evening, Major Schenk came with tears in his eyes and told Katt that everything was ready for his departure, adding, "The King has commanded me to be present at your execution, and to accompany you to the place where it is to be carried out. I have twice over begged to be excused from this mission, but the King insisted, so I could but obey. Would to God that his heart had been softened, and that I might have been the bearer of your pardon."

"You are very kind," Katt replied, "but I do not wish to escape from my fate. I give my life for a master whom I love most dearly, and, by doing so, give him the greatest proof of my devotion. Happiness without end awaits me." With these words he stepped cheerfully and smilingly into the carriage.

Before starting, he took leave of many officers and soldiers of the gendarmerie, who had assembled to witness his departure. It was nine o'clock in the morning when he reached Küstrin. The scaffold had been erected in front of my brother's windows, from which the bars had been

removed. It was on a level with the window, and only a few paces from it.

As soon as they had reached the interior of the fortress, Schenk said to Katt, "Keep up your courage, for a fearful trial is before you."

"Say rather that it is the greatest comfort that could have been given me," he replied.

My unfortunate brother had, the day before, witnessed all these preparations without knowing their purpose. He expected his own death-warrant. Early in the morning the Governor of the fortress, General Lepel, and the President, Münichow, entered my brother's prison and endeavoured to prepare him as best they could for the terrible news they had to communicate to him. They brought him a plain brown suit of clothes, the counterpart to that which Katt wore (my brother would not take it off afterwards, till it had to be literally torn off him). As soon as the Crown Prince heard what was in store for him, he was seized with frantic despair, which grew only greater and greater as he was forced to approach the window. He tried to throw himself out of it. Then he exclaimed, "For God's sake postpone the execution! I will write to the King that I will solemnly renounce the Crown if only I can save Katt's life."

As my brother saw him mount the scaffold he called out to him, "I am miserable, dear Katt. I am the cause of your misfortune, oh, that I were in your place!" Katt, then kneeling down, replied, "Had I a thousand lives, my beloved Prince, I would lay them all down for you." One of the attendants then stepped forward to blindfold him, but he waved them back. He then said in a firm voice "My God, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He had scarcely uttered these words when his head fell. In falling he had still stretched out his hand towards the window at which my brother was standing. The poor Prince had fainted away. He was laid on his bed, where he remained insensible for

several hours. Fever then attacked him, and his condition was not to be described. Katt's body had been left lying in such a position that my brother could not escape seeing it. As no one knew what to do with the Crown Prince, and the doctors feared for his life, they sent for a clergyman. But the cruel emotions my brother had been through were not so easily got over, and he became calmer only when quite exhausted. Great bodily weakness, accompanied by floods of tears, at last succeeded the violent fits of despair, and he sank into melancholy, which lasted some time. Even now we never dare mention this terrible scene to him. Katt's body remained lying on the scaffold till sundown. It was then buried in a corner of the fortress near the bastions. I am here going to insert a letter Katt wrote to his grandfather. and also a verse which was found written on the window of his prison.

"Sir, and honoured Grandfather,

"I cannot express to you with what pain and anxiety I write these lines. I, who have been the sole object of your constant solicitude; I, to whom you looked for the advancement of your family; I, whom you educated in principles that should have made me fit to serve God and my neighbours; I, who never parted from you without having been honoured by some of your kind advice; I, who was the joy, pride and support of your old age; I, miserable creature, am the cause of all your grief and pain. Instead of sending you good news, I must tell you of my being sentenced to death, a sentence which has just been communicated to me. Do not take my sad fate too much to heart. We must bow to the will of Providence. If we are tried by reverses, the strength will be given us to endure them. Nothing is impossible to God: He can help when He sees fit. I put all my trust in the Almighty, that He may yet soften the King's heart, and incline him to show me mercy. The King was at all

times gracious towards me. If God wills it otherwise, then I shall not cease to praise Him, for He orders all for our best. I shall patiently submit to any alternative your influence and other people's may obtain from the King. Meanwhile I entreat your forgiveness for all my misdeeds, and hope that God, who forgives the greatest of sinners, will also have mercy on me. Will you not also follow His example and grant your pardon to him who signs himself, Sir, and much esteemed Grandfather.

"Your devoted and respectful Grandson,

"Katt."

"2nd November, 1730."

The following are the verses he wrote on his window. There is more cleverness in them than poetry.

"Wouldst thou the fruit of a clear conscience reap?
Take time, and patience keep.
Wouldst of the writer ask? Then Katt replies,
Cheerful and hopeful in his cell he lies."

Underneath them was written: "To those who wish to read these lines be it known that he who wrote them was imprisoned on the 16th August, 1730, by order of the King. He still hopes to be liberated, though the manner in which he is watched makes him fear something terrible."

But now I must return to my own personal narrative. On the 5th November, a Sunday morning, the day before Katt's execution, just as I was going to say my prayers, Eversmann was announced. He was sent by the King to speak with me. I was much alarmed, and though I was still in bed, I ordered him to be shown into my room. He began at once: "The King desires you to accept the offer of marriage made by the Duke of Weissenfels or that of the Margrave of Schwedt. I am to say that the King has dealt most leniently with you, for he is quite well aware that you were mixed up in the intrigues of the Crown Prince and Katt—they have both

confessed as much." [This was not true.] "He is greatly incensed against the Prince, and swore yesterday that he would have your brother's head laid at your feet. Your Royal Highness had better reflect well on the answer you give me. The King will take violent measures if you do not give way to him, and I may not say all that I know on this subject." I answered him, "The King is my lord and master, and can do with me what he pleases, but he cannot convict me of having been a party to my brother's plan. If he had asked me about it, I would have proved my innocence to him. As regards the subject of my marriage, I beg my father to settle that point with the Queen. As soon as they are of one mind on that subject, I shall at once submit, however great my disinclination may be."

"The Queen has nothing whatever to do with it," Eversmann began again. "The King will on no account allow her to mix herself up in it." "But the King cannot prevent her being my mother," I replied. "Why is he so determined to marry me, and make me miserable? Death seems far sweeter to me than the daily terror I have to endure, and the fear of my father or mother's curse which threatens me."

"Well, then, please yourself," was Eversmann's answer. "You can prepare to die if you do not give in. The Prince's trial and Katt's will be postponed so that you may be included in it. A victim must be sacrificed to the King's fury, and it may as well be you." "I am quite prepared for my fate," I answered him, "the world is quite indifferent to me. I have had so many troubles that it is easy to me to forego this world's vanities. I shall look forward to my death with more satisfaction than fear." He then said, "But what is to become of the Crown Prince?" "I do not know," was my reply, "and if I am to die, then I shall trouble about nothing more." With this remark, the sad conversation came to an end. As Eversmann left the room he said the

King would send other people to speak with me, but that he forbade me to speak with the Queen about what was going on.

I was so upset by this interview that my bed shook under me. They hid from me the fact of the Court-martial having been summoned, and this increased my alarm. I feared my refusal had done harm to my brother, but resolved to wait and see what these other people would say whom my father was going to send to me before coming to a final decision. I considered Eversmann so very much beneath my contempt that I would not condescend to give him my answer. I told Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld at once of my conversation, and we both agreed that it was necessary to let the Queen know of it, and to obtain her instructions. It was not safe to send our letters in the usual way, and I was not allowed to send anyone to her. We had, therefore, to try and discover some other means. At last we thought of the following stratagem. The Queen had appointed a Mademoiselle von Konnken, a daughter of her Mistress of the Robes, to be Mademoiselle von Bülow's successor. She was a charming girl, full of character. I asked her to come secretly to me. As they had forgotten to put a sentinel before one of my doors, which led to my sisters' rooms, the Queen's Ladies were able to get at me by this way. As soon as Mademoiselle von Konnken reached my room, I told her all the circumstances of the case, and made her understand how important it was that the Queen should be informed of them. "I have thought of a means of doing so," I said to her. "You send your mother a cheese: we will cut it in half, put the letter between the pieces, and then stick them together again, so that nobody will observe anything. Then, when the box is opened containing the cheese, nothing can be discovered, and we run no risk." It cost me no end of trouble and persuasion to get Mademoiselle von Konnken to agree to this, for the daily arrests and executions were spreading universal

terror. At last I succeeded, and sent my letter in the manner suggested.

The next day, the 6th November, the day of Katt's execution, Eversmann called upon Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, by the King's desire, and brought her the following message. My father desired her to persuade me to accept the Duke of Weissenfels. If she did not obey this command, she was to be sent to Spandau, or even something worse might happen to her. My governess at once replied, "I am ready to leave the Court whenever the King wishes it, but I shall not mix myself up in this marriage. The Queen entrusted me with the education of her daughter, but not with putting ideas of marriage into her head. Tell the King that he gave me this post against my will, as I had in vain repeatedly told him that I did not feel equal to the task of bringing up a young Princess. Dearly as I love my Princess, I should not hesitate for a moment to resign my position, rather than meddle with things which are beyond my province." "Have you forgotten what has taken place to-day?" Eversmann answered, "I am told that the King is in a greater state of anger than ever: take care that he does not carry out the threats he has been using against you and the Princess." "Beware of mentioning anything of all this to the Princess," interrupted Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. "I have kept it all from her, because her health has suffered so much that the least additional emotion will quite prostrate her. As regards myself, I shall calmly await what Providence may decide for me." My governess repeated to me the whole conversation, only suppressing all mention of Katt's execution. I was so ill that I had to keep my bed. "You have done quite right," I said to her, "and I now know what I must do."

Madame von Rocoule visited me next day. Although more than seventy years of age, she still had the superintendence of my younger sisters. She was such a kind,

upright old lady. Her daughter was with my elder sister, and I do not know why, but this girl hated me. I had never done her any harm that I knew of. She ruled her old mother, and therefore—much as I liked Madame de Rocoule—I could not trust her. She came to bring me a box of cheese from my mother. "Here, my child, the Queen sends you some cheeses," she began; "and in one of them there is a letter." My blood began to boil at the thought of my mother's imprudence, but I saw that this was not the time to show mistrust. I therefore took out the letter and read as follows: "You are as frightened as a hare. Remember that my curse will fall on you if you submit to what is demanded of you. To gain time, you must pretend that you are very ill." I could not do otherwise than show the note to Madame von Rocoule, but begged her not to mention it to anyone.

As soon as she left me, I consulted with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld as to what I was to do. We decided at last to obey the Queen. My maid, on whose unalterable devotion I could depend, and I waited till dinner was over to assume the parts we were going to act. Certainly it was prison fare. We could scarcely appease our hunger. The food consisted of bones with no meat, and these cooked in salt and water. As soon as I sat down I complained of being sick, and then slowly fell from my chair. All my servants ran for help: my sisters' and my mother's ladies surrounded me. I was put to bed, and remained there motionless for two hours. All thought I was dead, and cried and wrung their hands. Goodness knows how difficult I found it to keep up the imposture, but necessity forced me to go through with it. After a while I pretended to return slowly to consciousness, but all that day I never left my bed.

Next day Eversmann again appeared. He had heard

of my illness at Wusterhausen, and came hurrying to see if it were true or not. They had given me hot tin balls to hold in my hands, so that when he approached me, I acted as if I were unable to speak, saying only that I had violent fever, at the same time giving him one of my hands. He was much taken aback, and said, "She is very hot. How is it that no doctor has been summoned?" Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld replied that she did not know if we had the King's permission to send for one, and that she had therefore written to the Queen about me. Eversmann then left me. He took Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld on one side, and said, "I had forbidden you in the King's name to say anything to the Queen about what concerned the Princess. Yet you have done so. You treated me yesterday like a child, but that is all the same to me. If I tell the King of it, it will simply depend on me alone whether you are sent to Spandau, and if the Queen speaks with him about the matter, then you and your Princess can pack up to be ready to be sent there." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld did not know what answer to make to this speech, but he left her without waiting for one. She came to me in great alarm and told me of it. My terror was not less than hers, and we spent the whole day in fear and trembling. She was fearing for me, and I for her. Had I known of Katt's fate, my state of distress would have been still greater.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld kept it from me, for she knew my kind heart, and feared that so terrible an example of the King's anger would make me lose courage. She was right too, for I should have been wretched for life had my obstinacy been the cause of her ruin. Great Heavens! what I suffered during these days! My brother was ever present in my thoughts, and I saw myself hourly exposed to be treated in the same way as he was. The sorrow I caused to all who were devoted to me made me determine to

submit to each and every demand on condition that the King forgave my brother. I could not count on the Queen. Her constant imprudence, and the little respect in which she was held by the King, deprived me of all hope of aid from her. My father had probably been told that the Queen's ladies visited me, for this comfort was now denied me, and I saw no one beyond my sisters, who were still quite children. I was also obliged to stay in bed to keep up the farce of my illness, and was not able even to read in peace. That devil Eversmann disturbed me every moment to torment me about the Duke of Weissenfels.

One piece of good news reached us at this time, and brought me some measure of comfort. I mentioned that grief at Katt's death had made my brother dangerously ill. His good constitution alone saved his life. Grumkow, who had been the cause of all the Crown Prince's misfortunes, now desired to have an equal share in his being set at liberty. He induced the King to let him go to Küstrin. Instead of approaching the Prince with insolence, as he had on the former occasion, Grumkow this time addressed him with great respect. He commiserated his sad fate, and told him that he and Seckendorf had done all in their power to save Katt. Grumkow finally advised my brother to write to the King in a most submissive tone, promising him if he did so to procure him his father's pardon. It was only after much persuasion that he succeeded in inducing my brother to take this step. He succeeded at last, after having told him how much my mother was suffering for his sake, and the Crown Prince agreed to write to the King. My brother knew nothing of all that had happened to me, and only learned it afterwards from myself. Grumkow kept his word. On the 12th November, the Crown Prince was allowed to leave the fortress, but not to quit Küstrin, which he had still to regard as a prison. The King let him have three civilians to keep him company, Messieurs Wallen, Rovedel, and

Natzmer. His expenditure was limited to the smallest possible sum. He was allowed no amusements, nor was he permitted to read or write, or to speak French. It is impossible to describe the joy pervading all classes at the news of the Prince having been set at liberty. In spite of the King's peremptory orders that my brother should be treated in the most rigorous manner during his imprisonment, his dinner-table was well cared for. All Berlin sent him provisions, and even the greatest delicacies. Even the poor exiled French collected linen to send my brother. I was equally kindly cared for, and had food sent me in the same way as the Crown Prince. If I had not had this, I think I should have nearly died of hunger and want. My gratitude towards this nation will be unceasing, and I wish it were in my power to requite it as I should like.

Letters which were at this time received from Anspach contradicted the rumour of the death of Prince Henry of Baireuth. An attack of fever from which he had suffered for six days in Paris must have given rise to the report.

About the 22nd the Queen returned to Berlin. She found me still in bed, pretending to be ill, and being so in downright reality. All my sorrows and anxieties, combined with the sedentary life I had been compelled to lead, had so seriously affected my health that it never entirely recovered from it. My second sister, who has since married the Duke of Brunswick, came at once to see me. I loved her dearly. She was very clever and lively in later years. She requited me ill for the love I bore her. As soon as she entered my room she exclaimed, "Have you not pitied our brother and grieved for Katt?" I asked her why? and she then gave me an account of the whole tragedy. The impression it produced on my mind is easily to be imagined. I put myself in my brother's place, and tried to picture to myself what he must have suffered in that awful moment. As we were speaking my mother came into the room. She told me all she had gone through during

her absence. The King had never sought to spare her in the least. On the contrary, he had taken pleasure in mortifying her whenever he possibly could. The Queen now came daily to see me, and caused me perfect panics of terror. "I know that they intend to torment you as soon as I have left Berlin," she said to me. "They will take Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld from you, and that too in a shameful manner, and will surround you with people whom you cannot trust. Don't let them disconcert you: remain firm, and refuse persistently to marry." In order to put her mind at rest I always replied that her orders should be obeyed. I had, however, determined to submit to the King's will, on the very first occasion.

The King spent Christmas in Berlin, and remained there till the beginning of the year 1731. During that time my visits from the Queen were interrupted. I am now going to commence the account of the year 1731.

On the 10th or 12th January my father returned to Potsdam, and the Queen followed him there on the 28th. A reconciliation was effected by the Chamberlain Sastot between her and Grumkow. This secret was at once confided to me. My mother said, "I have won over Grumkow: he has assured me that he will do all in his power to settle your English marriage, and to have the Crown Prince restored to the King's favour. As he has come over to our side there is nothing more to fear. This information took me much by surprise. I could not understand how my mother could possibly trust such a creature. He had so often cheated and betrayed us, and I felt certain he would do so again. However, I was obliged to keep my thoughts to myself, because my mother could not bear the least contradiction.

The day before her departure from Berlin, she came once more to see me. She looked me straight in the face, and said, "I come to take leave of you, and hope that Grumkow will keep his promise, and that you will be left in peace during

my absence. If it should, however, not be so, I demand a solemn oath from you that you never marry anyone else but the Prince of Wales. It is quite easy for you to take that oath, and it will comfort me greatly." I was at first so much taken aback that I did not know how to reply to the Queen. I tried to give an evasive answer, saying, "As Grumkow has obtained my brother's release, he will now probably try to get my English marriage settled, in order to be able to boast of his success. I therefore think that there is nothing to fear." The Queen, however, persisted on my taking this oath. I did not in the least know how to avoid doing so, and I was afraid of my mother's anger. At last the following pretext helped me to enlighten her as to the real state of my feelings on this vexed subject. I therefore answered her, "I belong to the Reformed Church, and am consequently a firm believer in the doctrine of predestination. I do not know to what corner of the earth I am destined by Providence to go. If it is England, then neither the King nor anyone else will prevent my getting there. If, however, one or the other of these two hateful marriages is my destiny, then all your Majesty's efforts, as well as all my own, to prevent that marriage will be unavailing. My conscience forbids my taking such an oath as you propose, for I may be unable to keep it. I will rather suffer from your anger, which will be a great grief to me, than offend God. I will resist as long as I possibly can, but if absolutely necessary, I shall give way to my father." The Queen was displeased at my saying this, but felt that she could not argue against my decision. We took a most tender farewell of each other. I could scarcely tear myself away from her. My mother was also greatly overcome. We determined we would correspond only on ordinary subjects, but that should we have anything of serious importance to communicate we would send the letters through the wife of the Queen's old page. This woman had ever since her childhood been with my grandmother, the Duchess of Hanover,

who educated and trained her. She afterwards married this page. We could trust her implicitly, for she was honesty and devotion personified.

After the Queen's departure I led a very sad existence. I was no longer allowed even to leave my bedroom, and I did not see a soul. I spent my days in reading. The month of February was spent in this manner. At last I was allowed to see my mother and my sisters. I was left entirely in peace, and became accustomed to the enforced solitude. Nothing more was said about the projects of marriage. My brother was safe, though his existence was melancholy enough. He was able to write to me from time to time, and I had the happiness of answering his letters. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's brother managed this correspondence secretly for us.

The Queen kept me daily informed of all that took place. She wrote to me that she was on very good terms with Grumkow, and had little doubt of my marriage with the Prince of Wales being settled. Grumkow had authorized her to make one last attempt in that direction. I confess that I could not overcome my extreme distrust of this man, he had already cheated us too often. After events proved that I was right.

The month of April had come round, and I had happily been spared any more communications from the King on the subject of these hateful marriages. Now, however, a change took place. The King began again to torment my mother on the subject, and Eversmann recommenced his visits to me. On one of these occasions he told me that the state rooms in the Castle were to be prepared for fêtes which were in prospect. "I will tell you in confidence," Eversmann continued, "that the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, the Duke and Duchess of Bevern and Prince Charles of Bevern are expected, and that the betrothal of your sister Sophie with the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth

will then take place. How sorry I am for you, to be shut up here alone, but the King has sworn that you shall on no account appear at these festivities." I replied that I did not in the least care for any of these amusements, and that they were quite indifferent to me, but not so my father's affection. I should use every means in my power to regain his love.

It was now almost three-quarters of a year since I had been able to take the Holy Communion, which had been forbidden me. With my mother's leave, I now wrote to the King, in the most touching and submissive terms, imploring him to restore me to his favour, and also asking him for permission to take the Holy Communion. The King told my mother to say that his "canaille" of a daughter might receive the Sacrament if she chose. He at the same time himself appointed the clergyman who was to officiate, and desired that the service should be performed in my room, and quite in secret. All looked on this permission as a good omen, the more so, as my father had acted in just the same way towards my brother a few days before he was liberated from the fortress of Küstrin. These hopes were not of long duration. Grumkow had induced the King to make one last effort to get my English marriage settled without reference to that of the Crown Prince. The King of England, who was of a very vivacious temperament, and easily roused to anger, was extremely offended at the treatment Hotham had received, as well as at the offensive language used towards him on other occasions. Had my father appointed any other envoy, things would probably never have gone as far as they had. Reichenbach, who was Grumkow's right hand, and had on all occasions endeavoured to create misunderstandings and bad feeling, was the person chosen. He was to demand a formal declaration from the English King on the subject of my marriage. This was all kept a secret from the Prince of Wales. King George answered that he insisted on the double marriage, but would not consent to either

without the other, and that he would marry his son within four months. To this my father retorted, that he would see me married before two months were over. The Queen immediately told me of this, and implored me to remain firm, whatever might be attempted against me.

In a week from that time Eversmann presented himself before me. He was not sent by the King, he said, but was desirous to keep me informed as to what was going on. "I really am anxious for your welfare, and I should be grieved if any misfortune overtook you." He then continued, "There is nothing left you but to marry the Duke of Weissenfels, for all negotiations are broken off with England. The King threatens to submit your brother to a fresh trial. He regrets having had Katt executed without having previously put him on the rack. Papers are missing, which have been destroyed, and of which you are cognisant. The King considers these papers most important, and if you will not submit to him he will proceed with the utmost severity against you and the Prince." To this speech I answered in a firm, loud voice, that I knew of nothing, and if my fate was to be a sorrowful one it was perhaps the lesser of two evils, and that I would never marry. Eversmann returned to Potsdam next morning, and only came to see me again two days later. The Queen meanwhile wrote daily to me. She said her distress was inexpressible, and that my father's anger both against me and my brother was greater than ever. He had sworn to marry me, and treated her without the least consideration.

On the 6th May, the most eventful day in my life, Eversmann appeared again quite early in the morning. He told me he had received the King's commands to buy all that was necessary for my wedding, and had given him this order in my mother's presence, who had cried most bitterly. If I did not at once submit to the King's will, he was

determined to get rid of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and if I persisted in my refusal I was to be shut up within the walls of a prison. Eversmann said that the King had already ordered the post-horses that were to convey me to the place of my imprisonment. My father intended sending someone to me to demand my final answer. I replied but little to all this, and endeavoured to shorten the interview. As soon as Eversmann had left, I took my mother's ladies on one side and told them what I had heard. They were much alarmed, and asked me what I should decide on doing. "To obey," I replied, "as soon as some other messenger is sent me than Eversmann. I should certainly not honour him with my answer. After the terrible example of Katt's death, I have not the least doubt that my father will carry out his threats against Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. What have Mademoiselle von Bülow and Dühau done to be treated as they have been? I will rather be miserable than cause the unhappiness of others. Besides which, my mother's and my brother's sad position is reason enough for any sacrifice on my part." My governess, who had listened quietly to what I had been saying, now came forward and entreated me to remain firm. She was quite willing and ready to suffer everything for my sake. At five o'clock that evening the wife of my mother's page brought me the following letter from her :—

"Dear Daughter,

"Everything is lost. The King is determined to marry you. I have had some cruel scenes on the subject. Neither my tears nor my entreaties have been of any avail. Eversmann has received orders to prepare everything for the wedding. You will lose Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld (the King is determined on that point) if you do not submit. For God's sake do not give in. A prison is better than a bad

marriage. Good bye, dear daughter. I hope great things from your courage and firmness."

The Queen's ladies and I were still speaking about this letter, when a servant came rushing into the room and announced General von Podewils and another gentleman, who wished to speak with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. The ladies left me without delay, and immediately afterwards Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld came to me saying that these gentlemen had come by the King's orders to speak with me. "For God's sake," she added, "do not let them frighten you, but obey the orders of the Queen."

The gentlemen now entered my room. They were Marshal Bork, Grumkow, Podewils, and one other, who I afterwards found out was M. Thulemeier. He was also a Minister of State, and both coarse and false. He had hitherto pretended to be devoted to the Queen's cause. I had never seen him before, as he was of too low rank to be admitted at Court. These gentlemen thereupon made my governess understand that her presence was not required, and locked all the doors. Grumkow now addressed me as follows: "We are sent here by the King's orders to tell your Royal Highness that the King insists on your marriage. Till now he has put it off, hoping that England would consent to your marriage with the Prince of Wales. However, all hopes of this are over. The King of England has refused to consider our Sovereign's proposals. Indeed, he has let him know that the Prince will be married within a year. Your father very naturally felt this offence keenly, and answered that you would be married in three months' time. He must keep his word, and although he did not feel bound, as your father and master, to enter into any discussion with you on this subject, he wishes you to consider how disgraceful it is, both to yourself and him, to be treated as England's plaything. The rupture which the King of England has caused in the two families by his obstinacy is quite reason enough for

your Royal Highness's making another alliance. Think of the sorrow which your mother daily endures for your sake; think of your brother's position, and of that of so many others on whom the King's anger has fallen! To prevent your putting any difficulties in the way, we are commanded to propose to you in marriage the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, but at the same time leaving you the option of marrying the Duke of Weissenfels, or the Margrave of Schwedt. You cannot have anything to urge against the Prince of Baireuth, because you do not know him. You cannot even reproach him with what you did the others, for he has a beautiful Principality of his own, and then the Queen herself first proposed him. It is possible that as you have been educated in the idea of obtaining a crown, you may be somewhat disappointed. Princesses of great houses are destined from their birth to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country, and after all a high position does not always bring earthly happiness with it. I advise your Royal Highness, therefore, to submit to the decrees of Providence. Let us be the bearers of such an answer as will restore peace to your family. If all the reasons I have put forward here are still unavailing in inducing you to submit, I have the King's order (which he showed me) to have you conveyed to a fortress where you are to be imprisoned. And here is another order," Grumkow continued, "which concerns Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and your other companions, whose fate will be far more grievous than Katt's. Several points in the Crown Prince's trial were purposely not inquired into, in order to leave him a means of escape. The King now intends to have him re-imprisoned in the fortress. On the other hand, listen to what the King promises you if you will obey him. First, he will give you a larger dowry than any of your sisters; secondly, your brother is to be set completely at liberty two days after your marriage, and everything that has passed is to be forgotten;

and thirdly, he promises you to treat the Queen more kindly." During this long address, I prayed to the Almighty to direct me to come to a right decision. I answered the gentleman, saying, "You are much mistaken if you imagine that it was the wish to become Queen which has prevented my obeying my father. I am not in the least aware what has roused his anger against me, because he has never let me know anything about a marriage. I never thought Eversmann's gossip about the subject was a message from the King. If the King had been agreed with the Queen about it, I should have been ready at any moment to assure him of my submission, and I will do so at once if he will allow me to get my mother's consent to doing so. If the Queen, however, persists in her refusal, then I shall be unable to accept the proposal." "No, your Royal Highness," Grumkow answered, "that is forbidden you, and we have the King's commands not to leave you till you give an answer." "Will you still remain obstinate?" Marshall Bork now said. "The King has assured me that his whole peace of mind depends on your answer." "Yes," Thulemeier added, "I am a devoted servant of the Queen's, and know she would approve of this step." He then looked fixedly at me, saying, "You risk everything if you do not submit." I asked Grumkow who it was that was speaking to me, and when I heard it was Thulemeier I felt I must no longer hesitate. "Well then," I said, "I am ready to be the victim, and gladly sacrifice myself for my family, hoping peace will thereby be restored to it. As to you, gentlemen, you will have to appear before God's judgment-seat to answer for your sins, if you do not insist on my father keeping the promises he has made me with regard to my brother. You swear to me that they shall be carried out to the letter, if I write to the King and tell him I am ready to obey him, and accept the proposal of marriage with the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth." They allowed me to write also to the Queen, and having given them my letters to her

and to the King, they took their leave. Thulemeier remained behind for a moment, and said, "Your Royal Highness has acted as a gifted princess should. The King will be delighted with your answer, which will pacify him. You will still be happy. Comfort yourself, for all is not yet lost." As soon as I was alone, I burst out crying; my governess was in despair, all around me were in the greatest dismay. The next day I received a letter from my father, in which he wrote, "I am very pleased indeed, dear Wilhelmine, that you submit to the wishes of your father. God will bless you, and I will never desert you, but shall care for you all the days of my life, and shall always prove to you that I am your devoted father."

I answered him at once, and also wrote the following letter to my mother:

"Your Majesty will have learned my fate from the sad letter I sent you under cover to the King. It is very difficult to describe to you in what a state I am. My consent to my marriage was not forced from me by the threats made me, however dreadful these were. They showed me a paper signed by the King's own hand, containing my sentence. It was to be carried out if I still persisted in my refusal. I was told of the disagreement subsisting between you and the King, and the account of it made me shudder. Every reason that I could possibly give against the marriage was rendered useless, even the plea that I could not accept the Prince of Baireuth without first having your consent. I was reminded that your Majesty yourself had a year ago proposed this very alliance. Besides which the King had forbidden me to ask you for advice. The gentlemen had received orders not to leave my room till I had given them an answer. It is impossible for me to relate all that was said. I must keep it till I have the honour of seeing your Majesty and telling you myself. I can but too well understand how grieved you will be, and that is what hurts me most. I beseech your Majesty

to submit to God's will. He directs all for the best. I do so more earnestly, as I am so happy at being able to sacrifice myself for my dear mother and my brother. I love both of them so tenderly, that I wish it were in my power to do more for them. I therefore entreat you again, if your Majesty has the least love for me, to take care of your health, which is more precious to me than life. I had the misfortune to be the sole cause of all your trouble and sorrow, and I could bear it no longer. I am quite content to accept the decrees of Providence, and trust that the prayers which I offer daily for your Majesty's happiness will be heard. One source of comfort you at least have in the promise which has been made me of my brother's freedom and of your being treated in a kind and considerate manner. I write this letter crying bitterly and with a trembling hand, but at peace in the thought that I have sacrificed myself for you. I am sure these lines must touch you, and that you will understand the tender feelings of a daughter for her mother, whom she will never, till her last hour, cease to love and honour."

The Queen's answer to this letter was so terrible that I did not keep it, but I cannot either forget it. Amongst other things she wrote, "You pierce my heart through and through by your abominable conduct in submitting to the King's will. I no longer own you as my daughter: you are unworthy of being my child. I shall never forgive you the cruel annoyance you have caused me. Had I known sooner what a bad heart yours is I might have saved myself much trouble and worry on your account."

For a whole week I received letters written in the same tone. My answers were as touching and affectionate as possible. Nobody's grief ever equalled mine! My health began to suffer from it, and I shook from head to foot so that I could scarcely stand. My position caused me most sad reflections. I was on the point of being married to a Prince whom I did not even know. The world spoke highly of

him, but I did not know whether mutual sympathy, so necessary to happiness in married life, would accompany my marriage. The good understanding that had subsisted between my mother and myself was destroyed for ever, for I knew her revengeful nature. All those who had formerly paid me court turned their backs on me, and the first to do so were the Queen's ladies. I do not know how I bore so much sorrow without dying of it!

Eversmann came one day and told me with a kind message from the King that he would come to Berlin next day. He would endeavour to arrive before my mother, who was to reach Berlin only in the evening. The King desired my sisters and myself to be in his rooms on his arrival. Eversmann told me that my mother was by no means pacified, and that I must expect to be unkindly treated by her. He also told me that the Duchess of Bevern, who had been for several days at Potsdam, had tried all her powers of persuasion with the Queen. I spent the whole day in tears. On the following day I went to my father's apartments, where he arrived at two o'clock. I expected an affectionate reception, and was therefore sadly taken aback to see my father enter with as furious an expression as ever on his face. "Will you obey me or not?" the King said to me. I threw myself sobbing at his feet, and assured him of my entire submission, and begged him to restore his fatherly affection to me. He then lifted me up from the ground and embraced me kindly, saying, "Now I am satisfied with you. I shall always look after you as long as I live."

The Queen arrived only at seven o'clock that evening. I wanted to kiss the hem of her dress, and fainted in doing so. I was told that she was not in the least moved by seeing the condition I was in. It took some time before they could restore me to consciousness. I then threw myself at her feet, but my heart was so full, and tears so choked my utterance, that I was incapable of saying a word. During the whole of

this scene my mother looked at me in a hard disdainful manner. Ramen at last put an end to this painful interview. She represented to the Queen how extremely displeased and angry my father would be when he learned how she treated me, and that he would make her suffer for it. She added that my grief was apparently so great, that I was unable to control myself. If the Queen did not change her manner towards me, Ramen told her, it would only lead to fresh disagreeables. This speech made some impression on my mother, for she was much afraid of the King. She therefore pretended to be touched by my distress, bade me get up, and said in a most dry tone that she would forgive me on condition that I did not make a further exhibition of my sorrow.

At this moment the Duke of Bevern with his wife and son entered the room. The Duchess could not hide her emotion on seeing my state of distress. I had never before seen her, but she assured me in whispers of her sympathy, and from that moment we took a great affection for each other, and remained firm friends for ever after.

The next day M. Thulemeier, whom I have already mentioned, secretly sent my mother word that all was not yet lost. He considered that all the steps my father had taken about my marriage were a sort of bait to force the King of England to make up his mind. Thulemeier said he had made enquiries everywhere about the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and had been unable to hear anything of him. It was therefore impossible that he had returned home, and also impossible that he could come to Berlin.

This letter of Thulemeier's pacified the Queen, and she treated me more kindly. She desired me to tell her everything that had happened during her absence. She reproached me incessantly but in a gentler tone. Her hopes grew daily. The King made no mention of my marriage, and it seemed almost as if my act of submission had made him forget all about it.

Monday, 27th May, was fixed for a great review of all the troops. The review was this year to be particularly brilliant. For this purpose the King had caused all the infantry and cavalry regiments in the country to assemble at Berlin. These regiments, together with the garrison of Berlin, formed an army corps of 20,000 men. A few days before the review, Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg arrived at Berlin. The King had paid him a visit a short time before all my brother's troubles began. He had been so flattered by the kindness and civility shown him at Stuttgart, that he had invited the Duke to come to Berlin. As my father found his greatest pleasure in life in his troops, he thought he could give others no greater mark of civility than by showing off his soldiers to them. For this reason he always held reviews whenever foreign Princes came to Berlin. It must be confessed that the King on this occasion outdid himself. The festivities were really splendid, and during the whole time the foreign guests remained at Berlin, fourteen courses were served at dinner. This was a great feat for my father. But to return to my narrative.

On Sunday, the 26th, the King told my mother that he wished her to be present at the review next morning: "The Duchess of Bevern and my two daughters will accompany you in the carriage," he added, "and you must be ready dressed at 4 a.m. I do not intend dining to-night, so you must entertain the Princes whilst I go to bed." The Queen left my father and returned to her own room, where she began a game at Pharo.* She had scarcely finished it when we saw a post-chaise drive up to the principal entrance of the Castle. As this right is granted only to princes of high rank, the Queen was at once alarmed, and asked who it was who had arrived. Soon after the answer was brought her that it was the Hereditary Prince of

* A game at cards.

Baireuth. No thunderbolt could have caused her a greater shock, she became as pale as death, and almost fainted. I was in much the same condition. After some little reflection, I went up to my mother and asked her to excuse my accompanying her next day to the review. "My father will make such a to-do with me in public," I said, "that it will be painful for your Majesty to have to witness it." The Queen quite agreed with me, but her almost slavish terror of the King forbade her granting my request. After some dispute on the subject, it was settled that I must go with her.

I spent a cruel night. Dreadful palpitations of the heart and an indescribable terror deprived me almost of speech. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld did her best to comfort me. She sat near my bed crying bitterly. I was obliged to get up early and dress. I covered my face up as much as I could and went to the Queen, and we soon afterwards drove off together. The troops were drawn in order of battle. We drove down the lines, and then took up our position close to a battery, which was at some distance from the troops. Colonel von Wachholtz, one of the King's favourites, now approached my mother, and told her that by the King's commands he was to have the honour of presenting to her the Hereditary Prince Henry of Baireuth. He then did so. The Queen received the Prince very haughtily, and said a few cold words to him, after which she motioned him away. The Prince was tall and well grown: he had noble features, and an open pleasing expression. Although his features were not regular, his whole appearance was that of a very handsome man. The hot weather, together with the fear and agitation I was in, caused me to faint away. I was carried to a carriage in which my mother and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld were sitting. After some time, the remedies they applied restored me to consciousness. They did all they could besides to help me to regain my composure. I remained with them during the whole review. The King and the Princes

all dined in the town, so that we saw nothing more of them that day.

On the 28th, Prince Henry of Baireuth, with the other Princes, came to pay their respects to the Queen. She spoke very little to him, and when he turned to me, I acknowledged his bow without saying anything.

* * * * * *

The 29th and 30th passed without anything being said by the King. On the 31st he sent for my mother and myself to come to his room: "You know," he said, "that I have promised my daughter in marriage to the Prince of Baireuth. I wish the betrothal to take place to-morrow. You can, if you choose to take the thing in the right spirit, win all my love; if, on the contrary, you show any ill-will, you may count on my taking my revenge." The King said much the same to me. Both the Queen and I then assured him that his wishes were law to us. My father then desired my mother to dress me handsomely, and to lend me her jewels. The Queen, who was almost choking with rage, cast furious looks at me all the time, but was forced to submit. Soon after this, the Queen went to her apartments, and in a little while the King brought the Prince to her.

It is time that I should now say something about this Prince's character, as well as his position and circumstances. He had been educated at Geneva in the simplest manner. His Father, the Margrave, was a Prince of the House of Culmbach, from which he received an annuity. As his means were not sufficient for him to live as his rank demanded, he retired to a small town in the King's dominions called Beverling, and afterwards lived in Rothenburg, a free town in Franconia. He was the next heir to the Margravate of Brandenburg-Culmbach; but as the reigning Margrave, George Wilhelm, was still quite young and was married, the Margrave of Baireuth resigned his rights to King Frederick I.,

on conditions of receiving 400,000 thalers,* and a regiment for each of his sons. The two eldest sons of the Prince went to study at Utrecht. On their return from the University, they found their father beside himself, and the whole family in despair. The conditions under which he had resigned his rights to Brandenburg-Culmbach had not been fulfilled, and the money had been reduced by nearly two-thirds. Meanwhile Prince Henry had died, and the Margrave, George Frederick Charles, determined finally, after vainly endeavouring to get things settled by the Government, to take up his abode at Beverling. It was there that *he* was born who was to become my husband. Some other children, of whom I shall speak later, were also born there. King Frederick I. died in course of time, but my father's accession brought no change in the Prince's circumstances. All the lawyers that were consulted on the subject said the renunciation of his rights could not hold good. The family therefore left Beverling secretly, and visited all the German Courts, in order to secure their help and interest. At last they succeeded, with the help of the Emperor of Austria and all the great lawyers in the land, in getting back their rights and in having the arrangement which had been made with Frederick I. declared null and void. When Margrave William of Brandenburg-Culmbach and his son died, the Margravate fell to Prince George Frederick Charles.

When the Margrave assumed the government, he found his affairs in the utmost confusion. His predecessor had left many debts, and the revenues, in consequence of bad management, were much reduced. The Margrave found himself therefore unable to devote necessary attention to his son's education. He entrusted it at first to a middle-class tutor, and only when he was to commence his travels gave his son into the charge of M. von Voit, a gentleman of good birth.

*£60,000.

What an unfortunate idea! A good education is the greatest blessing we can give our children.

Prince Henry of Baireuth had just returned from his journey to France and Holland when he arrived at Berlin. He was lively, and not shy or awkward. His conversation was most agreeable. He was very clever, had a good head and clear judgment. His wonderful generosity and goodness of heart won him the affection and respect of all. Generous, charitable, civil, courteous and even tempered, he possessed all the virtues of this world without any of the vices.

I fear I shall be thought partial in my opinion of him, but his country, in which he is adored, and all who knew him will bear witness to the truth of what I have said. But as no one is without faults, I shall, in the course of these memoirs, have occasion to make mention of his. They are but slight, but as I have determined to be perfectly honest about everything, neither shall I hide my own shortcomings.

The Queen gave the Prince a pretty good reception, and as long as the King was present treated him civilly. No sooner had my father, however, turned his back than she never ceased saying the most unpleasant things to him. In the evening after dinner the Prince followed my mother, and begged her to grant him a few moments' conversation. She would gladly have escaped from this, had she been able to do so with dignity. As soon as they were alone together the Prince began, "I have been made acquainted with all the sorrow and annoyance to which your Majesty has been subjected. I know the Princess was destined for the Prince of Wales, and that it was your Majesty's ardent wish to see her settled in England. I know too that it is only in consequence of the rupture of the negotiations for that marriage that I have the honour of being chosen the King's son-in-law. My happiness and my good fortune are great indeed to be allowed to aspire to the hand of a Princess for whom I have the warmest and most respectful feelings. But it is just

these feelings which make me aware how far too precious she is for me to venture to marry her against her will. I therefore respectfully implore your Majesty to speak quite openly with me as to your views on the subject. Be assured that I will abide by your answer. I would rather break with the King and be a miserable man for the rest of my life, than cause the Princess unhappiness."

The Queen was quite unprepared for this speech, and reflected for a few moments what she should answer. As she feared the King's anger, and did not think she could trust the Prince, she replied that she had no exception whatever to take to the King's wishes, and both she and I were obliged to obey them.

On the 1st of June, a Sunday morning, I went to the Queen's room, where soon afterwards the King appeared. He presented me with a beautiful diamond ring, which I was to give the Prince that evening as a betrothal ring, and also gave me a service of gold plate. He repeated his injunctions to the Queen to accept the present state of things with a good grace. I dined alone with my mother, who was terribly agitated, and looked the whole time at me with eyes full of anger.

That evening at seven we went over to the State rooms of the Castle. The Queen and all the Princesses sat in one room which had been specially prepared for them, and to which no one but my mother's Court was admitted. Soon afterwards the King entered with Prince Henry of Baireuth. My father was as much agitated as my mother, so that he quite forgot to betroth us formally in the room appointed for the ceremony. The King approached the Prince and myself and caused us to exchange rings. I wanted to kiss his hands, but he kissed me and took me in his arms and held me there a long time, whilst the tears poured down his face. The Queen received me with her usual coldness. The King then bade the Prince give me his hand to lead me to the

ball-room. As soon as we entered our betrothal was announced. I was much beloved in Berlin, and as the English marriage had been greatly desired, all were much dismayed. The ladies wept, and silently kissed the hem of my dress: indeed the King himself never ceased crying.

Grumkow and Seckendorf meanwhile could not contain their satisfaction, for they had successfully accomplished a new trick. Lord Chesterfield, the English Envoy in Holland, had sent a messenger from the English Court to Berlin, who had arrived that very morning. Grumkow and Seckendorf had, however, delayed the messenger, so that he was able to present his despatches to the King only in the evening after my betrothal had been declared.

The King of England had at last consented to agree to my father's wishes, and to allow my marriage with the Prince of Wales to take place, without reference to my brother. This news fell on the King like a thunderbolt. Grumkow and Seckendorf managed, however, to pacify him, and to induce him to give an answer which entirely carried out their wishes. The King's reply was that he refused to entertain any of the proposals made to him by England. My mother heard of this only next day, and in spite of the King's words still flattered herself that she could break off my marriage. She forbade me, under pain of her extreme displeasure, either to speak to Prince Henry or show him the slightest mark of civility.

Prince Henry was really indifferent to me. I did not dislike him, but on the other hand I had no feeling of affection for him. I was, however, anxious to be soon married to him, in order to have peace, and to put an end to the perpetual teasing I was subjected to by the Queen and others. All those who had lived at the Court of the late Margrave never wearied of telling me of all its splendours and amusements. They assured me that the riches in plate, both gold and silver, far exceeded anything at Berlin. These descrip-

tions made me desirous of soon settling in my new home. I built many castles in the air, picturing to myself the happy quiet life I should lead there. As long as I was still under my mother's care I determined to obey her in all things, as much from fear of her as to escape from the ill-treatment to which I was exposed.

But my evil star pursued me, and a new demon raised its head to drive me to despair. I have already mentioned that my elder sister was married to the Margrave of Anspach, and that my sister Charlotte had married Prince Charles of Bevern, a scion of the house of Brunswick and nephew to the Empress of Austria. Of all my sisters I loved Charlotte the most, and had known how to make her beloved by my mother. In those days I did not know her evil nature, from which I had later so much to suffer. Charlotte was very clever and very lively. As nothing ever disturbed her, and scoldings made no impression on her, she had had the nickname given her of "I don't care." The whole world was indifferent to her, and she troubled herself about nothing, except what concerned her own little person. She was always in the best of humours, merry and full of mischief, besides being extremely amusing. She was also, by fits and starts, very kind-hearted, and knew how to make herself agreeable to those who required her help, but she was very capricious, false and jealous, and liked to amuse herself at the expense of others. She was at that time fifteen years old. Charlotte was very jealous of the love my mother bore me, and during the time she spent with the Queen at Wusterhausen and Potsdam, whilst I was so to speak under arrest, she did all in her power to ingratiate herself with her. She did me all the harm she could, and continually stirred up my mother's anger against me. There was at this moment fresh cause for my sister's being jealous of me. Prince Henry of Baireuth was much handsomer than Prince Charles. He often joked with her, and showed her much civility. This flattered her, and

his manners pleased her far more than her husband's, who was extremely shy and phlegmatic.

About this time we went to Charlottenburg. A great day's shooting had been arranged on our way there, to which the Prince of Anhalt and his two sons Leopold and Maurice had been invited. They were furious at my marriage, for they had always flattered themselves that I should yet marry the Margrave of Schwedt. Prince Henry was a first-rate shot, and had already killed several deer, when an inexperienced loader gave him his rifle at full cock. The rifle went off as the Prince took it into his hand, and the ball grazed the King's temple. The Prince of Anhalt made a great fuss about this unfortunate occurrence, and Prince Leopold said quite loud, so that Prince Henry should hear it, that such dangerous shots ought at once to be shot down. Prince Henry answered him very sharply, and there is no knowing how far matters might have gone had not the Prince of Bevern and Seckendorf interfered and effected a reconciliation. The King meanwhile had taken no notice whatever of the affair, and when the shooting was over we all continued our way to Charlottenburg.

That afternoon the Queen assumed a new character. I do not know whether she wished to give us a private representation: anyhow if it was so, she gave me very little pleasure by it. She began to examine the Hereditary Prince in his studies. "Do you know ancient and modern history?" she asked, "also geography, mathematics, philosophy, painting, and music?" The Prince at first answered my mother with a very laconic "Yes" and "No," but when he observed that she questioned him as she would a child, he said laughingly, "Yes, and I also know my Catechism and my A B C." This answer disconcerted the Queen so much that she put no further questions to him.

After spending a few days at Charlottenburg we returned to Berlin. The great control my mother exercised in the

King's presence over her fury at my marriage brought on an attack of fever. During the three weeks which her illness lasted, I never left her for a moment. I tried in every way in my power to regain her affection, but in vain: she was no longer my tender mother, all her love for me had turned to hate, of which she gave me daily proofs. I often dined with her ladies and Prince Henry in the Queen's ante-room. My father had returned to Potsdam, and all the other foreign Princes had left Berlin. Whilst we were at dinner, the Queen had me watched to observe whether I spoke to the Prince. She was, however, unable to find any cause for reproach. Prince Henry has often told me since in what despair he was, and how on several occasions he had been on the point of breaking off our marriage, had not M. de Voit prevented him. Indeed he was much to be pitied: everybody treated him ill, whatever he did was found fault with, and he was teased and plagued all day long.

When my mother had recovered, the King came to Berlin for a few days on his way to Prussia. He announced to the Queen that on his return in six weeks, he wished my marriage to be solemnized. He would therefore give her the money she was to spend on my trousseau. The Queen said it was impossible for my wedding to take place then. The time was too short, the tradespeople would not be able to get their goods, and unless a miracle were worked, things could not be settled in such a hurry. Owing to my mother's urgent representations, the King consented to postpone my wedding till November. He told the Queen to make Prince Henry's stay as pleasant as possible to him, and, above all things, to treat me kindly. The Queen upon this suddenly changed her whole behaviour. She was more than amiable to the Prince, caressed him, and kept assuring him of her friendship, and of the great pleasure it was to her to have him as son-in-law. Me she continued to ill-use as heretofore. Not a day passed without my shedding bitter tears. Poor Mademoiselle

von Sonnsfeld, too, had to endure much. The Queen reproached her constantly with being the cause of my submission to the King's will. One day she even said to me, "Well, and if Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had been punished, would it have been such a great misfortune? You would still have been able to become a Queen." I longed to say to my mother, if I had dared, that I would rather lose a thousand crowns than lose one person whom I had reason to love and respect. Such sentiments were, however, not the fashion, and were looked on as weakness. I therefore let my silence be my only answer. My position was really a very sad one. Even the most unsympathetic must have felt pity for me. I might well have exclaimed—

* Mes maux ont-ils touché
Les cœurs nés pour la haine!

When Grumkow learned through Ramen how my mother was incessantly trying to break off my marriage, and begin fresh negotiations with England, he naturally feared that the constant ill-treatment I received would drive me into submission to the Queen. He therefore determined to outwit her. He turned for help to M. de Sastot, who was the Queen's Chamberlain, whom I have had occasion to mention before. Grumkow bade Sastot tell the Queen that the King repented of having betrothed me to the Prince of Baireuth, that he did not like him, and intended to break off the marriage on his return to Berlin, and to marry me to the Duke of Weissenfels, whom he would make Field-Marshal in his army; that he (Grumkow) had endeavoured to do all in his power to ward off this blow, but feared that there was no hope of doing so. This stroke of Grumkow's succeeded perfectly. The Queen found it was, after all, best and wisest

* Hearts born to hate—
E'en these my woes have touched!

to take Prince Henry's part, and to support him. She desired me to be more friendly towards him, because, she said, she would rather die than see me married to the Duke of Weissenfels.

This period of comparative peace did not last long. Soon after my father's return from Prussia, the Queen discovered that Grumkow had tricked her. It is true the King did not approve of Prince Henry's refined manners. He would rather have had a son-in-law that cared only for wine and soldiers. He made the poor Prince drunk every day, "to test his character," as he said, "and accustom him to drink." Yes, the King even complained to Grumkow and Seckendorf that the Prince was too effeminate, a man without sense, whose manners irritated him. As Grumkow and Seckendorf had such speeches repeated to them daily, they feared that in the end the King might really take a dislike to the Prince of Baireuth, and they advised him to ask to be appointed Colonel of a regiment. It was the only way, they told him, of winning the King's favour and securing his marriage. The English did not cease to murmur at the mistaken measures adopted by their King. The Prince of Wales was in despair at having lost me, and was moving heaven and earth to get my marriage broken off. They knew, Grumkow and Seckendorf said, that there were no other means of frustrating the threatened difficulties. Prince Henry was in a great difficulty. His father the Margrave, who was a very obstinate man, had never allowed his son to enter the military service. In order to prevent it, he had given up two Imperial regiments which had been raised by Margrave George William, on condition that his second son was to have one, and General Philippi the other. After due consideration, Prince Henry of Baireuth determined to follow Grumkow and Seckendorf's advice, and to ask the King for a regiment. The King granted his request a few days later, and made him a present of a beautiful gold-mounted sword, almost too heavy to lift.

All this gossip annoyed me very much. I knew the King too well, and was aware that he considered all those who were in his service his slaves. I was sure he would treat the Hereditary Prince in the same manner as he did my brothers and the Princes of the Blood, who had no distinction beyond their military rank. My surmises were correct, for no sooner had the King returned to Potsdam than he let the Prince know that he had best join his regiment, which was garrisoned in Pasewalk, a small town in Pomerania. The Prince was obliged to obey, and left Berlin a few days after the King. He was very miserable, and poured forth many lamentations to me about our separation. He also said how wretched the fear that I disliked him made him, for he could imagine nothing else from the cold manner in which I treated him. He said he felt most deeply how unworthy he was of the honour done him by the King, but he did nevertheless deserve it on account of the life-long devotion he would display for me. He kissed my hands over and over again, and when I did not answer him he implored me to be candid with him. It would cause him utter despair, he said, if he made me unhappy. If, however, he was not repugnant to me, then he hoped I would not listen to any gossip against him in his absence. He entreated me to answer him. He had tears in his eyes as he spoke, and was very deeply affected. I was in great perplexity how to reply, but at last told the Prince I was well-intentioned to him, and appreciated his worth too much to fail in my duty towards him. I told him he could set his mind quite at rest on that point, "but," I added, "I am sorry you have entered the army. Had you asked my advice it would never have happened." Prince Henry replied, "I was threatened with the loss of you, and would rather have accepted the hardest conditions in the world and served in every regiment than have risked such a misfortune." The Queen, who was walking in the avenues of Montbijou, where the Prince and I

were, put an end to the conversation by approaching us with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld.

Madame von Konnken, Mistress of the Robes, being probably bored by an evening at the dinner-table, sent for some sweetmeats from her house. These were in the shape of hearts, and contained little verses. Everybody took one of these sugarplums, and gave it to a companion. Prince Henry gave me one, which he broke in my hand. The Queen said this was unheard of. "I do not recognize you any more," she said. "Since your hateful marriage is settled, you have neither shame nor modesty. I blushed for you yesterday when the Prince broke that heart in your hand. Such familiarities are not proper. The Prince ought to know what respect he owes you." I ventured to reply that I had not thought the matter serious, the less so as he had done just the same to my sister Charlotte, and she had not been blamed for allowing it. However, I promised it should not happen again. My answer by no means pacified the Queen, who continued scolding Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld about my behaviour.

In a fortnight's time we went to Wusterhausen. A description of this celebrated place will not be amiss here. The King had, with the greatest labour, succeeded in raising a mound which so well shut out the view of the Castle, that you never caught sight of it till you were close upon it. The Castle consisted of the main building, the chief point of interest in which was a curious old tower, which had served as a refuge for the robbers that had built the castle, and to whom it had belonged. The Castle was surrounded by a moat and ramparts. The water in the moat was as black as the Styx, and certainly could not be compared to lavender water. A bridge built over the moat led to the Castle. There were two wings to the main building, each guarded by two black and two white eagles. The sentries consisted of ten or twelve large bears, who walked about

on their hind legs, their front paws having been cut off. In the middle of the courtyard was a grass plot, on which a fountain had been made with great trouble. The fountain was surrounded by an iron railing, and steps led up to it. It was near this pleasant spot that the King had his "Tabagie." My sisters and I, with our suites, were lodged in two rooms which resembled a hospital far more than rooms in a palace. We always dined in a tent, whatever the weather might be. Sometimes when it rained we sat up to our ankles in water. The dinner always numbered twenty-four persons, half of whom had to starve, for there were never more than six dishes served, and these were so meagre that one hungry being might easily have eaten them up alone. We had to spend the whole day shut up in the Queen's room, and were not allowed to get any fresh air, even when the weather was fine. It was a wonder we did not get bilious from sitting in-doors all day long, and hearing nothing but disagreeable speeches.

Prince Henry of Baireuth joined us a few days later at this delightful residence. My sister paid him every possible attention. She had thrown off the mask, and showed plainly how much she hated me. She constantly irritated the Queen against me, but tried to keep her on good terms with the Prince. One day when the Queen had been more than usually unkind to me, and I was very sad in consequence, she asked me what was the reason of my melancholy. I told her what it was, and added that I should soon die if this treatment went on much longer. "What a fool you are!" my sister answered, "if I had such a charming lover as you have, I would let the Queen grumble as much as she chose." "You cannot complain," I said in reply, "for your lover is just as charming, and then you have no worries. I am teased by everybody, and even the King deserts me." Upon this my sister said in a most coaxing manner, "Very well, if you think Prince Charles so amiable, let us change rings." I

thought it was said in joke, so I answered, "As I am in a happy state of indifference at present you may have both." "Well then, give me the ring," she repeated. I then gave her my betrothal ring. Upon this she took off the ring Prince Charles had given her, and hid it in a corner of the room. Dinner time drew near, and I feared that the King, whose eyes were everywhere, would discover that I had not my ring on. I implored her to give it me back. She would not do so, however, and kept it for two days. As neither Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld nor I could do anything with my sister, we had to ask Ramen's help. She told the Queen what I had done, who scolded my sister, and obliged her to return me my ring and put on her own again. She never forgave me for this. I had only to turn my head towards the side of the room where Prince Henry was standing, and she at once told the Queen I was making eyes at him.

Grumkow and Seckendorf were persuaded that England would make one more attempt to prevent my marriage with Prince Henry of Baireuth. We were at Makenhau, a pretty country seat not far from Wusterhausen, when one fine day a Hessian, Colonel Donep, was announced. The King of England, who did not wish to expose himself to any more refusals, had entrusted these fresh negotiations to Prince William of Hesse. He had sent Colonel Donep to my father to make some very acceptable proposals to him. Had my father wished to cheat Grumkow and Seckendorf, nothing at this moment could have prevented him from doing so. The whole matter was kept so secret, that they would never have heard of it had not my father himself told them. The King was in a dreadful temper during the whole week we spent at Makenhau. The Queen had to bear the brunt of it. He quarrelled with her from morning till night, and then I became the victim of my mother's anger. In addition to this, she was inhuman enough to make me go out when I was

very ill with high fever and an abscess in my throat. When the abscess broke I got better. I had caught cold at a representation given by tight-rope dancers in the court-yard at Makenhau. The King and Queen looked on at it from the windows of their rooms, and my sisters, Prince Henry and I, from another. The Prince looked very sad, and said to me, "To-morrow my fate will be decided." I was much surprised at this remark, but did not venture to ask him what he meant. He then continued, "Colonel Donep is come with new proposals from the King of England. Till now it has been a secret even from Grumkow and Seckendorf, but the King told them this morning. They have made the strongest representations to him on the subject, but he is still undecided what to do." This piece of news so petrified me, that I was unable to answer him. That same evening Donep had the Queen secretly informed of his mission and his hopes. These, and the sad demeanour of Prince Henry, made her flatter herself that my marriage with the Prince of Wales might still be brought about. She was in the most amiable of moods that evening, and made herself more than agreeable to Prince Henry. I was in quite a different frame of mind. I had taken a great liking to him, and was tired of being Fate's plaything. I therefore determined that nothing should make me break with him.

Next day we went to Wusterhausen. The Queen at once called me into her boudoir to tell me all the news of the day. "Your engagement will be broken off to-day," she told me, "and to-morrow, I trust, Prince Henry will take his departure. I should hope you have not such low taste as to prefer him to the Prince of Wales." As I made no reply, she said, "I insist on you telling me what you think about it. You must decide, for I have asked you with a purpose: do you understand me?" While the Queen was speaking to me I had called on all the saints in Paradise for help. I do not know if they in truth came to my aid, or if my good

angel inspired me, but I took courage and replied, "Your Majesty's wishes have ever met with my ready obedience. When I submitted to the King's orders and accepted Prince Henry, I did so for the purpose of restoring peace in the family, to spare your Majesty more sorrow and trouble, and to have my brother restored to liberty. At that time I did not know the Prince of Baireuth, so that affection for him did not influence my actions. Now, however, that I feel the greatest respect and esteem for him, I should consider it a most unworthy act on my part were I to break off my marriage with him. His character, besides, gives not the slightest cause for complaint." I had scarcely finished speaking, when the Queen overwhelmed me with reproaches, and treated me without the slightest consideration. I cried most bitterly, for I felt myself once again the victim of circumstances, and foresaw no end to my sufferings. Yet I knew I must control my emotion in the King's presence. He had scarcely spoken to me since my engagement, indeed barely looked at me. During dinner my father seemed in a very bad temper. In the evening when Prince Henry came as usual to supper, he found me alone in the room. He rushed up to me in high spirits, saying, "All goes well. Colonel Donep leaves to-morrow; the King has refused all his proposals." I pretended to be quite unmoved by this news, but it had restored peace to my poor troubled heart. A few hours later the Queen was informed, to her great dismay, of the total failure of the English Envoy. I had as usual to bear the brunt of her anger.

The King had invited to my wedding the Margrave of Anspach and my sister. She was expected to arrive at Wusterhausen in a week. The King rode to meet her, and on her arrival immediately led her to the Queen's rooms. We scarcely knew her again. She had been beautiful, but had now completely lost all traces of her beauty. Her complexion had become faded, and her whole manner too was altered.

The Queen had always disliked my sister, who had become a great favourite with my father during my disgrace. My father caressed her in every possible way, and incessantly called her his "dear Royal Highness." The Queen, who could not bear more attention to be paid another person than to herself, was very much put out, but did not dare show it. My sister was most affectionate towards me, and I did all I could to show her my joy at seeing her again. After dinner my father led my sister to her room, if you can call a little attic under the roof by that name. On her being told that her maid had not yet arrived, my father pointed to me and said, "Your sister can act as your maid, it is about all she is fit for." I was struck dumb by this remark: I had not deserved to be treated thus, yet I controlled myself, and left my sister soon after the King did. When I reached my room I burst into tears, for I was bitterly hurt. The King had no right to put my sister before me, for I was the eldest of all my sisters. The Queen was extremely angry at it also, but her representations on the subject were of no use.

A fortnight after my sister's arrival, we all returned to Berlin. The King had invited the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, the daughter of the Elector Frederick William, the Duke and Duchess and Prince Charles of Bevern, and the Margrave of Baireuth (my father-in-law) to attend my wedding. The Duchess of Meiningen was the first to arrive. She had had three husbands, the Duke of Courland, the Margrave Christian Ernest of Baireuth, and she was now widow of the Duke of Meiningen. She had been most attractive in her youth, and was a first-rate actress. Her talent in the personification of different characters seemed to be inborn. She had a very round face, and was so stout that she could scarcely walk. She showed plainly that she was no enemy to good living. Her behaviour was bold and vulgar. Although she was sixty years old, she dressed like a young girl, which made her look very absurd. Her dress was

covered with precious stones of all descriptions. The Queen was obliged to pay her the first visit. As she was starting she desired me to let myself be told as soon as she returned, so that I might at once come to her. I did as I was bid. It was late, and my mother was that evening holding a reception. When I joined the Queen in her apartments I found her engaged in entertaining her guests. As soon as she saw me she asked me where I had been. I answered, "With the Duchess." "What!" the Queen exclaimed, "and who allowed you to go there?" "It was by your Majesty's own orders I went there," I replied. "I never told you anything of the kind," the Queen retorted angrily. "I never ordered you to do things which are beneath you. For some time past you seem to take a delight in such things, so that it does not astonish me." She gave me this reprimand in a loud voice before all her guests. Everybody found fault with the Queen, and silently pitied me. I was almost beside myself, but was obliged to retain my composure.

The King reached Berlin at the same time as the Duke and Duchess of Bevern and their son. The Margrave of Baireuth arrived shortly afterwards. As I do not wish to interrupt the course of my narrative I will defer my description of him till some future time. He was presented to me in the Queen's presence, and paid me many compliments and gave me endless assurances of his friendship. As I was to be married in three days the Queen allowed the Margrave and Prince Henry to pay me visits whenever they wished, but they were unable to take much advantage of this permission, as I was nearly all day with my mother. As I was able to speak with them for only a few moments of an evening in my rooms in the presence of numbers of other people, I cannot say that I grew more closely acquainted with them. On the 20th I went in deshabille to the King. He told me that I should have to renounce the Allodial Estates, as all the Princesses who married had to do so. I had already been

informed on this point, so that it did not surprise me. I followed the King and Queen into a room where I found the Margrave and his son, as well as Grumkow, Thulemeier, and Podewils. There was also present M. von Voit, the Minister from Baireuth. They read me the declaration and the oath I was to take. It was as follows:—I renounced all the Allodial Estates as long as any of my brothers or their descendants lived, but in the event of their all dying I re-entered on my rights of succession to all, excepting to Prince Henry's claims on Jülich and Berg. I at once took the required oath. Then followed another declaration, which surprised me more than I can say, the more so as I was quite unprepared for it. It was this, that I gave up all claims to any of the Queen's fortune, in case she died without making a will. Instead of answering with the accustomed oath, "So help me God," I remained quite dumb.

The King, who had never taken his eyes off me the whole time, now approached me, and embracing me, said, with tears in his eyes, "My dear child, you must agree to this hard condition. Your sister, the Margravine of Anspach, had to do the same. It is merely a form, and your mother is at perfect liberty to make a will whenever she chooses." These words comforted me somewhat. I kissed the King's hands, and told him that as he had promised solemnly to provide for me, I could not believe that he would wish to treat me so harshly. My father changed colour, and said that there was no time for argument. I must make up my mind and sign the deed of renunciation with good grace, or else he would force me to do so. All this was said in a low voice. The King then led me to a table, where I affixed my signature to this delightful paper. My father now thanked me most lovingly for my acquiescence to his wishes. He made me many fine promises, none of which he ever intended keeping any more than I did the oath I had been forced to take. After this, we went to dinner, at which no one was present except the King and

Queen, my two eldest sisters, the Duchess of Bevern and Prince Henry of Baireuth. The other princely guests had received invitations to dine in the town.

After dinner I began my toilette. I had so many maids to help me, with the Queen at their head, that one undid what the other had just done. The Queen tried to prolong my dressing in every way she could, I never understood why. At last, at the end of four hours, and after the King had sent repeatedly to hurry me, I was ready dressed, and looked like a madwoman. I had a diamond crown on my head, from which twenty-four long curls hung down. They dragged my head so that I could not hold it straight. My court dress was of cloth of silver. The train, which was twelve yards long, was carried by two of my ladies and two of the Queen's. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had that day been appointed Abbess of Wolmirstätten.

We all went to the State rooms of the Castle. I think a short description of them will not be out of place. These State rooms consisted of a suite of six large apartments, which opened into a large room, remarkable for its structure as well as for the beauty of its decoration. Out of this you went into other apartments, which finally ended in a long gallery, where pictures by celebrated masters were hung. Out of this you passed into more apartments, which again opened into one very large room. As it was the residence of a King there is nothing very remarkable in this, but the rich silver ornaments which decorated all the rooms made them very magnificent. As my father had seen all the splendour of the King of Poland at Dresden, he was anxious to surpass it at Berlin. In order to effect a new style of decoration, he had ordered a number of looking-glasses to be made. They were from six to seven feet high, and so heavy that twenty men could scarcely move them. Under each looking-glass stood a table, at which twelve people could conveniently dine. The sconces on the wall

measured four feet, and had lights fastened to them. The chandeliers were worth from 10,000 to 100,000 thalers.* Both these large rooms had buffets, and each piece of plate which decorated them was worth not less than 12,000 thalers.† Altar candles had to be used in all the rooms, and these smoked so much that all the ladies' faces and dresses were covered with blacks. The value of all these riches was estimated at six million thalers.‡ In the last of these large rooms the marriage ceremony was to take place. For this purpose a canopy of crimson velvet with a gold border had been erected, and the altar table stood beneath it. After the service was over, three salvos were fired outside the Castle. All the Envoys, Ministers, those of England included, and the Margrave of Schwedt, had received the King's commands to attend. It is easily to be imagined that the Margrave of Schwedt looked very crest-fallen, and scarcely knew how to behave. After I had received the congratulations of all present, I had to sit down with the Queen under a canopy.

Prince Henry of Baireuth then opened the ball with my sister, the Margravine of Anspach. It lasted an hour, and then we all went to supper. I presided at the upper end of the table. The King sat near the Prince and the Margrave of Baireuth near me. My father took great pleasure in trying to make the Prince drunk, in which, however, he did not succeed. One of my ladies and one of the Queen's stood the whole time behind my chair, as well as two of the King's gentlemen and two who belonged to my household. One of the former was M. von Breiche and the other Major Stacho. The other two were my Lord Chamberlain, M. von Voit, and my Chamberlain, von Bindemann.

After the dinner, which lasted two hours, we went back to the first of the largest rooms, and here the Polonaise

*£1,500 to £15,000. †£1,800. ‡£900,000.

(Fackeltanz)* took place. This dance is performed with great state. All the Court officials walk in front with long wands. The Lieut.-Generals follow them carrying torches, then come the Bride and Bridegroom, who walk twice round the room. After this the Bride dances in turn with each Prince present, and then the Bridegroom takes her place and dances with each Princess. After the Polonaise was at an end I was escorted, according to the prescribed ceremonial, to my room, where I was undressed, my mother assisting me. I was then laid on a crimson satin bed, and all the royal guests and the ladies from the town, with the exception of my relations of Brunswick and Anspach, took leave of me. As my mother bade me good-night she could not resist saying some very unkind things to me. She was in a state of utter despair, for a messenger had just arrived from England bringing such advantageous proposals, that had they been received twenty-four hours sooner my marriage with the Prince of Baireuth would certainly have been broken off.

I cannot here refrain from making a few remarks on this subject. It will be remembered that on the day of my betrothal, England had made some proposals similar to those received on my wedding day. I have always had my suspicion that these steps were a mistaken policy on the part of England. King George had never cared or wished for this marriage for his son. He wanted a daughter-in-law who was not clever, and who would not mix herself up in politics. I do not know whether they had given him an exaggerated description of my mental gifts. Anyhow, his dislike to my marriage had been fostered by his fear that, having been brought up at a court so full of intrigues as that of Berlin,

* This Polonaise is still performed in exactly the same manner at all royal weddings at Berlin, and the whole ceremonial observed now is almost the same as that described by the Margravine.—*Note by Translator.*

I might be imbued with the same principles. But whatever may have been the reason, the King of England was always opposed to this alliance. The Prince of Wales and the whole nation, on the other hand, were very anxious for it. In order to relieve the state of tension existing between the two Courts, King George had thought it advisable to make the aforesaid proposals. He had, however, worded them so carefully, that they could never lead to any result. I have since learned that my father never wished the marriage with Prince Henry of Baireuth. Nothing but the often repeated assurances of Grumkow and Seckendorf that this marriage was the only means of obliging the King of England to declare himself had made him consent to it. The Margrave of Baireuth was furious at his son's marriage, partly from jealousy and partly for other reasons which I shall mention later on. I therefore saw myself married against the wishes of the King, the Queen, and my father-in-law, and yet they all three acted as if they were delighted at it. When I reflect on it all, I must admire the decrees of fate, and my philosophy on the subject must give way to my experience. But I must put an end to my moral reflections, for were I to note them down, my memoirs would be contained in endless folio volumes.

I have never spoken of my brother since I was set free. The King had designated Küstrin as his prison, and to punish him still further, my father would not allow him to put on his own uniform. He made him wear a plain French suit of clothes, which the King looked on as a mark of shame. My brother had this suit made after the same cut as that which Katt wore on the day of his execution. The King ordered, furthermore, that my brother was to work every day in the Finance Department as a simple lawyer's clerk. This position is generally given to young men who wish to improve their minds. When they have served some time in this capacity they are promoted. This post is also given only to

the smaller gentry or to young men in the middle classes. My brother and I sometimes wrote to each other, Major Sonnsfeld managing the correspondence for us. I had not forgotten the promise Grumkow had given me, in the King's name, that my brother should be set entirely free soon after my marriage. I asked Sastot to tell Grumkow, and to ask him to remind the King that he must keep his word. Grumkow let me know that I might make myself quite happy on this point, as he would make it his especial business to speak with the King on the subject.

The first two days after my wedding passed by quietly. Of an evening we went to play at cards in the Queen's rooms. My mother's temper grew worse and worse: she could no longer bear me. The Margrave of Anspach was a very ill-bred young Prince, and wished to ingratiate himself with my mother at our cost. He told her every kind of gossip about Prince Henry of Baireuth, and only added fuel to the fire. The Principalities of Anspach and Baireuth are close to each other, and have unfortunately always been at enmity, which was the more to be regretted as failing male heirs in the one, the succession then falls on the other. Anspach was much vexed at the alliance Baireuth had just made, not on political grounds, but merely from jealousy.

On the 23rd, the King gave a ball in the State rooms of the Castle. As I was very fond of dancing, I gave myself quite up to the pleasure of the occasion. Grumkow, with whom I was dancing, said several times to me, "Your Royal Highness is so engrossed by the ball, that you do not observe what is taking place." At last I asked him what there was to see. "Goodness me," he answered, "what has come to you to-day? Go and embrace your brother, who is standing there." I was so overcome with joy, that had Grumkow not supported me, I should have fallen to the ground. At last I found this beloved brother standing near my mother, who was playing at cards. I clasped him in my arms. I was quite beside myself

with happiness. I laughed, I cried and talked the most utter nonsense. As soon as the first moments were over, I threw myself at my father's feet, and in my deep and heartfelt gratitude, said so many touching and tender words, that he began to cry. Upon this the whole company also began to weep, and there was nothing to be seen but pocket handkerchiefs, and the scene resembled the most affecting situation in a tragedy. My brother was so much altered that I should scarcely have known him again. He had not grown taller, but his grief had made him very stout. His former slimness of figure had quite disappeared. He was very broad in the shoulders, and his head seemed sunk between them: he was no longer so handsome as he had been. I could not cease caressing him in my joy at his return. He answered me, however, rather coldly, and said but little. I presented the Hereditary Prince to him, but he did not speak to him. This behaviour seemed strange to me, and I was at a loss to understand it. I did not dare ask him why he acted thus, as the King was watching us narrowly. The Queen seemed rather pleased to see my brother again, but her happiness in no way resembled mine. My mother never loved any of her children. She cared for them only as they served her ambitious purposes. The gratitude my brother owed me for effecting the reconciliation with the King spoilt her pleasure. If she alone had been the cause of it, she would have behaved quite differently.

At last we went to dinner, to which four hundred couples sat down. They were mostly persons of good birth. My father was not present: he dined with my brother. When dinner was over Grumkow came to me, and told me the Crown Prince was spoiling his own game by treating me so coldly. His behaviour displeased the King, he said, because he could but take one of two things for granted—either the Crown Prince was exercising great control over himself, which was very wounding to the King, as it showed he mistrusted his father; or he was quite indifferent, and

that seemed to denote no very good heart. "Your Royal Highness has, on the other hand, conducted yourself admirably. You have shown your warm affectionate feelings without reserve, and this has delighted the King. Go on as you are doing. Speak quite candidly with the Crown Prince, and tell him to be open and straightforward in his behaviour. That is the only way to preserve peace in the family." Grumkow's advice was good. The ball now recommenced. I told my brother of Grumkow's remarks, and ventured too to reproach him secretly for his altered manner towards myself. My brother would not allow this, and said he was just the same as ever, but that he had his own reasons for behaving as he did. The next day the King sent the Crown Prince to see me. He remained a whole hour. We had much to say, giving our respective accounts of all that had occurred since we had parted. He was very reserved with me, and all his assurance of affection and friendship seemed forced. He looked several times at Prince Henry, and said a few formal words to him. I could not make him out: he seemed to me to be no longer that beloved brother who had cost me so many tears, and for whom I had sacrificed so much. I tried to hide what I felt, and to be the same as ever with him. The King gave him an Infantry Regiment, and returned him his sword and uniform. He also gave him a yearly income, and settled that he was to live at Ruppin, where his regiment was quartered.

Several balls were given during the Crown Prince's stay at Berlin, and on the other evenings cards were played in the Queen's apartments. The Princes had always to accompany the King to his "Tabagie," which they left only at dinner-time to join the Queen. I have already mentioned the bad feeling the Margrave of Anspach evinced towards my husband, Prince Henry. Since our marriage, this animosity had only increased. The Margrave had the impertinence to let drop, one evening in the "Tabagie," some remarks on a

subject which was most painful to Prince Henry. It concerned his mother, the Margravine of Baireuth. She was a Princess of Holstein, and had been separated for many years from the Margrave, Prince Henry's father. She was shut up in a fortress in Anspach, and closely guarded. She was rather mad, and had in her time done a good many foolish things. None of these, however, in the least deserved such punishment. Some very cruel jokes about his mother's adventures were enough to discompose Prince Henry. He answered them by saying merely that he could not treat these jokes as they deserved in the King's presence, for whom he had so great a respect. He would bide his time. The Duke of Bevern and his son, who were present, at once endeavoured to smooth matters over, and nothing more was said. As soon as my husband entered the room, I saw that he was put out. I would, nevertheless, not ask him what had happened till we were alone together. It cost me a good deal of trouble to get him to tell me all about it. I cannot say how much I was distressed at the occurrence. I represented to Prince Henry what sad results any dispute on this subject would lead to. It would remind him and his father of a most sad catastrophe which had long been forgotten. Then the person with whom he had the quarrel was his own brother-in-law, a sovereign with no heirs. If anything happened to the Margrave of Anspach, his country would fall to him, and he would be exposed to most unpleasant criticism. My husband was at first far too angry to listen to my representations. I was only able to obtain a promise from him that he would do nothing till next day.

The Duke of Bevern told the Margrave of Baireuth what had taken place at the "Tabagie." My father-in-law accordingly came to see me next morning, and had a long conversation with his son and myself. The Margrave used exactly the same arguments as I had employed. Things remained as they were till the evening. Everybody advised

me to tell the Margrave of Anspach what I thought of his behaviour, and then, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation between him and Prince Henry. The Duke of Bevern, his wife, and many others talked to me on the subject. My sister, who knew of the unfortunate occurrence and had listened to what was being said to me, now approached me with open arms, exclaiming, "I am in despair at what has happened: my husband is entirely to blame. I beg you in his name to forgive his unpardonable behaviour: I shall tell him what I think of it." I replied how grieved I was that she had overheard what had been said to me, and that the dispute between our respective husbands would in nowise lessen my love for her. I entreated her not to involve herself in the business, as she would only make matters worse, and cause herself much annoyance. At that time she was living on anything but happy terms with the Margrave. She promised me at last to let matters rest.

After supper I began a conversation with the Margrave of Anspach. I wanted to represent his conduct to him, but my sister left me no time: she gave him plainly to understand what she thought of his behaviour. He answered her in a very loud, gruff voice. Prince Henry imagined this answer was meant for him, so he replied in the same tone. He approached the Margrave to insist on his giving him satisfaction, and threatened to throw him into the fire, "where he might roast at pleasure." The Margrave was in a dreadful state of terror, and was taken into the Queen's audience chamber, where she was walking to and fro, pretending to know nothing of what was going on. The Margrave hid himself behind the curtains, and cried like a child. The Duchess of Bevern, who had followed him, now came forward and comforted him, saying that Prince Henry had no idea of killing him. Meanwhile the Margrave of Baireuth, the Prince of Bevern, and my brother had assembled round my husband. They could not help

laughing at his suggestions with respect to his opponent's behaviour. He said he ought to be birched like a child to make him stop crying. However, as they were afraid of further consequences, they induced my husband to retire to his rooms. The Margrave of Anspach was also conducted back to his apartment. His anger and fury were such that they brought on an attack of illness, which almost proved fatal. During his convalescence he had time to think calmly over the matter, and decided to make it up with Prince Henry. He entrusted the Duke of Bevern to offer my husband his ample apologies, which the Prince at once accepted. The two opponents embraced, and no dispute ever arose between them again.

A few days after this my brother left Berlin. Although his affection for me seemed to have cooled down, we nevertheless took a very tender leave of each other. I felt the separation keenly.

My one aim now was to regain my father's affection. It was quite useless to endeavour to do so with the Queen, and I shall no longer speak of her ill-humour towards me, which remained invariable. In the presence of others she was more careful, but I suffered all the more when alone with her. I knew no one could give my father a greater pleasure than by procuring him colossuses for his regiment at Potsdam. Unfortunately, enormously tall men do not grow out of the earth like mushrooms, and I was unable to procure such recruits for him. Another means of pleasing the King consisted in giving him and his favourites a good dinner and plenty of old wine. I therefore determined to invite the King to dinner. I never saw him in such a good temper or in such high spirits. He treated me and Prince Henry in the kindest and most affectionate manner, and insisted on remaining the rest of the day with me. My father resolved that there should be a ball in the evening. He invited all the Princesses of the Blood to it, as well as

many ladies from the town. He opened the ball with me, and danced with all the ladies, a thing he had never been known to do before.

On the 17th of December, my father, with all the Princes and other guests, went to Nauen, to shoot wild boars, and returned to Berlin only on the 21st. The Margrave of Anspach, who still bore my husband a grudge, had also been to Nauen. He determined to play a new trick on Prince Henry. As soon as the Margrave returned to Berlin, he went to see the Queen, and, as he was her tale-bearer, she at once asked him about the visit to Nauen. He took this opportunity of inventing the most abominable slanders about my husband, whom he accused of the lowest vices. Not content with this, he must needs go with these tales to my father-in-law, who lent his ear to them. The Margrave of Baireuth confided them to my sister, feeling sure she would tell me. My mother was delighted at this gossip, and determined to amuse herself about it at my expense. When I joined her that evening, I very soon noticed that there was something the matter. I observed that she shot angry glances at Prince Henry, and then spoke in whispers to my sister Charlotte. The Margrave of Baireuth was very cross, and I could not in the least understand what had happened. My sister of Anspach, who loved me very dearly, observed my disquietude, and, calling me on one side, told me the facts of the case. I was not in the least disturbed, now that I knew the whole story. I had been married more than a month, and had, therefore, had time to become acquainted with my husband's character. I knew he was incapable of any low action. I begged my sister, for reasons which I explained to her, to say nothing more about it.

To the Duke of Bevern however I poured forth my complaints on the subject. He answered me that he knew the whole story, and that it was pure malicious invention. The Prince of Baireuth had lived in the same house with him at

Nauen, and had never left his side. The Duke added that he would take good care that the King and my father-in-law, to whom the same lies had been told, should know the exact truth of the matter. "As to the rest," he continued, "you must be above it all. Let the Queen have the satisfaction of rejoicing over what she believes to be your unhappiness." That evening the Margrave of Baireuth was very noisy, and made his son suffer from his ill-temper. My husband would have then and there called the Margrave of Anspach to account, had I not prevented him. The story was forgotten by next day, but it certainly reflected no credit on the Margrave.

I had hitherto not troubled myself about my pecuniary position. Relying implicitly on my father's solemn promise given me at the time of my marriage, that he would amply provide for me, I had not enquired further. One day, however, curiosity got the better of me and I questioned M. von Voit on the subject. He showed me my marriage treaty, and I was greatly surprised to find my position almost precarious.

The marriage treaty contained the following articles. The King lent the Margrave of Baireuth 260,000 thalers,* without interest, to pay his debts. After two years had elapsed, he was to commence repaying the sum in instalments of 2500 thalers†. This was the great mark of favour promised me. My dowry was 40,000 thalers,‡ to which the King added 60,000 thalers§ of his own free will in order to make good what I had lost by giving up my claims to my mother's fortune. My jointure amounted to 16,000 thalers,‖ and our joint income with which to meet our household expenses, etc., was 14,000 thalers.¶ Of this last sum 2,000 thalers** were for my own use, out of which I had to pay all salaries, so that I could really dispose of only 1,200 thalers††

* £39,000. † £375. ‡ £6,000. § £9,000. ‖ £2,400.
¶ £2,100. ** £300. †† £180.

for my private use. My dismay is easily to be understood. M. von Voit shrugged his shoulders, and said that the King had himself settled everything. He had thought I was satisfied, otherwise he would have mentioned the subject sooner. It was too late now, the evil was done, and the marriage treaty signed and sealed. After some reflection I determined to speak to Grumkow, and to beg him to represent to the King how cruelly he had treated me. I sent accordingly for him and said to him, "You are one of those whom the King sent to me to induce me to consent to my marriage. You know with what bitter tears and reluctance I consented. It was you in particular who promised me my father's especial protection, and gave me the assurance that he would provide handsomely for me as long as I lived. You even used the expression that he would favour me more than all the rest of his children. On the day I was betrothed, the King himself repeated this to me. But far from keeping his promise, my father has even provided less liberally for me than for my sister of Anspach. I have not even sufficient to live as a lady in private circumstances should."

Grumkow listened attentively to me, and, after a moment's reflection, replied that I was to be calm, and promised me that he would get a pension allowed me by the King. He, however, asked me to say nothing about it till the Margrave of Baireuth had left Berlin, "Because," Grumkow added, "I know my old master too well. When it comes to the question of giving, he is as obstinate as the devil himself. He would pick a quarrel with the Margrave, and tell him he was giving you more than he did. This would only lead to disputes, and would not help your cause. When once the Margrave has left, the King is bound to make up for the wrong he has done you." I thanked Grumkow warmly, and promised to follow his advice.

As bad luck would have it, the Queen had been informed

of the occurrence I have mentioned. She would have spoken with me about it, had an opportunity offered itself. She paid people to spy on me and listen at my doors. Grumkow's visit naturally remained no secret, and feminine curiosity made my mother try and discover what our long conversation had been about. She found out about half, but was most desirous of knowing all. She, therefore, determined to cross-question me. The Queen conversed some time most amiably with me, and then mentioned my departure. She said she was in despair at losing us, and hoped to postpone the evil day as long as possible. "What distresses me most," my mother added, "is to know how badly the King has provided for you. If I had a reason against your marriage, it was that I knew how things would be. You have done quite right to speak with Grumkow, because he can help you. What advice did he give you?" I must here confess my own stupidity, for I was well punished for it. I gave the Queen an account of my conversation with Grumkow, begging her on no account to repeat it. She promised me to be silent, and added, "I know too well what the consequences would be were I to speak of it." Immediately after dinner I went to my own room, and left the King and Queen alone together. As my mother did not know how to entertain him, she told my father my secret, and all that had passed between Grumkow and myself. No sooner had the King left the Queen than he sent for my marriage treaty, put his pen through the sum allowed for my servants' wages, and reduced our joint income by 4,000 thalers.* The Queen, quite triumphant at the heroic act she had performed, sent for me at once, and said, as she embraced me, "You no longer need Grumkow's help. I have arranged it all with your father. I told him of our conversation: he pitied you, and has promised to alter everything and

* £600.

provide properly for you." I was like one petrified, and then reproached her bitterly for her imprudence. She grew very angry, and spoke most unkindly to me. Grumkow sent me word, that same day, that he would never again try to help me. I had spoilt everything by my gossip. The King had reduced our income by 4,000 thalers,* and he, Grumkow, was very pleased my father had done so, as I had not chosen to follow his advice. I had exposed him to my father's wrath. I must now see, he continued, how I should get on, for he would never again speak for me. I was very miserable about it all. I could not even complain of what had happened, as it was entirely my mother's fault. My patience was exhausted, and what hurt me most of all was the knowledge that Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and all my faithful and devoted servants, would be so badly paid, and that I could do nothing.

The Margrave and all the other royal guests, left soon after this. The King went to Potsdam, and I was to join him there on my way to Baireuth. I was counting the hours till I should reach my new home, for Berlin had become an object of horror to me. I hoped a happy peaceful life was in store for me.

I therefore bore my troubles patiently, hoping they would cease with the year 1731. I must now begin with my account of 1732.

A new epoch in my life began with this year. I had not for some little time been feeling well, but thought it was the consequence of all the sorrow I had been through. I had constant fainting attacks. The doctor I consulted accounted for my condition by holding out hopes of my having a child. The Queen let me know that she wished to spend Twelfth Night with me, and that I was to invite all the Princes and Princesses, who would then be able to take leave of me. This

* £600.

little reception proved a very dull one. Everybody had tears in his eyes, and seemed much affected at the thoughts of my departure. I took a tender farewell of the Margravine Philip. Our friendship had in nowise suffered by my marriage. I could not say "good-bye" to so many kind friends, without feeling deeply affected.

Next day we went to Potsdam. The King received me most kindly. He was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming a grandfather, and made me many affectionate speeches on the subject. They, however, produced but little effect on me, as I felt far too ill to notice anything.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had three nieces, the daughters of General Marwitz, a great favourite of the King. The eldest of these girls was fourteen and would one day be a rich heiress. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had taken charge of her nieces' education since the death of their mother. My former governess was most anxious to take the eldest with her to Baireuth, but did not dare ask the King's permission. He had only lately published an order, which forbade all heiresses or rich young girls to leave his country. I induced my father, however, to grant Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's request. I mention this fact, as it stands in close connection with future events. The day of my departure was fixed for the 11th January. I determined to make one last effort to soften the King's heart towards me. I chose a moment when the Queen was not present. I reminded him of past times, and justified my behaviour during the time of my disgrace, but without doing the Queen harm. I represented to him my present position in the most touching manner, and finally implored his protection and help. He burst out crying, and clasped me in his arms, and was too much overcome to speak. At last my father said, "I am in utter despair. I have never really known you. People have represented you to me in the blackest colours, so that I hated you as much as I now

love you. Now I see that had I spoken to you sooner I should have saved myself much sorrow. I often wished to do so, but others always prevented me. I have been deceived on all sides, and no one is more to blame than your mother." I here ventured to interrupt the King and told him that the Queen had always had the best intentions, and that her love for me and my brother had influenced her actions. "Well, then that may be so," my father replied, "what has been, has been. But as to yourself, you shall ever be my dearest child, and I will favour you most of any of my children. Continue to put confidence in me, and you can always count on my help and protection. He then gave me some fatherly advice, and ended by saying, "It grieves me to part from you. Now go and take leave of your mother, whilst I embrace your husband, and then you must start." I went sobbing to my mother, whom I entreated to restore me to her affection. I did all I could to move her, but in vain. She answered me civilly, and I could but too well feel that none of her words came from her heart.

The Duke of Holstein then led me to my carriage, in which Prince Henry and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld were already sitting. We reached Klosterzina safely that evening, and started again next morning. We had not driven two stations when one of the horses fell down and the carriage was overturned. There were two loaded pistols and some heavy boxes in the carriage, and these fell upon me, but happily did not injure me. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld cried out incessantly "Have mercy on me." I asked her if she were hurt: she answered "No!" but still continued screaming. Prince Henry had jumped out of the carriage, and I saw that he was not hurt. The whole occurrence was so ridiculous that I could not help laughing. I was nearly smothered by all the things that were lying on me. At last I was with some trouble dragged out from the carriage, and the servants carried me into a field covered with snow and

ice, where they left me standing. I could not move as I feared to slip on the ice, and thought I was to be overtaken by the same terrible fate as befell Lot's wife when she left Sodom, and that I should freeze into an ice pillar. Happily the carriage containing my ladies and gentlemen drove up at this moment. My ladies were terribly frightened, and ran about the field calling out, "But where is Her Royal Highness?" I answered them in vain: they were in such a state that they ran past me and asked where I was. I was much amused at their fright, and at last persuaded them that it was really I who was speaking to them. These poor girls were in great distress lest this accident should cause a premature confinement, and offered me smelling salts and a hundred other remedies, all of which I refused. Prince Henry was no less perturbed. At last we continued our journey.

I forgot to say that the King had desired M. von Burstell to accompany me to Baireuth, in the capacity of Prussian Minister. We had no sooner reached Torgau, where we spent the night, than Burstell went to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and begged her to entreat me to remain a day or two at Torgau, not only to rest, but to counteract any ill-effects of the carriage accident. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld quite agreed with him, and they both made my husband such representations on the subject, that he was quite panic stricken. They now came to me with their entreaties. I had noticed them approaching, and was determined to have some fun from our adventure.

About this time the great fair at Leipsic was being held, which is one of the largest in all Germany. Everybody that cares for amusement visits it. In this town I was to pass the next night; and, on the pretext that there was no good doctor in Torgau and that the lodgings there were uncomfortable, I arranged with Prince Henry to make a further stay of two days.

We arrived next day at Leipsic. This town is in Saxony, and is celebrated for its University as well as for the fair, which I have just mentioned. The town is prettily situated, and being surrounded by gardens has a cheerful aspect. Though I was neither "sick nor sorry," I went to bed as soon as I arrived, in order not to give cause for complaint, and to be able to go out next day. My first question was, if there were many people at Leipsic at that moment. But oh! disappointment, cruel disappointment, I was told everyone had left the week before. I was in despair at this, for it had put an end to all my little hopes. I spent two terribly dull days at Leipsic, and was obliged to endure patiently all the marks of honour with which I was overwhelmed.

We went on next day as far as Gera. I had never seen mountains, as there are none in my father's country, and I had never travelled. When I saw these heights and precipices I opened my eyes, and the perspiration stood in great drops on my face. As we proceeded on our way the road grew worse and worse, and I was shaken to pieces. In spite of every entreaty, I got out and walked: the fear of the precipices gave me strength. Surrounded as I was by snow-clad mountains, I fancied myself in Lapland. Seeing nothing but a few woods in the distance, I sighed, and asked when these dreadful mountains would end. I received no comfort, for I was told they continued the whole way to Baireuth.

At last, nine days after I had left Berlin, we reached Hof, the first town in the principality of Baireuth. Three salutes were fired as we entered the town, where all the burghers received us. We drove to the Castle. The Lord Chamberlain, von Reitzenstein, with several other gentlemen and the nobility of the country, received me at the foot of the stairs—if I can call stairs something which looked more like a ladder.

As soon as I reached my room, M. von Reitzenstein

welcomed me in the name of the Margrave on my arrival in his country. I then listened to an address from the nobles, whom I had been asked to receive kindly. The higher nobility enjoy a great many rights and privileges in the Empire, and claim to be responsible to the Emperor alone. They behave as if they were small sovereigns. Their pretensions are most absurd, and are the cause of constant quarrels among them. The gentry of the Baireuth district had had a dispute with their neighbours, and in the course of the endless differences the Margrave of Baireuth had added fuel to the fire by wishing to interfere with the privileges of his nobles. These rose up in arms, and most unpleasant consequences might have ensued. Peace was restored only after much trouble, and the Margrave was obliged to give up his intention of intervening. M. von Voit, my Lord Chamberlain, belonged to the aristocracy of this portion of Baireuth, but his property was in the Margravate itself. He explained to the Margrave that if he desired to win over this section of his subjects to his side, he must treat them loyally and kindly. I had been told that these nobles were all of very old wealthy families, and hoped I should get to see and know them. But I made a great mistake in thinking this possible. I must here describe some of those who received me at Hof.

There were about thirty who had presented themselves to welcome me. They belonged mostly to the family of Reitzenstein. Their faces would have frightened little children, and, to add to their beauty, they had arranged their hair to resemble the wigs that were then in fashion. Their dresses clearly denoted the antiquity of their families, as they were composed of heirlooms, and were cut accordingly, so that most of them did not fit. In spite of their costumes being the "Court dresses," the gold and silver trimmings were so black that you had a difficulty in making out of what they were made. The manners of these nobles suited their faces and their clothes. They might have passed

for peasants. I could scarcely restrain my laughter when I first beheld these strange figures. I spoke to each in turn, but none of them understood what I said, and their replies sounded to me like Hebrew, because the dialect of the Empire is quite different from that spoken in Brandenburg.

The clergy also presented themselves. These were totally different creatures. Round their necks they wore great ruffs, which resembled washing baskets. They spoke very slowly, so that I might be able to understand them better. They said the most foolish things, and it was only with much difficulty that I was able to prevent myself from laughing. At last I got rid of all these people, and we sat down to dinner. I tried my best to converse with those at table, but it was useless. At last I touched on agricultural topics, and then they began to thaw. I was at once informed of all their different farmsteads and herds of cattle. An almost interesting discussion took place as to whether the oxen in the upper part of the country were fatter than those in the lowlands. When dinner was half over, I was told that the moment had come to drink the Margrave's health. They brought me an enormous goblet to drink from, which was so large I could have put my head into it, and so heavy that I nearly let it fall. After this, the Lord Chamberlain drank my health. There were forty people at dinner, and I thought I should have strained my back with the many bows I had to make. I was at last so tired that I got up and left the dining-room.

I was told that as the next day was Sunday, I must spend it at Hof, and listen to a sermon. Never before had I heard such a sermon! The clergyman began by giving us an account of all the marriages that had taken place from Adam's time to that of Noah. We were spared no detail, so that the gentlemen all laughed and the poor ladies blushed. The dinner went off as on the previous day. In the afternoon all the ladies came to pay me their respects.

Gracious heavens! What ladies, too! They were all as ugly as the gentlemen, and their head-dresses were so curious that swallows might have built their nests in them. They really looked most ridiculous. Some of these ladies had been to Court, and it was amusing to notice the airs they gave themselves in consequence. No, I really think I never saw anything funnier than the way in which they looked at us.

I spent the whole day in this Noah's Ark. Next morning we went on to Gefres, which is about three hours ride from Hof. The Margrave of Baireuth met me here. He received me in a wretched little inn, but was extremely civil, and overwhelmed his son and myself with assurances of friendship. That evening, after dinner, he took me to my room, and remained standing there for two hours, talking to me of Telemachus and Amelot de la Houssaye's Roman History. As the amiable Margrave was very slow and precise, his conversation resembled that of a sermon read aloud for the purpose of sending the listener to sleep. I felt so unwell that had not my father-in-law called my servants I should have fallen down on the floor. As it was I fainted, and remained unconscious for three hours. They wanted to induce me to remain another day in this dreadful little inn, but I insisted on continuing our journey to Baireuth, which was only three miles* off. The Margrave had already preceded us. We left after dinner, and arrived at Baireuth at six in the evening, on the 22nd of January. The manner of my entry into Baireuth may perhaps excite curiosity. About half a mile from the town I received an address from the Chief Magistrate, M. von Dabeneck. He was very tall and thin, and had I not known that he was of good birth, I should have taken him for an actor. He declaimed exactly like one. At last we reached the town amidst the firing of

* Six English miles.

cannon. My carriage, drawn by six wretched post horses, headed the procession, then came the carriage with my ladies, then one in which the Lord Chamberlain was seated. Two others followed with my servants, and then six or seven large luggage carts, which closed this imposing triumphal entry. I do not think any royal personage was ever received in such a fashion. Somehow or the other curious things are always happening to me, even though they be but trifles. I was very much put out at my reception, but did not show it. The Margrave, his two daughters and the whole of his Court received me at the foot of the stairs. I was at once led to my apartments. These were so beautiful that I must describe them.

A large, dirty antechamber led into a large room, of which the ceiling was the greatest ornament. The paper that covered it must once have been very handsome. Now you required a microscope to discover the pattern on it. I at last made out that it represented the story of Moses and Aaron. Out of this room I went into a boudoir, which was hung with a kind of brocade of which I never could discover the colour. The next room was covered with green damask full of holes. At last I reached my bedroom. This was also hung with damask, and decorated here and there with a little gold. It was all so brand new that after a fortnight there were no longer any curtains to my bed: they were so rotten that every day a piece fell from them when they were drawn. I was struck dumb by the state and appearance of my rooms. I had never seen anything to equal it. The rooms themselves were fine and large. No sooner had I reached my bedroom than the Margrave placed an armchair for me. We sat down and conversed for an hour, which seemed to me like a century. After this all the ladies and gentlemen of the Court and the guests staying in the Castle were presented to me. I will break off here in my narrative to give a short account of the Court of Baireuth as it was at that time.

The Margrave was fifty-four years of age. He was of middle height, neither handsome nor the reverse. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of his face, beyond that, on looking closely at him, you discovered his eyes had a false look in them. The Margrave was excessively thin, had crooked legs and a very awkward gait, though he tried to appear graceful. He was very narrow minded, and his conversation very dull. He was civil, but had an unpleasant manner. He was extremely vain, and talked incessantly of his powers, his justice, and his great determination and firmness. He really had a weak character, no head for business, and was false, distrustful, suspicious and jealous. Telemachus and Amelot de Houssaye were his only topics of conversation, and on these he was really rather mad. My father-in-law was always thirsting after glory. On the one hand, he did things which were unbefitting his rank; and on the other, stooped to the basest actions. He was neither generous nor stingy, but never gave anything unless pressed to do so. In spite of not being clever, he was a great discerner of character, and knew those intimately who came to his Court. He kept a number of paid spies, and these villains did endless mischief, and I had much to suffer from their slander.

The elder of the two daughters, Princess Charlotte, who was unmarried, was very beautiful. She had fine large blue eyes, a good nose, and a small mouth: she also had a very pretty figure. All these attractions were not enhanced by cleverness. She was really quite silly. She had been educated by the Margravine of Anspach, who had given herself endless trouble with her. It had, however, all been in vain. Indeed as soon as you spoke with the poor Princess you discovered that she was not right in her head.

The second daughter, Wilhelmine, was tall and well grown, but not the least good looking. She was very pale, and had unpleasant features. She was very clever, intriguing, a coquette, and jealous. Wilhelmine was her father's favourite,

and up to the time of my arrival at Baireuth had ruled him completely.

Madame von Gravenreuter, the Lady-in-Waiting to the Princesses, was a kind old soul. She was in a great measure their companion.

Baron von Stein, first Minister of State, was of a very good old family. His appearance at once impressed you with his being a man of the world. He was an honest man, but not blessed with much cleverness. He always said "Yes" to everything. Baron von Voit, my Lord Chamberlain, was second Minister. He was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and had travelled a good deal. He had a very cultivated mind, and his conversation was pleasant and agreeable. He was both upright and honest. Voit made many enemies by his haughty, determined manner. He loved to rule, but was wanting in firmness. We called him "Father Difficulty," for he always perceived difficulties everywhere and in everything.

M. von Fischer, another Minister of State, had worked his way up, step by step, till he had attained his present position and rank. He was of a very intriguing nature, and gave himself the airs of a great gentleman. He was altogether a bad man, and very ambitious. The hatred he had always borne M. von Voit had now fallen on me, because Voit had helped in bringing about my marriage to Prince Henry, and Fischer feared that he would be a support to me.

M. von Korff belonged to an old Courland family. He was a fool, more stupid than the stupid, but entirely convinced of his own cleverness. He was selfish and intriguing, and a tale-bearer.

M. von Gleichen, another Court official, was an honest man, but very tiresome. His face plainly showed that Actæon's fate was his doom.

Colonel von Reitzenstein had a love of intrigue, and yet

I never saw a duller member of society. His heart was black: he was selfish, ill-natured, and ready to sacrifice everything to his ambition. He drank deeply, and was very coarse.

M. von Vittingshofen resembled Colonel von Reitzenstein in everything, with the exception of his being more amiable and accommodating. He had a most uncharitable tongue, and spared no one. Everybody, both prince and beggar, had to suffer from it.

The other members of the Court I pass over in silence, and I have mentioned only those who have any connection with these memoirs. One and all they were, with the exception of von Voit, insupportable. It was impossible to converse with any of them on other subjects than horses and cattle. They could in no way count as belonging to good society. Their chief amusement was drinking from morning till night. It is easily imagined what my feelings were on this point.

The dinner was badly served, and I could scarcely touch anything. Nearly all the dishes were cooked with vinegar and onions.

We were scarcely half through dinner when I became indisposed, and had to retire to my room. No one had taken the least trouble to make things comfortable for me. My rooms were not warmed, the windows were broken, and the cold was intolerable. I spent a miserable night, and made many sad reflections on my present position. I loved the Prince passionately, but seemed transplanted to a new world, among people who were peasants rather than gentlemen. Poverty was everywhere apparent, and I sought in vain for the riches I had been promised. There was nothing left but to hide my aching heart under a smiling face.

I held a reception next day. I thought the ladies very unamiable and tiresome. Baroness von Stein insisted on taking precedence of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, which

annoyed me very much. I complained to the Margrave about it, and he said he would try and bring her to reason. He did not, however, succeed, and Baroness von Stein never appeared again at any Court ceremony when Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was present. There were many Court functions held in my honour, and I will describe one of them.

The ceremony was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets at three stated times, namely eleven and half past eleven in the morning, and noon. The second time the trumpets sounded, the Hereditary Prince, accompanied by the Court, proceeded to the Margrave's apartments, whilst the two Princesses came to mine. Soon afterwards, the Margrave and Court, all in State dress, joined me. The Lord Chamberlain, carrying his wand of office, then announced that all was in readiness, upon which the Margrave offered me his hand and led me to the dining-room. This room was hung with the same kind of brocade as my boudoir, and the colour was equally faded. A table laid for twenty people was placed on a dais under a canopy, and round it stood a company of soldiers. I sat at the upper end. All the nobility and Court officials remained standing behind the table till after the first course had been served. It had been wished that my ladies should do the same, but I would not hear of it. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, the foreign Envoys, the Ministers and chief officials alone dined at my table. I drank the Margrave's health out of a large goblet, and the health of the whole House of Brandenburg was drunk with all possible honours. This intolerable magnificence lasted three hours, and would have gone on still longer had I not felt ill. I was feeling very unwell, and grew daily weaker. Several fêtes were given in my honour, but I was able to be present at them only for a quarter of an hour.

At last I craved the Margrave's permission to stay in my own rooms, and not to appear any more at any of these functions. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld kept me company.

I also made an excuse for no longer receiving the Margrave's visits. He would sit all day long moralizing in my room. He really did it for the purpose of observing how my husband and I got on together.

Up to this time I had had no reason to complain of my father-in-law, and flattered myself that with a little patience I should get on quite well with him. But I did not know him. Princess Wilhelmine was very jealous of the influence I was gaining over her father, and Fischer was equally vexed at it. These two set to work to counteract the good understanding that existed between the Margrave and myself, and I was stupid enough to give them the opportunity. It will be observed that in these memoirs I do not hesitate to mention my failings, and the mistakes I made.

Through my father's interposition, M. von Voit had been appointed Lord Chamberlain in my household. Hitherto he had stood high in the Margrave's favour. As soon, however, as he saw how devoted Voit was to Prince Henry and myself, he became jealous of him, and began to take a dislike to him. The Margrave, however, managed not to let Voit perceive this. M. Fischer, who hated him, stirred up the Margrave's anger still more against him. He told him that as M. von Voit belonged to the older nobility, he would win the Hereditary Prince over to their side, which might lead to deplorable results. This portion of the nobility, which was very powerful, might form a party, Fischer proceeded to say, who might force the Margrave to abdicate. They might do so with less risk, as they knew that the King, my father, would be sure to support Prince Henry. From all he had heard, Fischer continued, I was very fond of intrigue, besides being very clever. The Margrave, therefore, ran the risk of sharing the fate of Victor Amadeus of Sardinia.

The Emperor was a firm ally of my father's, and would certainly help him. It is easy to see that this was all a pure invention on M. von Fischer's part, without a semblance of

truth. Yet it fulfilled its object. It was to Fischer's influence I owed my beautiful reception on my entry into Baireuth.

I had scarcely been a fortnight in my new home before M. von Voit told me that he had received no reward or mark of favour from the Margrave, though he had been instrumental in bringing about my marriage. He did not either receive any salary, while his position as Lord Chamberlain had caused him many great expenses. Voit therefore begged me to intercede with the Margrave for him, and to obtain for him the post of Great Lord Chamberlain. He would, in that case, waive all further pecuniary advantages. I thought his demand reasonable, and promised him to speak with the Margrave when a favourable opportunity presented itself.

Before leaving Berlin, my father had given me a service of silver plate. The Margrave was very anxious to see it, and I said jokingly to him, he should do so when he came to dine with me. A few days later I gave a dinner on purpose. I heard afterwards that my father-in-law was in a very bad temper that day. My service of silver plate was much richer than his, and that irritated him. He however forced himself to be very civil to me, and praised me incessantly. Thinking this a good moment, I gave him M. von Voit's letter, supporting his petition as strongly as I dared. The Margrave changed colour, and answered me very angrily that he begged that I would never in future ask favours for anyone. He was quite able to judge for himself in these matters without being reminded by others. This answer fortunately took me so much by surprise, that I was unable to speak. I was, nevertheless, furious with my father-in-law; and, though I kept my tongue in bounds, my face showed unmistakably what I felt. He, on the other hand, looked like a madman, and we soon left the dinner table. Many that had observed the occurrence and

wished to preserve peace, endeavoured to restore the Margrave's good temper by encouraging him to drink, for he was of very intemperate habits. He accordingly sat down with several people belonging to his Court, and remained there for three hours, drinking wine with them. The Hereditary Prince was never present on these occasions, but always retired to his rooms as soon as dinner was over.

After dinner there was a ball. I was almost choking with rage at what had taken place, and longed badly to vent it on some one. At last I found Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and M. von Burstell, who were conversing together in my boudoir. I told them what had happened, and how I had been treated. I was excessively annoyed, and so were they. Burstell only made me more so, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was of a very lively temperament, added to my anger. In her zeal and devotion for me, she went to the Margrave and reproached him very respectfully for his conduct towards me. He answered her coldly, and she replied to him again, till a quarrel ensued. It ended in my father-in-law leaving the ball in a great rage, without even bidding me good-night.

Burstell had informed the Hereditary Prince of all that had taken place, and as he was young and fiery, a "devil of a row" ensued in my room. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld cried, and the Prince, Burstell and I all spoke at once. I must confess to my own weakness. I had been brought up in Berlin with grand ideas, and had been destined to wear four crowns. How these prospects were destroyed my narrative has already shown. I imagined that my father could make laws for all other Princes, and that my marriage had been a great honour for the Margrave. Also that he never could treat me with enough respect. Burstell laboured under the same idea. He was very clever, but too hot-tempered. We were unable that evening to arrive at any conclusion. Voit, who was very timid, and was fear-

ful I might be induced to take some hasty step which would ruin him, prevailed on us to separate.

Next day von Voit received a written reprimand from the Margrave, on account of his having chosen me as the medium for obtaining favours from him. To humiliate him still more, my father-in-law ordered him to return him the Order he had given him. He said, that as he was a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, he could not wear two orders at the same time. Chamberlain von Reitzenstein was entrusted with the delivery of this message. After he had fulfilled his task, he begged M. von Voit to tell us that the Margrave was extremely angry with me, but still more so with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld; and that he would write to the King, and ask him to recall her from Baireuth. Voit told us all this in Burstell's presence, who wished at once to send a messenger to Berlin with letters informing the King of this annoying occurrence. I quite agreed with his suggestion, mistaken as it was. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, however, prevented its being carried out. She advised Burstell, in the presence of several of the Margrave's spies, to tell my father-in-law that he had meant to write to the King, but, at my request, had refrained from doing so.

The Margrave now pretended to be very ill. Our plan, however, had fulfilled its purpose. Burstell's anger and my apparent generosity pacified the Margrave. My father-in-law wrote me a most amiable letter next day, which I answered in the same tone; and the matter, outwardly at least, was set at rest. The Margrave did not love me, nor I him.

Shortly after all this, I received a letter from my brother. It was full of complaints. "My life has hitherto been bearable," he wrote. "I have lived quietly in garrison. I have had my books and my flute, and a few pleasant companions. Now I am torn out of this quiet, and am to be made to marry a person whom I have never even seen. My

consent has been forced from me: I am very wretched about it all. My destined bride is the Princess of Bevern. Am I always to be tyrannised over, without even having the hope of better days? Oh, if only you, my adored sister, were still here, I would then bear everything patiently!" I was deeply touched by this letter. I loved this brother so ardently, and his return to his old affectionate manner towards me made me very happy.

Not long after I had received this letter, I heard from the Queen that the Duke and Duchess of Bevern and their daughter had arrived at Berlin, and that my brother's betrothal would be declared immediately. My mother wrote: "the Princess is very handsome, but as stupid as a bundle of straw. I cannot understand how your brother will get on with such a goose." This news distressed me greatly. It was not alone grief at my brother's sad fate, but it brought with it many other worries in its train. Princess Wilhelmine had flattered herself that she would marry the Crown Prince. In the hope that I would speak very favourably of her to my mother, she had been most amiable towards me. Such an idea as her marrying my brother had never entered my mind. Princess Wilhelmine would not in any way have suited him, nor my family. She was too intriguing and too ugly. The news of the Crown Prince's engagement to the Princess of Bevern destroyed all her hopes at one blow. She insisted that I had worked against her interests, and determined to revenge herself.

A few days later I again received letters from my mother and my brother. They informed me that the marriage had been announced. My brother told me further that he had induced Duke Alexander of Würtemberg to pass by Baireuth in order to tell me many things which he could not trust to paper. He said the Duke had started on the day he wrote. I calculated, therefore, that he must reach Baireuth that very night, and I sent and let the Margrave know of the Duke's

arrival. My father-in-law sent me word that he wished me to do the honours for him, as he was ill and should be unable to leave his room for several days. This was not true, but the Margrave disliked society, and especially that of strangers. That very afternoon, the Duke Alexander sent us one of his gentlemen to announce his arrival that evening. His carriage, however, broke down, and he arrived only at eleven o'clock at night. He came at once to see me and deliver all my brother's messages. He told me that Grumkow and Seckendorf were more powerful than ever, and that my brother's marriage was entirely their doing. The Duke said that the Princess of Bevern had been very badly brought up and had no manners whatever; that she could say only "Yes," and "No," and had besides an impediment in her speech, which made it difficult to understand what she said; that my brother could not bear her; and that it was much to be feared that the marriage would turn out very unhappily. I spoke for an hour with Duke Alexander, and afterwards presented the two Princesses to him. He merely bowed to them without saying a word. The evening passed so pleasantly that it was three o'clock in the morning before I got to bed. Princess Wilhelmine was extremely offended that the Duke had not spoken to her, and was in a very bad temper all next day. She quarrelled with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, complained that I treated her like a housemaid, and said I was the cause of the Duke's not having conversed with her. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who had a very quick temper, came at once to me, and reproached me with my behaviour to the Princess Wilhelmine. I was very angry at this, and answered her sharply, after which I turned round and left her. The Duke spent the whole day with us, and left in the evening, delighted with my husband and myself. He was much dissatisfied with the reception the Margrave had accorded him. The Duke had paid his respects to my father-in-law before leaving.

The Margrave continuing indisposed for some days longer, Princess Wilhelmine sent a French lady to see him. She was a bad insolent creature. Wicked tongues pretended she was the Margrave's mistress, but I believe this was not the case. This person had a long conversation with the Margrave, in consequence of which Princess Wilhelmine was invited to dine quite alone with her father. She came to see me after dinner was over. She appeared with red swollen eyes, so that I enquired kindly what was the matter, saying I feared she had had some annoyance, as I could see she had been crying. She answered me most ironically that she had no worries of any kind. Her father had been more than kind, and she had nothing left to wish for. She then added that she only had a cold. I had been too thoroughly schooled in such speeches to believe what she said, and my suspicions were aroused. My surmises were correct, for I soon discovered that Princess Wilhelmine had been saying the most cruel things of me to everybody. She had worked the Margrave up to such a pitch of anger against me, that he endeavoured to annoy me in every possible way, though before others he always appeared to be most devoted to me. The Princess was not satisfied with trying to make mischief between her father and myself, but must needs try and gain her brother's favour. I have already described Prince Henry's character, and have also mentioned that he had not had the best of education. He did not care for any serious occupations, and in this he shared his sister's taste. They spent most of the day walking together in the woods, sometimes they went out shooting, and sometimes even amused themselves in playing at childish games. I was in a sad condition, so ill that I spent nearly all my day in bed. The bad weather prevented my getting out into the air, so that I saw very little of my husband, and when he was with me he said but little. Everybody complained to me of him. His father even said that if he continued behaving as he did he

would never be fit to succeed him. All this caused me great grief. I often pretended to be asleep only to be left alone. I was devoted to Prince Henry, and it was his friendship alone that could make my present existence bearable. I was not even able to buy myself a dress. I had received my two quarters' allowance in advance before leaving Berlin, but this sum had all been spent in necessary presents, towards which the King and Queen had never given me a penny. I was like a lamb among wolves: I was settled in a strange country, at a Court which more resembled a peasant's farm, surrounded by coarse, bad, dangerous and tiresome people. I had no amusements or distractions of any kind. I was daily plagued by bodily suffering, and tormented on all sides. I often complained about it all to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who tried to comfort me, but she was really as unhappy as I.

It is but fair that after writing of so much that is sad, I should for once try and paint some funny pictures, and dry my eyes for a little while. St. George's day was approaching. It was on this saint's day that the Margrave George Christian had instituted the order of the Red Eagle, in remembrance of which a great fête was held every year on that day, and my father-in-law appointed new Knights of the Order. This order was thought very highly of, and given only to persons of the highest rank, and it was considered a great distinction to receive knighthood. Although I was more dead than alive, I had myself transported to the "Brandenburg House," a castle about a quarter of an hour's drive from Baireuth. This castle deserves a description of its own. A beautiful avenue of limes leads to the castle, which lies between two gardens. The chief building is of stone, and you pass into it through an archway. The staircase is very fine. The outside of the house has many faults: the two wings are not of stone, and Margrave George Wilhelm had made a plan for building two new wings. The inside of the castle contains one fine large well-proportioned room, having

eight smaller apartments on each side of it, opening one into the other. This is a very inconvenient arrangement. The rooms were all badly furnished, like those in the castle at Baireuth. One of the gardens is bordered by a lake on which charming gondolas were anchored in the little bay formed by an island. The whole position is most lovely.

Early in the morning of St. George's day all the cannons were fired in the harbour, and were answered by those on the boats. Then three flourishes of trumpets were blown, and after the third the Hereditary Prince and all the Knights of the Red Eagle proceeded to church. After church the Prince came to see me, and we then went together, accompanied by the whole Court and all the Ladies of the town to congratulate the Margrave, and to be present when the new Knights were created. The Margrave, beautifully dressed, stood leaning against a table which had been placed there on purpose. He really imagined he was Emperor, and affected during these days an imperial manner. His serious majestic demeanour was intended to impress every one very much, but it really made him appear most ridiculous. To me he appeared more like a clown than an Emperor. When the Margrave had received the empty compliments of all present, he caused three or four gentlemen to be called into his presence, to whom he gave Orders. He addressed them in turn in very ill chosen, badly expressed language. Then there were fresh salvos fired, and the trumpets blew again, and after this there was a great noise. We all went to dinner. Every health that was drunk was accompanied by the firing of cannon. I was present only for a few moments at the dinner. Everybody drank a great deal too much wine, and in the evening there was a ball. I was not present at it, being too unwell. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had sprained her ankle, so she stayed with me. Though it was the end of April, it was so cold that we had to have fires everywhere. Mademoiselle

von Sonnsfeld's room caught fire, and the flames spread to my ante-room. It was happily soon put out, and so quietly too, that I knew nothing of it till next day. This accident put an end to the fêtes which were to take place, and we returned to Baireuth, to my great joy, for the cold had done me much harm.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld now reminded the Margrave that as my confinement would take place in a few months, he must command that I should be prayed for in all the churches.* The Margrave ridiculed the bare idea of his soon becoming a grandfather, and laughed at Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. The prospect of an heir, however, caused great joy thoughout the land. This annoyed my father-in-law extremely, and he said he hoped I should have a daughter, as if I had a son he should be obliged to increase our income. His bad temper was only increased by the news brought by M. von Fischer's emissaries, who constantly told the Margrave that his son was far more popular than he was, and that everybody looked up to the Prince as the rising sun. My father-in-law's fury against his son increased day by day. On one occasion he took him into his own room, and reproached him bitterly with his supposed intrigues, and the plots he had been said to have made with the nobility of the Empire. The Hereditary Prince could not understand what his father meant, and told him that he had never done anything of the sort: it was the invention of ill-intentioned people, who wished to create a bad feeling between them. Prince Henry asked the Margrave to enquire into his conduct as he was ready and able at any moment to prove his innocence. Instead of being pacified by this answer, the Margrave flew into a violent passion, which might have had disastrous results had I not interfered. I found my father-in-law holding my husband by his collar, and had Prince Henry not been the stronger of the two, and

* This is still done for Royal personages in Germany, on these occasions.

caught hold of his father's hands, I am sure the Margrave would have struck him. My horror is easily to be understood. My presence prevented the Margrave from attempting any violence, for in spite of the hatred he bore me, he stood in great awe of me; and as soon as he saw me he turned round and left the room. The whole scene had upset me so much that I fell into a deep swoon, which lasted some time. The Hereditary Prince was in a terrible state of mind, and furious with his father, but he had so kind and good a heart that I persuaded him to make it all up with his father next day. I availed myself of this opportunity, and had a long conversation with the Margrave, in which I represented to him the harm he did himself by treating his son in such a manner. I told him that the fright he had caused me by this terrible scene might have very grave consequences in my present state of health. That if anything went wrong I should hold him answerable for the death of my child. My father-in-law made me many civil speeches, which I was obliged to accept as heartfelt, but matters remained unchanged.

I was bled next day, and had to keep my bed for about a week. During this time Princess Wilhelmine was very assiduous in her attentions to me. I saw at once that she had some end in view, but what it was I could not discover. At last one morning she came to me and said she wished to speak to me quite alone. After I had sent every one out of the room, she began by saying, that being well aware of my affectionate interest in her, she sought my help in a matter of some moment. She begged me to induce her father to think of a marriage for her. She went on to tell me that she knew her cousin, the Hereditary Prince of East Friesland,* and that when children they had been very devoted to each other. She was still very fond of him, and she knew that her aunt, the Princess of East Friesland, wished

* A province of Hanover.

the marriage extremely. Her aunt had often asked the Margrave to let Princess Wilhelmine go and stay with her, and had promised to treat her like her own daughter, and provide for her as such, as she had no daughters of her own. My sister-in-law spoke her mind very plainly about her father, and complained that he took no trouble whatever to think of her future. She should never have the courage to speak to him herself on the subject, she said, so that she implored me to do so, and to arrange that she might be allowed to visit her aunt at Aurich. I strongly suspected that this whole business was some trick or other played in the hope of getting me into some difficulty, and was therefore much perplexed what answer I should make. I replied that, notwithstanding my wish to help her as much as lay in my power, I saw many difficulties in the way of carrying out her plan. I said that I had never mixed myself up in marriage intrigues and never would, and still less in being a party to her leaving Baireuth. I advised her to consider seriously the step she wished to take, and not to enter on any negotiations before receiving satisfactory assurances from East Friesland. Should her cousin, the Hereditary Prince, have changed his mind, or should he no longer please her when she saw him again, she would, having once undertaken the journey for that purpose, feel herself bound in honour to marry him. I entreated her to reflect well over it all. Princess Wilhelmine answered that she had considered it all well, and weighed every point, and I must therefore bear her great ill-will to desert her in this manner. Upon this she began to cry, and renewed her entreaties, till I at last gave way and promised her to speak to the Margrave. When I did so my father-in-law was much surprised, and sent for his daughter, who agreed with me in all I had said, and pressed him to grant her request. He at last consented, but only on condition that he should first receive the necessary assurances with respect to the marriage. He said he would write

that very evening to the Princess of Friesland on the subject.

About this time the Emperor had gone to Carlsbad for the health of the Empress. Their only son had died in 1716, and they had left only three daughters. People hoped Carlsbad would restore the Empress' health, and that consequently another son might yet be born to them. This was the earnest hope of the whole of Germany. Several evil advisers induced my father-in-law to go to Carlsbad and pay his respects to the Emperor. The Hereditary Prince was most desirous of accompanying his father, and received a reluctant permission to do so. They started at last, with a small suite, and returned home again after a fortnight. The Emperor and Empress had taken a great deal of notice of my husband, and had talked almost entirely to him. The Prince had, on the other hand, been very much bored, as the Margrave would not allow him to mix with the society at Carlsbad. After my father-in-law and Prince Henry's return, we all went to the "Hermitage," a perfectly unique country seat near Baireuth. After the Margrave's death my husband made a present of it to me, and I did a great deal to it. The Hermitage was afterwards considered one of the most beautiful castles in Germany. I will give a description of it later on. During our stay at the "Hermitage," the Princess of Weikersheim paid me a visit. She was first cousin to the Empress, and had married the Prince Hohenlohe-Weikersheim. His first wife had been a Princess of Culmbach, the Margrave of Baireuth's sister. The Princess of Weikersheim was ugly, but she seemed to me to be very clever. The Margrave was exceedingly fond of her, and she had great influence with him. Poor Princess Charlotte was in a most depressed state, and often complained to me of the ill-treatment she received from her father and sister. She had really much to bear from them, for the Margrave disliked her, and Princess Wilhelmine, who was of a very jealous

nature, treated her sister like a common servant. I was unable to make the poor Princess' position any pleasanter. She knew the Princess of Weikersheim, and confided her woes to her. This Princess offered to take her with her for three weeks, till such time as Princess Wilhelmine should have left Baireuth. The Princess of East Friesland had answered the Margrave that nothing would please her more than a marriage between their respective children. She expected her niece's arrival with impatience ; and should the young people please each other on nearer acquaintance, the betrothal was then to be announced. The Margrave was overjoyed at the prospect of getting rid of his eldest daughter. He came at once and told me that she would leave in a few days with the Princess Weikersheim.

The great friendship existing between my husband and Princess Wilhelmine gradually cooled down. He had reason to find fault with her general conduct, added to which her constant intrigues and the ill-natured things she was always saying of me made him very angry. The Hereditary Prince now scarcely left my side, and was full of tenderness and attention towards me. I imagined this change of manner had in some measure been caused by Princess Wilhelmine's intention of going to East Friesland. Up to this time she had flattered herself that she was all powerful with her brother, and had succeeded in making me quite subordinate to her. Finding out, however, that she had made a great mistake, she preferred marriage with the Prince of East Friesland to remaining at Baireuth. She accordingly took her departure, and was much missed by her father and the scandal-mongers of the Court. The Margrave accompanied his daughter as far as Himmelscron, where he took leave of her. The Hereditary Prince and I remained at the "Hermitage," where we spent some quiet days. Our peaceful existence was not of long duration, for the Margrave's return put an end to it. Not a day passed that I was not annoyed

in some way or other, and I lived in a state of perpetual constraint.

M. von Burstell had returned to Berlin much displeased with the Margrave, who had, before his departure, treated him most unbecomingly. In spite of my entreaties, he informed my father of all that had taken place. The King had a very tender heart, and the description of my position at Baireuth distressed him greatly, more especially the accounts of my wretched state of health. He himself wrote me a most touching letter. This was a mark of favour shown only to those for whom he really had an affection. He wrote as follows: "I am much grieved, dearest daughter, to hear how much you are teased and plagued. Though you have yourself never mentioned it to me, I am well aware that you are quite ill through it all. It is absolutely necessary that you should come here to your loving parents. I will have comfortable apartments prepared for you so that your confinement may take place here. You can count on my friendship and affection as long as I live, and I will provide for you in every way." These are my father's own words. I received many similar letters from him.

I was as ill as possible. My patience and Prince Henry's was nearly exhausted. We could not stir without the Margrave's permission. If the Prince rode out two days running there was no end to the scoldings, and he was told that he ruined the horses, and should have no more to ride. If he went out shooting he was informed that he disturbed the game. If he stayed at home he was accused of making plots and intrigues. In one word, whatever he did or said was considered a crime. We were held up to scorn and derision. To escape from all this we determined to go to Berlin. I therefore begged the King to write to the Margrave on the subject. He did so most urgently, and my father-in-law at once granted us permission. This alone, however, was not of much use, for we had no money, and no one would lend us

any. Berlin was forty-two German miles* from Baireuth. My state of health compelled us to travel by short stages, so that it would certainly take us ten days to reach Berlin. I spoke to the Margrave on the subject, and he said he would procure the money necessary for the journey, and told me not to trouble about it. Next day he sent me word that he had had one thousand florins put to my account. This sum would have covered only half the expense of the journey. I collected the other half from my ladies' purses and my poor servants'.

Many people blamed my father-in-law for allowing me to undertake this journey in my present condition. It was now the end of June, and I expected my confinement in August. The people of Baireuth were loud in their complaints, for they wished much for an heir to the Principality. The Margrave was at Himmelscron, his favourite residence, and as it was on the road to Berlin we were to take leave of him there. He attached the greatest importance to what the world said of him, and as he wished to justify himself in the eyes of the public for letting me undertake this journey he sent M. von Dobeneck to see me, and try and persuade me to remain at Baireuth. He did not, however, succeed in his mission. I thanked him most civilly for the kind messages he brought me from the Margrave, but remained firm in my intentions to go to Berlin. I excused myself for doing so by explaining to him how great my longing was to see my family again, and by mentioning that the King looked on my visit as a settled thing. We started next morning, and arrived at Himmelscron that same evening. The Margrave received us most kindly and with every mark of affection. A Hessian gentleman, M. von Babenhausen, happened to be at Himmelscron the day we were there. He was an honest, clever man, who at once knew with what people he had to

* Eighty-eight English miles.

deal. He had never seen me before, but thought me looking so ill that he endeavoured to induce the Margrave to prevent my continuing my journey. My father-in-law's physician also urged the necessity of my remaining, saying that if I went to Berlin my coffin would have to be prepared for me. Representations were made to the Hereditary Prince on the subject, and indeed circumstances all combined to put an end to my project. I was, fortunately as it turned out, obliged to give up the journey and return to Baireuth.

I was indeed in a deplorable condition, and tormented by bodily sufferings. The doctors were very stupid and refused to bleed me.

Himmelscron had formerly been a convent. After it had become Protestant the Abbess gave her nuns their freedom, and on her death Himmelscron fell to Culmbach. It is very prettily situated, and a new wing has been added to the old building. The house itself was very comfortable, but there were no walks round about it. There is only a mall, which is nearly as fine as that at Utrecht. The Margrave had made a heronry, and the birds could be seen from the castle. Life at Himmelscron was dull in the extreme. There was nobody to converse with, and the whole day long one was disturbed by the perpetual blowing of horns. This dreadful noise disturbed the only relaxation I enjoyed, namely being read aloud to. Mademoiselle von Marwitz, Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's niece, was my reader.

This young lady's education had been provided for by Countess Finkenstein. She had fallen into bad hands, was wanting in manner as well as in grace, and was besides extremely frivolous. She had become much attached to me, and endeavoured to please me in every way she could. I was much touched at this, and determined to try and educate her, or rather to supply these wants in her education. I succeeded far beyond my expectations, and in the course of these memoirs shall often have occasion to speak of Made-

moiselle von Marwitz. We remained for weeks at this tiresome place, Himmelscron, till it seemed to me as if we had been there for centuries. At last a large shooting party which assembled at Selb, a small town on the borders of Bohemia, brought us some change. The Margrave and his son went to Selb, and I returned to the "Hermitage." I arrived there so ill that my premature confinement was hourly expected. My good constitution, however, and the loving care and attention I received prevented it, and I felt better next day.

In the evening a message reached me from the King, my father, saying that he hoped to arrive at the "Hermitage" in two days. This joyful intelligence did much towards restoring my failing strength. My father came from Prague. He had had a meeting with the Emperor at a small village called Altdorf, not far from that city. A large room had been built for the purpose, with two separate entrances. It had been intended that the Emperor and Empress and the King should arrive simultaneously, and that the two Sovereigns should enter the room by their respective doors. However, in spite of all that had been arranged, my father arrived two hours before the appointed time, and on the Emperor's arrival came forward in the most friendly manner to greet him. This was quite contrary to the prescribed etiquette, and Grumkow has often since told me how annoyed he was that my father should have acted in a manner derogatory to his dignity. As soon as I heard of my father's intention of coming to the "Hermitage," I let the Margrave know of it. He sent me back word to have everything prepared for the King's reception, and that he himself would meet him at Selb, which was on the King's road, and accompany him to the "Hermitage." This was quite a small castle. It had one large room with two smaller ones attached to it in the main building, and the two wings each contained four small rooms or rather cells. When the Margrave and ourselves lived there it was already a tight squeeze. About a hundred

yards from it was the dairy farm, where a small but comfortable house had been built. I had this arranged for the Margrave, and prepared some rooms in the castle for the King. Margrave Albert, brother of the King, and the Prince of Gotha, who were to accompany him, I intended to lodge in the same house with my father-in-law. I thought and hoped I had arranged all to everybody's satisfaction, when a circumstance arose which caused me great annoyance.

The evening before the King's arrival M. von Bindemann, the only gentleman left in attendance on myself, received a messenger announcing the arrival that evening of the Margrave of Anspach and his wife accompanied by a suite of a hundred persons. Bindemann was an excellent man, but certainly had not invented gunpowder. When he was, therefore, confronted with the difficulty of how to lodge these new and unexpected guests he completely lost his head. He informed Baron von Seckendorf, Chamberlain to the Margrave of Anspach, that although his master was delighted at the visit and would receive it with pleasure, it would, at this moment, be most inconvenient. There was already difficulty enough in finding suitable accommodation for the King, so that it was impossible to find room for the Margrave and Margravine and their suite. Bindemann told me only next day of my sister's visit. I instantly sent my father-in-law word of it and begged for instructions as to where the party were to be lodged. I represented to him how much offended both my sister and the Margrave would be if they had not apartments at the Hermitage. As there were, however, no more unoccupied rooms in the castle, I proposed they should go to Monplaisir, the house at the farm. I said I would give up my own rooms to my father-in-law and live with my husband in his apartments. I felt sure he would not agree to this plan, and I could not have carried it out, as I was too ill to leave my bed. My father-in-law answered me in a few hours, saying he would not hear of my turning out of my rooms,

and that I was to have one of the small cells in one of the wings prepared for him.

When the evening came, I left my bed with the utmost exertion, and went, weak as I was, into the avenue to meet my sister. It was already past eight o'clock, and no one arrived. I sent off numerous messengers on horseback to find out what caused the delay, as I feared some accident had happened. I waited in vain till past ten, when M. von Bindemann observing my anxiety, smilingly said to me that I could be quite easy, as my sister would not come. I was greatly surprised at this remark, and asked him how he knew this. Upon which he answered, "Because I let Chamberlain von Seckendorf know so and so. I expect they will have turned back." He said this referring to the message he had sent, which I mentioned before. Although I had not looked forward to the visit of my Anspach relations with any particular pleasure, as I knew my brother-in-law would have disputes with the King, still Bindemann's stupidity vexed me much. I foresaw the results, and was not mistaken in them. Soon after, Baron von Seckendorf arrived. He was a bad man, and the cause of all my sister's unhappiness. He it was that had sown disunion between her and her husband. He brought me very angry messages, and said that he had never known anybody treat a member of the Royal family in such a manner. He told me that my sister was furious with me, and that this occurrence would make a lasting breach between the two families. My sister had declared that she would never set her foot in Baireuth. Baron von Seckendorf then added that he was on his way to the King to inform him of the insult the Margrave and Margravine had received. It had been by the King's desire that they were coming to the Hermitage, and that he was sure my father would greatly blame my behaviour.

I explained Bindemann's conduct to him, and sent him to Monplaisir that he might see for himself with what trouble

I had arranged everything for my sister's reception. I also sent the postmaster word not to let Seckendorf have any horses under any pretext whatever. I did this purposely in order that, should it be true that he was sent with a message to the King, he might be unable to leave the Hermitage. I at once informed my father-in-law of this most annoying occurrence, and sent for M. von Gleichen, who lived only a few miles off. I entrusted him with letters to the Margrave and my sister, and sent him straight off to Anspach. My letters contained many apologies that such a sad misunderstanding should have taken place, and I at the same time sent them a pressing invitation to come to the Hermitage. I further entreated M. von Gleichen to be sure and see that the whole matter was cleared up. I spent a cruel night. My father was the only support I had on earth, and I saw the moment arrive when he might again treat me unkindly, which would be far more painful to me were it to happen at Baireuth than at Berlin. His anger was only too easily roused, and I knew the Margrave of Anspach would do all he could to provoke it. M. von Gleichen returned in two hours, bringing me most kind answers to my letters, but a decided refusal to my invitation. He assured me that he had been able entirely to exonerate me in the eyes of my sister and brother-in-law, but that they would not believe that M. von Bindemann had not acted by my father-in-law's orders.

The King arrived on the 6th August. He received me most graciously, but seemed much moved by the painful alteration in my appearance. He would not let me accompany him to his room, but insisted on taking me to mine. I kissed his dear hands over and over again, and never wearied of showing him my great joy at seeing him again. As soon as I was alone with him, I told him in the most natural way possible all about the unfortunate misunderstanding with my Anspach relations, and begged him to set matters right with them. I also showed him the letters M. von Gleichen had

brought me. My father said, "It is very annoying that Bindemann should have been so stupid, but still more so that you should have to do with people who have no common sense. The Margrave of Anspach fancies himself a second Louis XV., and he thinks you should have come and made your excuses in person to him. He is a fool: I am very glad you took the initiative. I shall let them know they are to come here, and if they will not, then the devil take them!" My father then left me, and desired Baron von Seckendorf to send off a messenger at once to Anspach, to tell his children to come and see him. Grumkow and the Austrian minister, Seckendorf, were in the King's suite. I received them very graciously. They brought me many flattering messages from the Empress, who had spoken of me in most laudatory terms. The King, who had been listening to the conversation, now came up to where we were standing and said, "You have every reason to be grateful to the Empress, my dear daughter: you should write and express your gratitude to her." I answered him that I should gladly follow his advice. We then went to dinner. I sat on my father's right side and the Margrave of Baireuth on his left. The King was in excellent spirits, but on my leaving the room, as I was feeling ill, he got terribly anxious, fearing I was going to die.

Next morning I got up very early and showed my father all the walks round the Hermitage, which he thought very pretty, especially a little grotto which I had arranged as a "Tabagie." The King was much pleased, and said, "You have given yourself endless trouble, and have shown me every possible attention. I might fancy myself at Potsdam, the rooms are so like mine there, and you have placed the same tables and chairs in them as I always use." I had really taken great pains, and yet gone to no great expense, as my father always only used wooden chairs. These had to be so high that his feet should scarcely touch the ground. I had

also placed two large tubs with water in my father's room, which he used for washing. I do not think there ever existed a person who was so particular about cleanliness. He washed himself at least twenty times a-day, while his rooms had always to be kept perfectly tidy, with no speck of dust allowed to be seen anywhere. The long walk I had taken with the King had greatly exhausted me, and I became so faint that all thought I was dying. Just at this time the celebrated doctor, Stahl, my father's own medical attendant, arrived at Baireuth. The Queen had sent him, as well as a midwife, to attend me in my confinement. Stahl was chiefly celebrated for his great knowledge of chemistry, in which science he had made great discoveries. His system of medicine was a very simple one. He maintained that all illnesses were caused by powers of imagination, and for this reason he never used but two remedies, which he always gave in every illness. In spite of this peculiarity, my parents had great faith in him. The King at once sent for him to see me. My father sat down near my bed, and made Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld do the same. He asked me how I got on with my father-in-law. I told him about everything, but begged him to treat the Margrave kindly, as otherwise my position would only become worse. The King pitied me very much and said, "I quite see you cannot possibly come to Berlin at this moment, but you must do so as soon as your confinement is over. Your Margrave can meanwhile go to his regiment, and when you are quite strong and well again you can follow him. I will undertake to provide for you and your people. I will also try and arrange matters in such a way that I may be able to give you more to live on. You must bring your child with you when you come, and I will have everything prepared for you. I cannot any longer tolerate the manner in which you are treated here. Your father-in-law and my son-in-law of Anspach are two madmen, who ought to be shut up. I will be civil to the old

man, but your sister and her husband shall be dealt with as they deserve." I entreated my father to spare my sister and the Margrave of Anspach. The former was already unhappy enough, and gentleness alone would improve matters. I feared my father's anger would only make the breach greater between us, and that she might accuse me of having made him angry with her. My father promised to do as I had begged him, and soon after this conversation my sister and the Margrave arrived. The King received them coldly. I had got up to attend the dinner, after which all retired to their rooms.

Next day my father spent the whole morning in scolding my sister. In the evening he went to the "Tabagie." The King's behaviour towards the Anspach Court had not improved its temper, and my father now began to cross-question the Margrave of Baireuth as to the condition of his country. The Margave found it very difficult to answer him as he knew but little about it, his acquaintance with business matters being very slight. The King reproached him with the state of disorder in which his affairs were, and told him that he allowed himself to be cheated. He also demanded an explanation from him respecting a capital of 30,000 thalers* which he had lent him to pay his debts with. The Margrave had not up to this time repaid the loan, and the King represented to him how his credit would suffer in consequence. "I excuse you," the King proceeded to say, "because you have only lately succeeded to the Government, and have been obliged to employ those whom you found entrusted with the management of the different departments. The time has however come when you ought to see things with your own eyes, and not trust to those of others. Your efforts will all be useless if you do not make your son acquainted with the state of affairs. You should let him take part in your

* £4,500.

deliberations, and let him work in the Government, so that he may become thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the Principality. Your son should then report to you daily, and there will be that advantage gained by it that your ministers will work twice as hard when they have their Prince as a colleague. You will then too no longer be cheated, as has been the case till now."

This speech did not at all please the Margrave. The King then said that he had given him this advice only on account of the love he bore them, and the respect he had for the Margrave himself. "Would you like me, my dear Margrave," my father continued, "to send you someone to help you out of your difficulties? Unless you take a stranger, who will look thoroughly into the affairs, and bring to light all the villainies that have been going on, you will never get things into order." Although the Margrave had been much offended by the King's remarks about the Hereditary Prince, he appeared to accept his offer gratefully, and hid his annoyance as best he could. My father then induced the Margrave to promise him solemnly that my husband and I should come to Berlin soon after the birth of my child. He said, "As they will be living there at my cost, your own expenses will be greatly reduced." The Margrave at once agreed to the proposal, and outwardly at least everything was on a harmonious footing. I took a tearful leave of my dear father that evening, who left next morning the 9th August. My Anspach relations remained with us that day. My brother-in-law the Margrave had fallen in love with Mademoiselle von Grumkow, and made no secret of it. This young lady was extremely flattered by the conquest she had made, and encouraged his attentions. She was tall and thin, very pale with a long face, and a nose like an eagle. She had beautiful teeth, and a fine figure. She was very amusing, most entertaining, but her tongue was sharp as a knife, and she spared no one. She was very proud and insolent, and her conduct was

extremely flighty. She made mischief wherever she could. With all these faults she combined an art of ingratiating herself with people, and she made many friends. My sister was terribly jealous of her husband's friendship for this girl, and was constantly in tears about it. I pitied her very much, yet as the girl was Grumkow's niece and I required her uncle's help, I had to be very careful how I behaved towards her. Soon after this my sister and her husband returned to Anspach, and I escaped from the difficulty.

No sooner had the King left us than my father-in-law vented his anger on my husband and myself. He began by reproaching me for having turned him out of Monplaisir to make room for my sister. He let me know through M. von Voit that he was not yet dead, and hoped to live some time longer if only to spite us, and that he was surprised at my giving myself the airs of a regent. It was all my doing, the Margrave said, that the King had spoken to him as he had. He would excuse me however, as he was aware I had acted by Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's advice, who he knew hated him. My father-in-law said he was tired of her constant intrigues and would therefore send her to the small fortress of Plassenburg, where she would have leisure to reflect on her want of respect towards him. I wondered at the patience with which I listened to this message. When Voit had ceased speaking, I broke out into all manner of abuse against the Margrave. I was so angry that I trembled all over. When I cooled down a little Voit advised me to write to my father-in-law or to ask the Prince of Culmbach (the Margrave's brother) to make peace between us. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld meanwhile laughed at the Margrave's threats against her. I followed Voit's advice and asked the Prince of Culmbach's help. This Prince blamed his brother's conduct towards me and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and assured me that he had already spoken to the Margrave very severely about it. To prove my entire

innocence, I showed the Prince of Culmbach the letters in which the Margrave distinctly commanded me to make all the necessary arrangements for our guests. He took these letters with him and showed them to my father-in-law, proving to him how extremely unjust he had been towards me. The Margrave upon this made me many excuses and pretended to regret his behaviour. This was all mere pretence on his part, and he was now bent on finding some other way of annoying me.

As my confinement was near at hand, it was thought desirable that I should return to Baireuth. I did so on the 20th August. I had at last succeeded in getting my bedroom newly furnished, and also one of my boudoirs, which I had decorated with china and carved wood-work. My rooms consequently looked much more cheerful and comfortable. The Margrave, who had returned to Baireuth at the same time as I had, came with his brother to see me next morning, and informed me that he was starting for Himmelscron, and should not return till after my confinement. I was unable to conceal my dissatisfaction at his leaving Baireuth, but I said I should be glad to know what his orders were before he left. "I shall be obliged to inform the King my father of the birth of my child, but he will not like only to receive the news through an ordinary messenger. I venture therefore to suggest to your Highness that M. von Voit should go to Berlin as soon as the event has taken place. He would pass Himmelscron on his way to Berlin and could then at the same time bring you the tidings." My father-in-law got very red in the face, and for a few moments made no reply. He then said, "As regards sending the news to Berlin I think your suggestion quite right and proper. It is however quite unnecessary to inform me of the event." I answered my father-in-law that if he did not wish to receive M. von Voit, we would send some other gentleman who was more agreeable to him. "I will have no one sent me," the Margrave replied, "I have ordered cannons to be

posted the whole way to Himmelscron, which will inform me much sooner than any messenger could." I answered that this would most likely be the case, but that I did not wish to fail in showing him every mark of respect, and therefore hoped he would let me do as I suggested. My father-in-law however insisted that he did not wish to stand on any ceremony with me. He hated formalities, he said, like death. He would let von Voit know he was to hold himself in readiness to start for Berlin whenever it was required. The Margrave then wished me good-bye, expressing his hope that I should get well over my confinement, with which remark he left me.

Fortunately the Prince of Culmbach had been present during this interview. I asked him why the Margrave behaved so strangely. He assured me it was merely a fit of bad temper: I must be patient with him and let him have his own way. I promised the Prince I would follow his advice, and then took leave of him.

I was taken ill on the 29th and continued in labour till the evening of the 31st August, when I was safely delivered of a daughter. My life had been in the utmost danger, and my attendants had despaired of saving me or my child. My poor husband had been in a terrible state of mind, as I was afterwards told. Nothing ever equalled his joy when he knew I was safe. He never asked after the child, all his thoughts were for me. He kissed my hands covering them with tears. Although the Margrave had been informed of my great peril, he had not thought fit to inquire after me. His brother on the other hand had sent hourly to hear how I was, proving to me how much he cared for me. M. von Voit left for Berlin immediately after the birth of the child, and all the cannon were fired. The clergy came to pray at my bedside, but I heard little of their prayers, as I was still so weak. Next day after some sleep my condition had much improved.

I was greatly suprised at receiving no inquiries from the Margrave. At last the Hereditary Prince had a note from his uncle congratulating him on my safety, and at the same time telling him he had informed the Margrave of the birth of his grandchild. The cannon had been so badly placed he said that the sound had not reached Himmelscron. The Prince of Culmbach said he would try and induce the Margrave to come to Baireuth that evening: he was in such a dreadful temper, that he had not dared speak to him about anything. My father-in-law however really came to Baireuth at six that evening. He sent at once for M. von Reitzenstein, and complained to him bitterly that his son and I had treated him disgracefully, and that he had been the last to be informed of my child's birth. He said his patience was exhausted, that he was master and could have his son shut up in a fortress any day he pleased, to teach him how to behave towards him. Poor M. von Reitzenstein, who knew of nothing, stood there struck with dismay. This dismay was only increased when the Margrave told him to go and tell all this in his name to the Hereditary Prince. Reitzenstein refused to deliver these messages. He waited a few moments till the Margrave had grown calmer, and then represented to him what harm he did his own reputation by treating me so badly. It was doubly wrong at the present moment, for I was not out of danger and any agitation might kill me.

With respect to Prince Henry, Reitzenstein said he knew that he would never be wanting in respect towards the Margrave. He advised my father-in-law to enquire how the mistake had arisen, because he felt sure it must be some misunderstanding. At this moment the Prince of of Culmbach entered the room and took my part most warmly. He reminded the Margrave of the conversation he had had with me in his presence on that very subject. My father-in-law was much taken aback at this, as he had not

been aware that the Prince had been in the room at the time. He was very much ashamed at his memory having failed him on this occasion, but he was losing it more and more daily. The Margrave at once sent for his son whom he received courteously, and then came to see me. He treated me very coldly, and it was quite apparent that his civil speeches were by no means sincere. He told me it was the custom to have the child christened on the third day after its birth, and that therefore the ceremony must take place next morning. I answered my father-in-law that he must do as he thought best, but that I was too weak to see anyone or to receive congratulations. He replied that it was not at all necessary, that I had only to tell him whom I wished to have as sponsors. At first I refused to name any, but at last I mentioned the following, the Empress, my parents, the Queen of Denmark (the Margrave's sister), the dowager Princess of Culmbach (the Margrave's mother), my brother, my sister of Anspach, and the Prince of Culmbach. The Margrave expressed himself very much satisfied with these sponsors and then left me.

Next day trumpets and drums announced that the Margrave with his whole Court and Princess Charlotte, who had just returned from Weikersheim, would proceed to my apartments. Princess Charlotte carried the child and held it during the ceremony. The whole procession went from my room to the audience chamber where the christening took place. After the ceremony was over, cannons were fired and the child was brought back to my room. Then a great banquet was held, followed by a ball in the evening.

A fortnight later Prince William of Culmbach, my husband's brother, arrived at Baireuth. He had just returned from his travels through France and Holland. My husband, whose kind heart made him cling to all his relations, was delighted to see him again. He brought him at once to my room. Prince William was twenty years old, but not taller than a boy of fourteen. He had a handsome face, but not an

agreeable expression, and was fairly well proportioned, but was as childish in his behaviour as in stature. He was not clever, having studied at Utrecht, with little advantage to himself. He was very absent and flighty, and had talent for nothing else but catching flies. He was certainly good-natured, but probably more so by nature than principle. The Hereditary Prince and I did all we could to help him on during his short stay at Baireuth, but we met with little success. He was Colonel in the Imperial army, and his regiment was quartered in Italy. He was now on his way there, but was to stay a short time with his uncle at Vienna. I shall always mention him in the course of these memoirs as Prince William.

M. von Voit returned at this time from Berlin, bringing me very affectionate letters from my parents. Voit told me the birth of my child and my safety had caused universal joy at Berlin. The King and Crown Prince had spoken in the tenderest manner of me.

I was just beginning to enjoy a little peace and quiet when the Hereditary Prince received a letter from the King which threw us into great agitation. My father reminded Prince Henry of our promise to come to Berlin, and ordered him to rejoin his regiment at once. He said we could rely on his friendship and the proofs he would give us of it. This was a terrible blow for me. I loved my husband passionately, and our marriage was really a happy one. He was my only comfort on earth, and now I was to be separated from him, only three weeks after our child's birth, and probably for a long time. There was nothing to be done unless we wished to quarrel with the King. We could not afford to do that, for we needed his help and protection. The only thing we could do was to postpone the evil day as long as we could. The Margrave pretended to grieve much at our approaching departure, but he was secretly enchanted at it, as he longed to get rid of us.

My husband started on the 2nd October, paying all the expenses of his journey himself. The grief at parting from him made me very ill, and my health never entirely recovered from the shock. I grew dreadfully thin, and cried all night. Every evening I held receptions in my rooms, at which all the family appeared. Cards were played, otherwise these parties were fearfully dull. I had no one to speak to but the Prince of Culmbach, who was my only companion. By degrees I grew calmer, till another letter from the King upset me afresh. He said he wished me to go to my sister at Anspach. He knew she would be offended if I did not do so, as I owed her a visit. It was very necessary to keep on good terms, and as I was the more reasonable of the two, I must do all in my power to keep up a good understanding between the two families. After my return to Baireuth I was to come to Berlin, where I should be received with open arms. This was all very right and good, but I had no money, and the Hereditary Prince's journey to Berlin had exhausted all the means at our command. Then, too, I did not know what to do with my daughter. I did not like leaving her behind alone. At last I thought it best to send the King's letter to the Margrave. He sent me word through M. von Voit that he entirely agreed with its contents, and that I was free to do whatever I thought best. I thereupon spoke to my father-in-law myself, and begged him for some money to help me with my journey. I said how much I disliked having to make this request, but that necessity forced me to do so. I had not even the means to procure absolute necessaries. I represented to him that I could not leave my daughter alone with her nurses. It was equally impossible for me to take her to Berlin as the weather was already too cold. I was therefore anxious to find a lady in whose charge I could leave her, and who would afterwards be able to direct her education. The Margrave replied that he would take it all into consideration, and would let me have

an answer through M. von Voit next day. The answer was in every way worthy of the Margrave. He desired me to be told that there was no mention in my marriage treaty of the daughters I might bring into the world nor of the journeys which I might undertake. The outlay caused by his youngest son's journey and his joining the army, had caused great disorder in his finances. He was therefore unable to help me. It seemed to him that the King was bound to pay for my journey as he had invited me to come to Berlin. I was in despair. I wrote at once to Berlin, and as I had to wait for the answer I was obliged to postpone my journey, much as I longed to see my husband again. As I did not for a moment doubt that the King would send me some money. I took 2,000 thalers (£300), which I had invested, for my present use. It was all I possessed in the world. It had been given me by my brother; for since his engagement to the Princess of Brunswick he had been receiving large sums of money from Austria.

On the 12th October I was churched. A *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel of the castle, the cannons were fired, and in the evening there was a ball. I had no heart for anything, for I was oppressed with grief and trouble. Still I did have one happy moment that evening, and that was on receiving a letter from the Hereditary Prince, telling me of his safe arrival at Berlin, where he had been very well received by the King and Queen. He wrote how much and how impatiently he longed to see me again, and that he was about to join his regiment, but should wait till my arrival at Berlin before he did so. Every one assured him, my brother as well as the rest, that the King would receive us with every mark of special affection. My father had told my husband I must obey his wishes and go to Anspach. My husband hoped I would go there without delay in order that we might meet the sooner. He had no need to urge this reason on me, for I was only too desirous of seeing him again. I required time

however to settle things at Baireuth. I had several good days just at this time—I call them good days, because I was spared the pleasure of having to see the Margrave. He was indisposed and the doctors had bled him.

Another tiresome personage made up for the Margrave's absence, my father-in-law's other brother, whom I will call the Prince of Neustadt, as he always lived there. He was Colonel of a Danish regiment, and had come from Copenhagen to get married, as we found out afterwards. He let the Margrave know that he was coming to Baireuth for a few days. This Prince was the least desirable member of the family. The Margrave could not bear him, and when I have given his description, nobody can blame my father-in-law. The Margrave took but little notice of his proposed visit, and as I was to leave in a few days, begged his brother to postpone his visit till after my return. Unfortunately the Prince of Neustadt never got the Margrave's message till just as he was nearing Baireuth. The weather and the roads would have excused him for not turning back again, but he was so much offended with the Margrave's note that he continued his journey to Baireuth purposely to spite his brother. Instead of coming to the castle he lodged at the Town Hall and never went near any member of the family. The Margrave invited him several times to the castle, where rooms were prepared for him. The Prince of Neustadt answered that after the insult offered him by his brother he refused to come and see him. The whole day was spent in sending messages to and fro between the brothers. At last the Margrave decided that the best thing to do would be to send his son Prince William to fetch him.

At last this charming personage made his entry to the castle. The Prince of Neustadt was neither tall nor short, and was well grown. He had eyes like a pig, an enormous mouth, and very short thin lips which hid neither his gums nor his teeth. Besides this he always kept his mouth wide

open, so that one could see half down his throat. He had fair hair, and was altogether most repulsive in appearance. He was half silly, and could not be trusted out of one's sight. I tried to see as little as I could of this terrible being, and left him to be entertained by Princess Charlotte and Prince William.

The Margrave had taken it into his head that he would like his whole family assembled round him, for which purpose he had invited his eldest daughter the Princess of Taxis to come to Baireuth. Princess Wilhelmine was much dissatisfied with her stay in East Friesland. She had spoilt her prospects by the haughty manner in which she had treated the Prince, the Princesses and her aunt. Her marriage instead of being settled was on the point of being broken off, and the Princess implored to be allowed to return to Baireuth. When the Margrave was told of the state of affairs, he decided that if the marriage were entirely broken off Princess Wilhelmine should go to Denmark before returning home. He would then be able to say that she had been visiting all her relations. At this very moment two offers of marriage were made to Princess Charlotte. One by the Prince of Weissenfels, who has so often been mentioned as a suitor for my hand, and the other by the Prince of Usingen. Princess Charlotte preferred this latter. In spite of all my endeavours to get the marriage settled, the Margrave refused both offers. He did not wish to marry his younger daughter before the elder. I had no voice in the matter, for the Margrave hated me, and let me feel it on every possible occasion, and tormented me when he could. He grumbled all day long at the Hereditary Prince and made a great favourite of Prince William, which made me furious.

I started at last on the 21st for Anspach. The direct road lay through Erlangen, where the widow of my father-in-law's predecessor, Margrave George William, lived. I was curious to see this place as I had been told much about it, and it had

originally been mentioned as our place of abode. M. von Fischer, who lived there, had disapproved of the plan, and it was therefore decided that the Prince and I should live at Baireuth itself. The first evening, after travelling over a very bad road, I reached a small village called Baiersdorf. I was there received by M. von Fischer, M. von Egloffstein, a member of the nobility of those parts, and Lieutenant-General M. von Bassewitz, who commanded in Franconia. All these gentlemen welcomed me most kindly. M. von Fischer whispered to me that the Margrave had desired I should be received with the same marks of honour as were shown to himself. Fischer was also desired to inform the Margravine of my arrival and to take care that I had precedence given me by her and was treated as my rank demanded. M. von Fischer said he had not been able to induce the Margravine to agree to this, for she insisted on treating me only as Hereditary Princess and not as a king's daughter.

Fischer had therefore directed that my dinner should be served in my rooms at the castle, and advised me not to see the Margravine at all. He hoped by that means to humiliate her. I answered that I was quite satisfied to follow his advice, and that I had no wish to make her acquaintance. I had scarcely made this remark when the Margravine's Lord Chamberlain was announced, who was desired to welcome me in his mistress' name. I received him at once. He made a long speech of half an hour's length during which he stuttered and hesitated, and at last ended up by saying that the Margravine was on the point of getting into her carriage to come and herself invite me to Erlangen. She hoped I would have supper there with her that evening. I declined the visit and supper as civilly as I could, excusing myself on the score of fatigue, and a wish to dine at Erlangen next day. M. von Fischer now came forward and said, "Her Royal Highness will go to Erlangen, if the Margravine will receive her with the respect due to her exalted rank, otherwise it will be

impossible for her to dine at the same table, and dinner must be served in her own rooms." The Lord Chamberlain replied that his Princess would never forget what was owing to the daughter of so great a sovereign as the King, and would have dinner served in her own rooms. I at once sent one of my gentlemen to return the visit, and then went to supper. M. von Fischer held forth the whole time, praising Prince William to the skies. He never even mentioned my husband, which annoyed me to such an extent that I left the supper-table before I had half finished eating.

I left next morning at ten o'clock, and was escorted by two companies of Baiersdorfen and Erlangen Cavalry. All the gentlemen that had received me the previous evening followed in carriages, and many of the younger members of the nobility came to meet me on horseback. The townsfolk of Erlangen lined the streets. I thought Erlangen very pretty. It is charmingly situated, and the houses built in the newest style. The castle was built to correspond with the buildings of the town, and I should rather call it a country house. On one side is a large open "place" or square, and on the other a beautiful garden of very great extent. The sandy soil spoils much of its charm. This part of the Margravate is called the Lowlands as it has no mountains. The Margrave Christian Ernest built the town and established a French colony in it, to which it owes much of its refinement. The difference between Baireuth and Erlangen is very apparent, and though only at eight miles' distance from one another you might fancy yourself in quite another country. The town was very crowded, and everybody was anxious to see me. The people pushed so close up to my carriage that I was in terror lest some one should be hurt.

At last I reached the castle. The Margravine and her whole Court received me at the foot of the stairs. After the usual compliments had been paid, M. von Voit gave me his hand and led me to my rooms. The Margravine followed

me. She was the sister of Prince John Adolphus of Weissenfels, who has so often been named in this narrative. She is said to have been very beautiful in her youth. Her married life with the Margrave George William had been a most unhappy one. The Margravine might certainly have been mentioned among the celebrated women of ancient history, for in her life she was without doubt the Laïs of the century. She was never very clever, and was thirty-eight years old when I saw her, very stout but well proportioned. Her face was long, as was her nose, which was so red as to disfigure her. She had beautifully-shaped eyes but they were rather dim, and false black eyebrows, a large well-shaped mouth, and splendid white teeth. Her complexion was very fair but faded. Altogether she looked like a stage queen, and behaved herself like one. Yet on the whole her appearance was very striking.

We sat down on armchairs. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Margravine from sitting on a "tabouret," as she insisted on doing. Our conversation was most dull and uninteresting. I answered all her civil speeches in the most gracious manner possible. She expressed her pleasure in making my acquaintance: she had been very frightened beforehand, she said, as she had been told I was very proud and haughty, and would treat her without the least consideration. The Margravine presented to me her Mistress of the Robes, at least to the lady who acted in that capacity, and also her Ladies-in-waiting, twin sisters. They were both very short and round as balls. As they stooped down to kiss the hem of my dress, they lost their balance, and fell down rolling across the room. I could not help laughing at this extraordinary scene. I never saw such ugly people at any Court in my life before. I think the Margravine must have collected all the monsters in the land, in order to enhance her own personal charms.

At last we went to dinner. I had the place of honour given

me at the top of the table. The Margravine seemed in a state of constant perplexity. M. von Egloffstein, who was her lover at that time (I say "at that time" because she constantly changed her admirers), had taught her never to open her mouth or to touch any dish, without first asking his advice. After dinner was over I went to the Margravine's room, where we had coffee and where all the ladies from the town were presented to me. There were among them some very amiable people, but as I was much pressed for time and anxious to proceed on my journey, I was unable to make their nearer acquaintance. In spite of my endeavours to prevent her doing so, the Margravine insisted on accompanying me to the foot of the stairs. M. von Egloffstein had told her to do so, she said, and she always did whatever he wished.

I arrived at Carlsburg late that evening, and was there met by some gentlemen and servants from Anspach. Next day at seven in the evening I reached Anspach.

My sister and her husband received me with every mark of affection, and I returned their greetings most warmly, for I was greatly pleased at their behaviour. Great dinners were given in my honour as long as I remained at Anspach. I could never persuade them to treat me merely as a relation. The castle, which is faulty in its construction, and has very inconvenient entrances, is otherwise very comfortable. It is a handsome building and quite modern, very prettily decorated and furnished. The Court is a large one, and much in the same style as that at Baireuth, with the one exception that French is talked at it. In the evening there was a ball to which forty-two couples were invited. The ladies were of different grades of society, but were decidedly superior to those at Baireuth.

My sister was expecting to be confined, which caused universal satisfaction throughout the country. She was on very bad terms with her husband, whose constant flirtations were a source of unceasing annoyance to her. I endeavoured

to be as courteous as possible to everybody I met at Anspach, and made many friends. Even the Margrave was most friendly towards me, and this good understanding between us was of great service to my sister in the future.

My brother-in-law was to go to Pommersberg, to have an interview with the Bishop of Bamberg. As my road lay in the same direction, we left on the 28th, and travelled together as far as Baiersdorf, where he left me and I spent the night. I there found a letter awaiting me from the King. It was in answer to the one I had written to him begging him for some money for my journey, and for a lady in whose charge I could leave my daughter. The letter, which was not in my father's own handwriting, read as follows :—

"Dear Daughter,

"I have received your letter. I am much distressed that you have such incessant worries, and that the money for your journey has been refused you. I have written a very strong letter to your old fool of a father-in-law, and told him to supply you with the necessary means. Flora von Sonnsfeld had better remain with little Frederica* and this will save the expense of having a governess for her. I am impatiently expecting your arrival," &c.

This letter caused me great dismay, for I saw that I should be placed so to speak between two stools. At the same time I received another letter from the Hereditary Prince which comforted me somewhat. He wrote to me that my brother was moving heaven and earth to induce the King to grant me some money. Also that the Queen had greatly changed for the better in her feelings towards me, and was anxious to make my stay at Berlin as pleasant as possible. My mother wished me specially to be told this also, that she only spoke of

* The Margravine's little daughter.

the happiness of seeing me again. These fine words did not pacify me much, and I feared that the King had deceived me.

I arrived next day at Baireuth, but was to leave again in a few days to visit my aunt, the Duchess of Meiningen, at Coburg. I have always forgotten to mention that she had come to Baireuth purposely to thank me for the attentions I had shown her at Berlin. This wicked woman had been the cause of all the misfortunes that had overtaken Culmbach, for she had really plundered the unfortunate inhabitants. During the time she was married to Margrave Christian Ernest she had appropriated to herself all the treasures, and after his death had taken possession of the Allodial Estates. The castle was at that time beautifully furnished and decorated, and the Duchess, not satisfied with taking away all the contents, caused the woodwork to be broken and destroyed, as she was unable to carry that off too. She was very rich, and her fortune was at her sole disposal. She had promised to make me her heiress, and as I knew her friendly feelings for me, I determined to pay her a visit.

My father-in-law received me very kindly on my return to Baireuth, and asked me when I intended starting for Berlin. I answered that I had not yet received my answer from the King, and that I could not travel without money. I had thought it wiser not to mention the letter I received from my father at Baiersdorf. He on his part never made mention to me of the letter he had had from the King. "I am quite aware that all this is causing endless delay," the Margrave said, "and in order no longer to postpone your Royal Highness' departure, I had much rather sacrifice ten thousand florins." He said this in a most ironical tone, and I at once perceived how desirous he was of getting rid of me. I thanked him and said that as 2,000 thalers would suffice for my journey I gratefully accepted that sum. He promised to send me the money next day, but he had never meant to

keep his word, and I received only one thousand, which would scarcely pay for the necessary post-horses.

I left for Coburg on the 3rd November. I had only eight miles* to go, but the weather and the roads were so bad, that I arrived half dead from fatigue at eleven that night. I found my aunt dressed out as was her wont, with flowers and fringes. She received me most affectionately, calling me her "beloved niece." She had prepared her own rooms for my use. They were most richly decorated with silver. It made me very sad to see all these things, for they had the Brunswick arms on them, and I considered them stolen goods, as the Duchess had carried them off from their rightful owner. The castle was an old building resembling a fortress, and the tower was very ugly. My stay at Coburg lasted only one day, which I spent in working and talking to the Duchess. I never perceived the slightest signs of her intending to keep all her fine promises, indeed I was informed that she had never had the least intention of making me her heiress. I left Coburg on the 5th, shaking the dust off my feet as I did so.

I found the Margrave ill on my return to Baireuth. The disorderly life he led and his habits of intemperance had seriously affected his health. It was with the greatest trouble that I persuaded Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to remain with my daughter. The Margrave was now apparently very fond of her and treated her very kindly, so that at length she consented to take charge of the child. I was much surprised to observe that all the letters I now received from Berlin contradicted one another. My brother's letters were full of the brightest anticipations, whilst those from the Queen and Grumkow contained hints of a very disagreeable nature. I was greatly agitated at this. I had still hoped to see my sister-in-law the Princess of Taxis, who now however sent her father her excuses for not coming to Baireuth. She was

* Sixteen English miles.

ill, she said, and must postpone her visit. As there was no reason to delay my journey further, I started for Berlin on the 12th. I did not take a very tender leave of the Margrave, who could not conceal his pleasure at my departure.

My suite consisted of the Governess, Mademoiselle von Grumkow, Mademoiselle von Marwitz (whom I had taken as Lady-in-waiting), and M. von Seckendorf. Bindemann had left me, and the Margrave would not allow M. von Voit to accompany me. I intended making the journey in five days in order to arrive before the King left for Hamburg on the 17th. The weather was dreadful, and the roads were so bad that, in spite of all the haste I used, I got only as far as Hof which I reached at eleven at night. It was but six miles* from Baireuth. My luggage had not arrived, so that I had to lie down on a wretched bed without undressing. I scarcely slept all night. My things arrived only at two in the morning, and I desired that they might be sent on, in the hopes of my finding them ready for me next night. The next day's journey was a very long one. I left at three in the morning reaching Schleiz at noon. I had some refreshment brought to the carriage, for I would not alight as I was anxious to arrive early at Gera, which was two stations further on. The first stage I accomplished in four hours, and when I arrived at the second station found no horses although they had been ordered two days before. Only one other carriage accompanied me, which contained M. von Seckendorf and my maids. The Postmaster was much distressed, and begged me for God's sake not to proceed further as the roads were almost impassable.

"You will have to pass through a large wood," he said, "where people are daily being robbed and murdered, and as the same horses must take you on to Gera, you will not reach it till very late. I am obliged to tell you all this as I

* Twelve English miles.

cannot take the responsibility." I was extremely vexed at this advice. My Ladies wished us to spend the night in this village. But we had no beds, no cooks, and the only available house looked like a robber's cave, and was so dirty that it made one ill only to look into it. I therefore made up my mind at once and determined most heroically to continue my journey. I was really very frightened at heart.

Alas! the postmaster's advice was but too well justified. The roads were indeed awful, every moment we were in danger of being upset, and to make matters worse darkness was coming on rapidly. We had torches with us, but these unfortunately went out as we entered the wood, and this tended to increase the terror we were in. As we proceeded on our way, we heard whistling round about us. I trembled from fright, and the cold perspiration stood on my forehead. My Ladies were in much the same plight. At last at two in the night we reached Gera safely, but more dead than alive. The terrible agitation I had been in, though remaining outwardly calm, had made me seriously ill. My impatience to see the Hereditary Prince, however, restored my failing strength sufficiently to enable me to start again next morning, and I finally arrived at Berlin at eight o'clock on the evening of the 16th November.

Whether it was to punish me for my sins or not, I cannot tell, but the King had left that very day for Potsdam, and the Queen was occupied with her devotions. No one met me, although I had sent on a messenger to announce my arrival. It was pitch dark when I got out of the carriage, and I was so stiff from sitting still for so long a time that I fell full length on the ground. M. von Brand, one of the Queen's Chamberlains, who happened to be passing at the moment helped me up again and giving me his hand, led me to my room. Nobody received me except one of my sisters, who met me in one of the ante-chambers. Neither did I see my brother, and this added much to my discomposure. I caught

sight of the Queen in the distance in her bedroom where she was trying to make up her mind whether she would receive me in her audience room or not. She at last decided to do so. After having embraced me she led me to my husband. My joy at seeing him again made me quite forget the cruelty of my reception. My mother left me however not a moment to speak to him, but led me to her boudoir. When we had reached it, she threw herself into an armchair, and looking very coldly at me said, "What do you want here?" This was a terrible beginning and pierced me to the heart. At last I took courage and replied, "I have come here by the King's orders, and also to see my mother whom I adore, and the separation from whom is unbearable." "You had far better say, that you pierce her heart as it were with daggers," my mother interrupted me, "that you have come here in order to show all the world what a fool you were to marry a beggar. Why do you not remain at Baireuth, where you can hide your poverty, instead of making an exhibition of it here? I have told you before, that the King will do nothing for you, and that he has long ago repented of all the promises he made you. You will be a terrible nuisance to me with your everlasting complaints, and will be a trouble to all of us!" The impression these words made on me is easily to be conceived. I burst into tears, and fell on my knees before the Queen, kissing her hands. I endeavoured to soften her by tender words and entreaties. She let me be for half an hour at least without answering one word.

Moved at length by my tears, or by the feeling that she must outwardly at least show some semblance of kindness, she told me to get up, saying, "I will have pity on you and forget the past, but I advise you to behave differently for the future." The Queen then rose and left the room. I was beside myself with distress, and seeing one of the Queen's ladies, Mademoiselle von Pannewitz, who had been a great friend of mine, I fell on her neck, and wished to pour out

my woes to her. She, however, looked at me from head to foot, and scarcely even vouchsafed to answer me. All the Queen's other ladies received me in the same fashion, excepting Madame von Konnken, who entreated me to control myself saying all might yet change for the better. I did not dare address my husband. We looked sadly at each other. He observed that I had undergone some terrible agitation, and sighed in silence. Although I had had no food I was unable to eat a morsel, for my sister Charlotte did nothing else during supper but turn me into ridicule. Whenever she made any spiteful joke she received approving glances from the Queen. I took no notice whatever of her behaviour, though I was inwardly boiling over with anger. My other sisters, Sophie and Ulrika, whispered to me as we got up from supper how dearly they loved me, but that my mother had forbidden them to speak to me. In spite of my being dead tired the Queen kept me up till one in the morning. When the Hereditary Prince and I were at last left alone together, we gave free vent to our feelings, and poured out our woes to each other. I told him in the presence of my Governess how I had been received, whereupon she told us her own reception and that of my other ladies had been as bad.

I spent a miserable night! Next day I wrote to the King and informed him of my arrival. My brother's Master of the Horse brought me a letter, in which the Crown Prince wrote that he would come and see me in two days. The prospect of this visit cheered me. My affection for my brother was as great as ever, and he was now my only refuge. My sister Charlotte came to see me, but instead of speaking with me joked all the time with my husband. Everybody thought me terribly altered in appearance, and it was quite true, for I was nothing but skin and bone. This day the Queen was kinder to me. She no longer held receptions, but lived entirely with her children and her household. It was

a lonely existence, for she did not any longer receive even the Princesses of the Blood. Of an afternoon the Queen was read aloud to, whilst she worked, and in the evening she played cards. After dinner, coffee was drunk in her room, and then all took their leave with the exception of the lady that was on duty. This mode of life was not particularly cheerful. I received many visits, but they were more those of ceremony, as my visitors said many unamiable things to me.

The King came next day to Berlin. I had hoped that his presence would put an end to the miserable state of things, but alas, I was greatly mistaken. My father received me very coldly. He exclaimed on seeing me, "So here you are, I am glad to see you." He then led me up to the light and looking at me said, "How you are changed! How is little Frederica?" I replied that she kissed his hands. The King then continued, "I pity you both: you have not even bread, and if I did not help you where would you be? I too am a poor man, and cannot give you much, but I will try and see what I can do for you. I will give you from time to time ten thalers or florins, and that will be of some use. And you," my father said, turning to the Queen, "you can occasionally give her a dress, for the poor child has nothing to wear but what she has on at this moment!"

I thought this speech would have killed me, and I bitterly regretted the faith I had placed in the King's promises. Next day at dinner the King spoke in the same manner. The Hereditary Prince, who was present, blushed to the roots of his hair and replied that a Prince who possessed such a country as his own was could never be counted a beggar. His position was thus precarious only because he had a father who gave him no means of subsistence. In this he did not act very differently to other people. It was now my father's turn to get red, for he must have observed that my husband was alluding to the manner in which he had treated me and

my brother. At length next day I had the great joy of seeing this beloved brother. I was with the Queen as he entered the room. He was so overcome with joy at seeing me, that he did not say a word to her, but rushed forward to embrace me. Many and tender were our words of greeting. My brother was greatly surprised when I told him of the reception I had met with. He said that he could not understand it at all, and that he would speak with Grumkow and Seckendorf that very evening about it. He told me he was on the best possible footing with these two, and that he would beg them to find means of obliging the Queen to treat me properly. Whilst the Crown Prince and I were talking together the Queen was walking up and down the room with my sister Charlotte. We now approached my mother again and went to dinner with her. Whilst we were at table the Queen began to speak of the Princess of Brunswick. She turned to me and said, "Your brother is in despair at being obliged to marry her. And I can quite understand it. She is the silliest creature on earth, she can only say 'yes' and 'no,' and laughs so idiotically that it makes one quite ill." My sister Charlotte now interrupted her by saying, "But my dear mother is quite unaware of her other charms. I was present one morning when she was dressing, and it was terrible to see her. She is quite deformed: her stays are padded one side, as one hip is higher than the other." I was quite aghast at such things being said in my brother's presence of the Princess he was about to marry. I observed that he was very uncomfortable, and never uttered a word. This conversation was continued during the whole of dinner. After it, my brother bade the Queen good-night and I went to my room.

Next day the Crown Prince came to see me. He told me he had asked Grumkow and Seckendorf to speak to the King about my affairs, and that they had promised to consider what had best be done: when they had come to a

decision they would speak to me. If I approved of their plan, they would then speak to the King about it, and endeavour to get his consent. I asked the Crown Prince if he was satisfied with the King. He replied that his position changed daily. One day he was in favour with his father, and then the next in disgrace. The distance he lived from Berlin was a most fortunate circumstance. My brother said he led a most pleasant life at Ruppin, dividing his time between music and the study of the sciences. I then asked the Crown Prince if the picture the Queen had drawn of the Princess of Brunswick were a correct one, and expressed my surprise that such remarks should have been made about the Princess before him. My brother replied, "To be quite candid with you, my mother is by her constant intrigues the cause of all our troubles and unhappiness. Instead of keeping quiet after your marriage, and letting things rest, she opened fresh negotiations with England. She hoped to break off my sister Charlotte's engagement to Prince Charles of Bevern, and secure the Prince of Wales for her, and by that means to arrange my marriage with Princess Amelia of England. The result of this move was fresh quarrels between her and the King. Seckendorf then interfered, and to put an end to the whole business the King settled the marriage between the Princess of Brunswick and myself. Finding it impossible to alter my father's decision, the Queen now says everything that is ill of the Princess. She would like me to quarrel with the King by telling him that I cannot bear my future wife. I am not going to be as foolish as that. I really do not dislike her as much as I pretend to do. I only give out that I do, in order that my obedience to the King's wishes may have greater weight." The Crown Prince then continued, "The Princess of Brunswick is very pretty, with a complexion that can only be compared to roses and lilies. She has delicate features, and must be considered a very pretty girl. She dresses very badly, and her education has been greatly

neglected. I hope when the Princess comes here you will be kind to her, and will try and remedy some of the defects in her bringing up. I recommend her to you, and ask you to take her under your protection." I am sure that I need not say how gladly I promised my brother to do as he asked me.

The King told the Queen he had arranged that a company of German actors should visit Berlin, and he wished us to attend the representation given by them that evening. My father was so delighted with the performance that we were obliged to go to the theatre every night as long as these actors remained in Berlin. The performance lasted four hours, and you were obliged to sit as still as if in church. It was bitterly cold in the theatre. A few days later my brother told me Seckendorf wished to speak to me, and that I was to send for him secretly. The Crown Prince then added laughingly, "He is a good man, who sends me from time to time ships laden with gold. I have told him that he must send the same to you. I yesterday received one of these freights, which I am going to divide with you as a good brother should. My brother really brought me a thousand thalers next day, and promised me more. At first I refused to accept the sum, as I did not wish to become a burden on his purse. My brother, however, threw up his head in the air saying, "You can take it without fear. The Empress sends me as much money as I want, and I assure you I spend it all as quickly as I receive it."

My interview with Seckendorf placed me in a great difficulty. The Queen hated him more than ever. She had surrounded me with her spies, who watched me day and night, and told her everything I did, and even who came to see me. The Hereditary Prince, however, succeeded in introducing Seckendorf into my rooms without anyone else being aware of it. I described my position at Berlin to him as well as that at Baireuth. I have forgotten to mention that the Margrave, my father-in-law, thought most highly of

Seckendorf and had great confidence in him. Seckendorf shrugged his shoulders at the recital of my troubles, and replied, "I fear the evil is not to be remedied on either side. I know the Margrave thoroughly: he is false, deceitful, and very suspicious. His small mind is perpetually troubled by the fear that he may be forced to abdicate. It will require ages to put this idea out of his head, and when we have succeeded in this he will take up some new fancy, and we shall have all the trouble over again. I fear we cannot hope for any change. And now as regards the other side with whom we have to reckon. We have here to do with a sovereign whose idol is money. He cannot be led or influenced. If anything is to be obtained it will depend on the first impression made on him. He has long since repented the promises he made you at the Hermitage, and will try and pick some quarrel with you in order to have an excuse for not keeping them. Your Royal Highness must therefore arm yourself with patience. The Margrave's death alone can, in my opinion, alter your position for the better. He has never had good health, and it is to be hoped that he will soon drink himself to death."

Seckendorf then continued to say, "It is now time that I should deliver to your Royal Highness the messages with which the Empress has entrusted me. She has desired me to assure you of her great affection and respect for you. The very favourable description that has been made of your Royal Highness has greatly impressed the Empress. She will do all in her power to give you proofs of her friendship, and in return solicits your protection for the young Princess of Brunswick. The dislike the Crown Prince has manifested towards the Princess makes the Empress very anxious. She had much hoped she should see the young couple, happy and united, and that this marriage might strengthen the alliance between Austria and Prussia. The great love and friendship your brother bears you, and your influence with him are important

factors. The Empress feels that no one can do more in bringing about a better understanding between the Crown Prince and the Princess than your Royal Highness. She will be everlastingly grateful to you if you will help in this direction." I assured Seckendorf how truly sensible I was of the Empress' kind feelings towards me, and how much flattered I felt by them. I begged him to assure her that I considered it my duty, since my brother was engaged to her niece, to do all in my power to bring about a more satisfactory state of things between them. I then complained bitterly to Seckendorf of the manner in which the King treated me. He begged me not to distress myself about it. It was the King's way, he said, and could not be altered.

This conversation encouraged me. My husband and my brother were my only comfort, and alone diverted my sad thoughts. I should soon, however, have to part from the Crown Prince. He was to return to his regiment in a few days, and the King was to leave soon afterwards. My father desired my mother, before he left, to visit the theatre every evening during his absence. He was away only a short time, and then returned to Berlin, where he remained till after the New Year. The King amused himself during that time in visiting the theatre and in going out to all kinds of festivities. Grumkow and Seckendorf and the other Generals gave him big dinners, at which a great deal too much wine was drunk. My poor husband was obliged to be present on all these occasions.

The King really treated us shamefully. He scarcely looked at us, and if he did so it was only for the purpose of making unpleasant remarks. The Queen, on the other hand, was most affectionate in her manner towards the Hereditary Prince, whilst she vented all her anger on me. This was all my sister Charlotte's doing, who did nothing but speak ill of me to my mother, whilst she praised the Prince, with whom she pretended to be in love. My sister ruled the Queen so

entirely, that she often even treated her like a common servant. She was very jealous of my brother's friendship for me, and believed my husband would show her greater attention if I did not prevent him from doing so.

My health was failing more and more, I grew daily thinner, and at times could scarcely breathe. Besides this, I was in constant anxiety about my husband. He easily became feverish, and these constant dinners at which he was forced to drink more than he liked or was accustomed to, added to the daily annoyances and worries, did him much harm. One day he returned home from one of these famous dinner parties looking pale as death, and trembling all over with fury. I was terribly frightened at his appearance, and still more so when he suddenly fainted away. Although more dead than alive I rushed to his assistance. When he regained consciousness, he told me that he had had a fearful scene with the King. My father had on this occasion, contrary to his usual habit, not asked the Hereditary Prince to sit next him, but had placed Count Seckendorf between them. The King suddenly said, in quite a loud voice, so that the Prince could not help hearing it, "I cannot bear my son-in-law, he is a complete fool. I have given myself endless trouble to put some sense into his head, but all in vain. He is not even clever enough to drink a glass of wine, and nothing pleases or amuses him."

My husband, who could scarcely contain his anger and was just going to drink the King's health, turned round to Seckendorf and said, "I wish the King were not my father-in-law, for then I would soon show him that the fool is able to stop his mouth." Having said this, he took up his glass and putting it to his mouth said, "In the devil's name." The King became scarlet with rage, but said nothing, and all the others looked down. After dinner was over the King got into his carriage and drove home alone. In general my husband drove with him, but he did

not on this occasion ask him to do so. As there was no other carriage the Prince had to walk home on foot. It was a long way and the cold was intense. My husband was in such a state of fury as he gave me this account, that I feared every moment he would have a fit. I did not think he was in a condition to go to the theatre, and therefore begged the Queen kindly to exclude us both on the plea of indisposition. My mother sent me back word that my husband must put in an appearance that evening, for she could not otherwise answer for the consequences with the King. We were therefore obliged to accept the inevitable and go. I was crying bitterly and had pulled a hood far over my face to try and hide my agitation. The Prince was pale as death, and muttered to himself all the time. The King never spoke a word, and as soon as supper was over we retired to our rooms. My husband was very ill all night: he insisted on our at once returning to Baireuth, in which I entirely agreed with him. Grumkow and Seckendorf, who came to see him next morning, urged him strongly to reconsider his decision. He gave in to their wishes and consented to remain, after having obtained a promise from them to speak to the King and represent to him that he must behave differently towards the Hereditary Prince. As long as the King remained at Berlin my husband and he continued growling at each other. At length my father went to Potsdam, where we followed him on the 10th January, 1733.

The Hereditary Prince's health had suffered greatly: he grew very thin, and was tormented by a nasty dry cough. The remedies given him seemed to do him no good, and the doctors were seriously afraid he was going into a consumption. He could take no care of himself whatever. He had to be on parade every morning at ten o'clock, and we never got to bed till three in the morning. We spent four or five hours every evening listening to Montbaille's fairy tales, or to old legends of the Hanoverian family, all of which we knew by

heart. I had been in many painful and difficult positions during my life, but none to equal the present. I loved my husband so tenderly, and I saw him fading away, without being able to nurse him properly. I had so to speak nothing to live on, I was tormented and ill-treated on all sides, and was besides that myself constantly ill and suffering. My one happy thought was that of my death. Life had become such a burden to me that I longed for it to be over. I can say without exaggeration that for two years I had scarcely eaten anything else but a little dry bread, and I drank only water.

The King was greatly distressed at the King of Poland's death, which took place about this time. Grumkow had seen him a few days before he died at Frauenstadt, where he had gone to welcome him in my father's name. The King of Poland took an affectionate leave of him saying, "I shall never see you again." I do not know how it was, whether Grumkow was much struck by these words, or whether it was a coincidence, but at any rate Grumkow came to see my father the very day the King of Poland died, and told my father he was sure the King was dead. He had appeared to him in the night, pulled his bed-curtains aside, and looked at him fixedly. Grumkow said, "I was wide awake, and wanted to jump out of bed, but the apparition vanished." It turned out afterwards that the King of Poland had really died at the very hour at which he appeared to Grumkow.

My husband's illness increased at Potsdam. The fatigues, which were much greater there than at Berlin, were in great measure the cause of this. He had to be in the King's room every morning at nine o'clock, and I had to be with the Queen at ten. We then went with her to the State-room, which was never warmed, and remained there doing nothing till noon. After this we went to the King's private rooms to bid him good-morning, and then went to dinner, to which twenty-four guests were invited. The dinner consisted of

two dishes, the one vegetables, which were boiled in water, on the top of which floated some melted butter with chopped herbs; the pork and cabbage, of which every one got only a very small portion. Sometimes a goose was served or a tough old chicken, and on Sundays there was one sweet dish. A very long-winded person sat at the middle of the table over against the King, and narrated the news of the day, on which he then poured forth a flood of political nonsense which engendered a deadly weariness. After dinner the King sat in his arm-chair near the fire and went to sleep. The Queen and my sisters sat round him and listened to his snores. I always retired to my own rooms as soon as dinner was over. At three o'clock the King went out riding, and my husband and I went to the Queen. When my father returned home, he generally occupied himself with drawing or painting till eight o'clock, when he went to his "Tabagie." My mother meanwhile played at "Tocadille" with Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld till we went to supper at nine. This meal lasted four or five hours, after which every one retired to bed. Such was the life we led, it never varied in the least, each day resembled its predecessor.

The Hereditary Prince grew so much worse, that he could no longer leave his bed. The King expressed extreme surprise on being informed how ill my husband was. I have often mentioned that my father's faults were more those of temper, and that he really had a very kind heart. He was very anxious on hearing of my husband's condition. He visited him very often, and thought him so altered that he summoned all the doctors in Potsdam, and sent to Berlin for a celebrated physician to consult about the Hereditary Prince. My husband could not help smiling when he found himself surrounded by so many students of Æsculapius. He asked me if he were to be hurried into another world, or if he himself were to become a doctor. Those wise heads came to the conclusion that there was hope of my husband's recovery, and

that by leading a quiet and regular life he might escape consumption. I was quite alone at Potsdam, my ladies and gentlemen having remained at Berlin. I never left my husband all day except for the purpose of paying my respects to the King and Queen, and then I was away only for a quarter of an hour. The King was very kind when he saw me, and one day said, "I know what is the matter with your Margrave. He is annoyed at some remarks which I made at dinner not long ago, and also at being laughed at by my officers. I am the cause of it all, and am truly sorry for it. I really meant no ill, for I am fond of your Margrave. He is not lively enough, and I wanted to cheer him up, and caused my officers to make jokes at him." I replied that there was no doubt that the Hereditary Prince had been greatly upset by the manner he had been treated, that he would never forget the respect he owed his father-in-law, but that he would not stand being ridiculed by the officers. Up to this time he had controlled himself and seemed not to take any notice of the manner in which he was treated, but I did not know how long he would continue to do so.

Upon this the King replied, "My officers are perfect gentlemen, and well fitted to educate your husband. He must become better acquainted with them. I shall tell them to visit him daily, they will cheer him up. He must not always remain among women." I answered that I was sure the Hereditary Prince would be very pleased to see the officers, but that I should not however leave his side. I was far too anxious about him to be away from him for any length of time. The King answered me, "You are a good woman, and God will bless you. You love your husband: let nothing ever change that affection!" The Queen continued her old system. She scolded me incessantly and spoke of the Hereditary Prince in the most unbecoming manner. My mother could not bear my being with him, and turned my devotion to him into ridicule. I did not in the least care what

she did, but went on quietly my own way. Although my father quite approved of my conduct, he constantly sent officers to see my husband. They were for the most part uneducated wild young men, who were of no good save to drill and train soldiers. My husband did not like them, and their visits prevented our quiet talks together. They annoyed and bothered him, and his health suffered in consequence. He was obliged also to weigh every word he said to these unwelcome visitors, as he knew they repeated everything to the King.

The Duke of Bevern and his son passed through Berlin at this time. They were on their way back from Vienna. The Duke at once came to see the Hereditary Prince, and found him very ill. I told him all my troubles, and he promised me to speak with the King, and try and bring him to reason. The Duke brought me a beautiful present from the Empress. It was a brooch in the shape of a nosegay, composed of emeralds and diamonds. She sent it me, she said, as an especial mark of her affection for me. The presence of my brother and of these two friends did much towards calming my husband's agitated feelings. Prince Charles and he were very intimate, and the former spent much of his time with him. The Duke meanwhile tried to be of use to us with the King. He succeeded in preventing the visits from these officers, and explained to my father that it was imperative that the Hereditary Prince should have perfect quiet. The result was most satisfactory, and in a fortnight the Prince's health had so much improved that he was able to leave his room. He however still coughed. The King received him very kindly, and the Queen overwhelmed him with affection.

The presence of the Duke of Bevern and his son did much towards cheering us. Prince Charles had greatly improved, and Princess Charlotte was, so to speak, in "love's paradise." She was so entirely engrossed with Prince Charles that she neglected the Queen. She, to humiliate my

sister, was most kind to me, even giving me beautiful presents. My sister's devotion to Prince Charles annoyed my mother all the more as she had hoped to break off the engagement and marry her to the Prince of Wales. The Queen had this idea so firmly fixed in her mind, that nothing would persuade her that her hopes were futile. After the Duke of Bevern's departure I fell back into disgrace. Charlotte regained her wonted influence over the Queen, and I had to suffer for the peaceful days I had enjoyed.

The King only waited till my husband had entirely recovered to send him to rejoin his regiment. We tried to put off this evil day as long as possible. The Hereditary Prince was to set up house at Pasewalk. But how was he to do so, without any means? Seckendorf endeavoured to explain this to the King, and tried to persuade him to give my husband a sum of money every month to enable him to live. My father answered angrily, "His pay will suffice for that purpose, and if he is a good manager, he will have more than enough; but then he is such a fool!" It needs no words of mine to describe how such treatment hurt us. We were often in such despair, that we made every kind of impossible plan to help us out of our difficulties. We thought of escaping to Holland and there selling my jewels, which were very valuable. We thought too of remaining there under a feigned name till circumstances took a more favourable turn. A little reflection showed us the absurdity of our plans, and we determined therefore to be patient and not to lose heart.

At last the sad day on which the Prince was to leave me drew near, and I was in the greatest distress. He left me on the 25th March. I had cried so much that my face was quite disfigured. I was nevertheless obliged to appear at Court and hide my sorrow as best I could. My father however observed it and said, "You are sad, and have cried terribly." I answered that it was so. "I am very sorry," he began again, "but it was absolutely necessary that he should join

his regiment." By way of comforting me he drank my health and that of my husband at dinner, which he had never done before. The Queen was more cruel towards me than ever: in spite of my sore eyes and weak chest, she forced me to read aloud to her all the afternoon. Perhaps she did it with a kind intention, and thought to distract my mind from my sad thoughts. In spite of every effort to control my grief, my face showed but too plainly what I suffered. The tears were constantly in my eyes, do what I would. It has always been one of my greatest faults that I cannot dissemble. So few people have the gift of making the griefs of others their own. Some partly because they have only cause for happiness, and others because sorrow and a sad face are unpleasant to them. This was the case with the King. He was by nature inclined to be melancholy, and for that reason liked to be surrounded by happy cheerful faces. He was bored by my distress, and told the Queen to tell me so. Very little was necessary to rouse her displeasure against me, and she scolded me that afternoon for two whole hours. I had nothing to cheer or distract me, I was separated from my husband, and in constant anxiety about him and the fatigues to which he would be exposed. To make matters worse, I was obliged to be present at the King's afternoon sleep, after which he made me sit opposite to him, without speaking a word to me. He did this merely to plague me. But I observe that I have not for some time mentioned Baireuth.

The Margrave was, as I said before, delighted at my departure, and flattered himself that my absence would last some time. He wrote me from time to time very civil letters. The refusal of his daughter, the Princess of Taxis, to come to Baireuth had vexed him greatly. On nearer enquiry he found out that her mother-in-law, the old Princess of Taxis, was giving herself the greatest trouble to convert the Princess to Roman Catholicism. The Margrave therefore determined to go himself to Frankfort, where the family of Taxis lived,

and put an end to this plan. Before doing so, however, he sent M. von Fischer there to find out how matters really stood. As he was journeying thither, this gentleman received a letter from the Princess' Chaplain, who informed him that he had always observed that she had a great leaning towards the Romish Church. The Princess had, however, assured him in answer to his representations, that she never intended changing her religion. Lately, however, he had in vain endeavoured to prevent her going to Mayence, and had heard she had just been received into the Church of Rome by the Elector of Mayence.* The town of Frankfort was so furious at this proceeding, that the Princess had been warned that should she endeavour to show her face there, the inhabitants would murder the whole family and burn down their palace. On the receipt of this letter M. von Fischer turned back, and brought these unpleasant tidings to Baireuth. The Margrave was determined to put a bold face on the whole matter, and gave a ball that very evening. This was not well received, and my father-in-law went to Neustadt, near Erlangen, to hide his annoyance. But to return to Potsdam.

The King was in a dreadful temper, from which his poor servants had much to suffer. I was present at a scene one day which distressed me greatly. My father was so furious with one of his valets, that he broke three sticks over his head and beat him so terribly that the poor man lay almost lifeless on the ground. The King tore the poor wretch's hair, kicked him, and finally dragged him out of the room and ordered him to be shut up. I nearly fainted with terror. People rushed to the poor man's assistance and bound up his wounds. My father afterwards gave him his dismissal, which was the greatest kindness it seemed to me he could show him.

My husband wrote to me that he had visited my brother at

* The Roman Catholic Bishop.

Ruppin, on his way to Pasewalk. I grieve to say that the Crown Prince was leading a most wild disorderly life. He was most anxious that my husband should associate himself with him in his adventures. The Hereditary Prince, who had a horror of vice of every kind, left Ruppin at the end of two days. I was anxious to impress the King favourably with my husband's zeal for his military duties. I therefore told my father, that the Prince presented his respects and wished him to know that he had rejoined his regiment. "How," said the King, "I thought he had been with your brother at Ruppin?" To this remark I replied, "Yes, he was there but his impatience to be with his regiment prevented his making a longer stay." This answer pleased my father greatly, and he said, "He need not have hurried so much, and two days sooner or later would not have mattered. The two brothers-in-law must become more intimate." Then after a short silence the King continued, "I pity you very much, for you are poor, but you have a husband who has great qualities, and this must be a comfort to you. I have a plan in my head which will I hope be of service to you both. There are certain fiefs (Lehen) which will soon fall in to me, and which I must bestow afresh. Two of these will shortly be at my disposal, and I shall give them to your husband. The income derived from them amounts to 10,000 thalers.* I will also settle on him the reversion of the next commandery (*Commende*) of the order of St John of Jerusalem that falls vacant. The person who is at present in possession of it is so old, that he cannot live much longer."

I thanked the King a thousand times for his goodness to us. This sudden change from evil to good caused me to make many reflections on the changeableness of earthly things. Very soon after this the fiefs fell in, and the King kept his word and settled them on the Hereditary Prince. My brother's return added to my satisfaction. He was most

* £1,500.

tender and good to me, spoke with great affection of my husband, and gave me so much money that I was able to pay off all my debts, and provide for the Hereditary Prince's stay at Pasewalk.

The King had sent an official from the finance department to Baireuth to try and put affairs in order there. On his return he laid the real state of the case before my father. It turned out afterwards he had himself not been properly informed of the real facts. This official told the King that the Margrave had approved of the proposed plan, by which all the debts of the Principality of Baireuth were to be paid off in twelve years. My father at once communicated this good news to me. He also sent the man that had been to Baireuth to see me, in order that he might explain the whole business, and that I might then inform my husband of it all.

I gradually became calmer as things assumed a more favourable aspect. It seemed, nevertheless, as if I was doomed to be slowly wasted. I was always ill and suffering, and as we had no doctor at Potsdam, my health became gradually worse.

Just at this time too I received bad news from Baireuth. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld wrote me word that Princess Charlotte had completely gone out of her mind. The poor Princess had for some time been flattering herself that she should marry the Prince of Usingen, though she had never seen him. She had now read in the papers the announcement of his marriage with the Princess of Eisenach. This news had upset her so much that she had become quite insane and even dangerously violent. The Princess of Taxis had no sooner become a Romanist than in despair at the step she had taken, she had tried to commit suicide by throwing herself out of window. Her mother-in-law and her husband had the greatest trouble in pacifying her, and her condition was not unlike that of Princess Charlotte. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld also told me that my little daughter was beginning

to teeth. The Margrave insisted on taking her to Himmelscron against the doctors' advice, but Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had succeeded in inducing him first to write to me on the subject. My father-in-law followed her advice. I showed his letter to the Queen, asking her opinion on the subject. She said she did not think it advisable that the child should be moved at present, as during teething children always required the greatest care and attention. I therefore wrote a most courteous letter to the Margrave, begging him to allow little Frederica to remain at Baireuth. I heard afterwards that my letter had made him very angry, and that he had taken my child to Himmelscron in spite of every remonstrance. His reason for doing so, he said, was that he intended showing that he was master, and could do with the child whatever he pleased. Poor little thing! it nearly cost her her life. She was so ill for some time afterwards that her recovery was despaired of. Not satisfied with this, my father-in-law must needs write me a most cruel letter, in which he heaped reproaches on me. I showed this letter to the Queen, who was at first extremely angry at it, and said she would herself write to him on the subject. She however afterwards thought it would be wiser to do nothing, and advised me to treat my father-in-law courteously. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was greatly beloved and respected at Baireuth, and had great influence with the Margrave, effected a reconciliation between us.

The King and Queen were greatly delighted at receiving the news of my sister of Anspach's safe confinement, and the birth of a son. The joyful intelligence was brought them by the Chamberlain M. von Nostiz. The King gave a *fête* in honour of the event. He told M. von Nositz that he had a wife ready for the little Prince in my daughter. I thought there was still plenty of time before us to think about that.

Prince Charles of Bevern reached Berlin that same evening, on his return from Holland. I was delighted to see him and

to have news of my husband. My brother also arrived, and overwhelmed me with affection. I spoke with him about my present position, and he advised me to be patient. There would come a time, he said, when he should be able to make up for all the sufferings I had had to endure. "I shall not only never require a shilling paid back of the loan made you by the King," my brother said, "but I will also give you, if your father-in-law is still living, a pension of 40,000 thalers (£6,000), and shall not consent to our being separated any more. I give you my word of honour about it, and, if you wish it, I will give it you in writing, and have it signed and sealed." I assured him that his word, his love and his friendship were far more precious to me than any worldly advantages he could promise me. I forgot all my sorrows as long as I had my beloved brother with me.

The King and Queen seemed bent on finding some fresh manner in which to torment me. They always treated me like some poor beggar in want of bread. Remarks of this nature were constantly made at the dinner table. It was most painful to me, as these cruel speeches were made in the presence of M. von Nostiz. The King even went so far as to abuse my husband, calling him a fool and a blockhead. If I endeavoured to reply, my father looked at me in so furious a manner, that the words died on my lips.

I meanwhile received news from Baireuth of the Margrave's illness. He was failing fast, and was anxious for our return. I had written to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld how painful my position at Berlin was. She now wrote and advised me to return to Baireuth and take advantage of my father-in-law's kindly feelings towards us. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld also told me that Princess Charlotte's condition had greatly improved, and that her fits of madness returned only at rare intervals. I begged Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to do her utmost to further our return to Baireuth. I mentioned however that at present nothing could be said to the King about

it. He would certainly not let us take our departure till the inspection of the Hereditary Prince's regiment had taken place. It would also be impossible for me to leave before the arrival of the Princess of Brunswick. My brother had asked me to take her under my protection and do what I could for her, and I had promised him to do so. I therefore urged Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to try and arrange matters in such a manner that unless the Margrave grew much worse, we might return in the month of August.

The Hereditary Prince wrote to me every mail day. He gave himself endless trouble to bring his regiment to a state of efficiency. He wrote to me that he had heard from the King, and that his letter contained nothing but abuse and reproaches. This treatment hurt him doubly, as he did not in the least deserve it. He was extremely fond of his profession, and devoted himself seriously to the performance of his duties. My father continued to torment me, and I could not in the least make out why. I afterwards found that his conduct had been caused by the gossip of some officers. The Hereditary Prince was devoted to music, and himself played the flute very well. He had induced a violinist to come to Pasewalk and accompany him when he played. The King considered music a capital offence, and maintained that everyone should devote himself to one sole object: men to the military service, and women to their household duties. Science and the arts he counted among the "seven deadly sins." I told my husband of this peculiarity of my father's, begged him therefore to leave his music alone for the short time he was still at Pasewalk. I was anxious we should part from the King on the best of terms, for on our return to Baireuth we should need his support more than ever. My husband followed my advice, and dismissed the violinist. No sooner had he done so than my father sang the Hereditary Prince's praises and was most kind to me. The Queen, on the other hand, ill-treated me cruelly. I have always said how dearly I loved

my younger sisters. They were charming children, and although they were still very young they tried in every way in their power to be of use to me. They always warned me when my sister Charlotte had set the Queen against me. My mother even spoilt the pleasure I had in talking to them, and forbad them to have any intercourse with me, threatening them with severe punishment if they disobeyed her. The Queen told them I was the one black sheep in the family, and that they could learn nothing but evil from me. As soon as I entered the Queen's room, they ran away, looking at me with tears in their eyes. My mother made her servants believe the same, so that none of them dared even open the door for me when they saw me approaching.

I had determined to leave Potsdam at once, and to complain to the King of the treatment I was subject to. Madame von Konnken, however, dissuaded me from such a step. I then proposed asking my mother for an explanation of her cruel conduct, but Madame von Konnken again very wisely prevented my doing so. She told me I should gain nothing by it. The nearer my brother and sister's weddings drew, the more furious my mother grew with me. She said to Madame von Konnken that I was the cause of all her troubles and annoyances. If I had not married the Hereditary Prince, my brother and sister's double marriage would never have been arranged. She could not look at me, the Queen said, without angry feelings. Madame von Konnken told the Queen that this was most unchristian behaviour, that it was our duty to submit to the decrees of Providence, and that marriages were made in heaven. The Queen replied that she was well aware that her besetting sins were revengeful feelings, and the impossibility of forgiving or forgetting. However, the wise representations made by Madame von Konnken bore fruit, and I determined to bear my fate with patience.

My life was one long chain of sorrow and trouble. But I

must now give a few anecdotes in order that this narrative may not become wearisome from the perpetual vein of sadness which runs through it.

About this time the Prince of Anhalt Bernburg came to Potsdam to present his respects to the King. My father, who was very fond of teasing people, and besides liked arranging marriages, took it into his head to marry his niece, the Princess Albertine (his sister's daughter), to this Prince, who however knew nothing of this plan. He was very short, with a face resembling a full moon, and very high shoulders. I never saw anyone much uglier or stupider than this Prince. He stuttered, and could not say a word without making a gurgling noise like a child. In spite of all my sorrow, I could not help laughing when I first saw this wonderful little personage. He was truly ridiculous. His destined bride was as ugly, as stupid, and as disagreeable as he was. The King at once brought the Prince on his arrival to see the Queen. At dinner he said to him, "Listen to me, Prince, I am going to marry you. I know of just the wife for you: one who will make you happy. You must marry my niece. She is the best creature possible, full of good qualities, but as ugly as a thousand devils. You must look at her only in the dark. But that does not matter much, does it, Prince?" The poor man was at a loss what to answer, and could not make up his mind whether to say "yes" or "no." "I will drive to Berlin with you this afternoon," the King continued, "and we will dine with my good old aunt, and then you can propose to her daughter." The poor Prince was much perplexed, but after a few moments' reflection, felt greatly honoured at marrying the King's niece, he therefore answered amidst stutters and hesitations, that he would be proud to accompany him to Berlin.

The news I received from Baireuth was very satisfactory. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld wrote that the Margrave's condition grew visibly worse. He had gone to Neustadt to visit

his wretched brother, of whom I have made mention before, and who had meanwhile married a Princess of Anhalt-Schaumburg. My father-in-law spent enormous sums of money during his stay at Neustadt, and passed his days in playing at cards and amusing himself. One day in going down stairs he had a very bad fall, and was carried almost lifeless to his room. I never knew whether he had injured himself internally. The doctors that attended him were so ignorant that their accounts could not be believed. Whether caused by his fall or by his habits of intemperance I cannot tell, but the Margrave was seized with violent hæmorrhage, and his recovery was despaired of. His chaplain had been sent for to prepare him for his approaching end. His good constitution however saved him this time, and he recovered slowly.

Every one at Baireuth, since my father-in-law's accident, had been clamouring for our return. He wished it himself and wrote to me asking me to advise him in what way he could bring it about. I showed several people this letter knowing that they would make its contents known to the King, and I also for the same reason gave them full particulars of my father-in-law's fall. The King did not wish to lose us, but at the same time did not wish to treat us properly. Yet to prevent our departure he tried to do everything to win us over to his side. He fondled me, and was loud in my husband's praises. All this touched me but little: I had been too often deceived to have much faith in outward appearances.

The King was indisposed, and his face much altered and swollen. One afternoon he was seized with a bad attack of suffocation and breathlessness. We were all sitting round him, and did not at first observe it, as he was in the habit of snoring loudly. I was the first to notice his face being quite black and swollen. I at once told the Queen, who tried in vain to rouse my father. We called for assistance, cut open his collar, and poured water over his face, after which he

gradually regained consciousness. This attack frightened the King very much, but the doctors to please him treated it very lightly. They knew however that these had been very grave symptoms, probably caused by suppressed gout.

The spring, that beautiful season, when all nature seems awakened to new life and being, was to me a time of renewed persecution. We were obliged to go every evening into the King's garden. The King called this garden "Marly," but I never knew why. It was a fine large kitchen garden, in which my father had planted varieties of rare European fruits. It was no pleasure to walk there, as there was no shade of any kind. We had to do so every afternoon at one o'clock. At eight o'clock we had a moderately good supper served in the garden, and at nine we all returned home. The King rose every morning at four o'clock, to be present when his regiment paraded, which took place under his windows. I lived on the ground floor and could not sleep all night on account of the firing that went on. One of the soldiers, who was anxious to load too fast, fired his gun before he had time to pull out the ramrod, which went through the window into my room.

I endured all these fatigues with patience. My husband's return was such intense joy to me, that I forgot everything else. He arrived at Potsdam with my brother on the 20th of May. To my great satisfaction I found the Hereditary Prince looking decidedly better than when he had left me. His cough, however, although not so troublesome, still continued. The King received him kindly, and was much pleased with the report he brought him of the efficiency of his regiment. The Margravine Albertine and her daughter, together with the Prince of Bernburg, arrived that afternoon. The wedding of the Prince of Bernburg with the Margravine's daughter was to take place next day. The young Princess was radiant with happiness, and did nothing but laugh whenever her bridegroom was mentioned. Her two ladies joined

in her laughter. The Prince himself gave the signal by a loud outburst, which the two ladies echoed. It was so ridiculous, that we too were obliged to laugh. The King teased his niece very much, but was only answered by shouts of laughter, which displeased him greatly. We did everything in our power to induce Princess Albertine to be more serious, but it was all in vain. Her joy at the near prospect of her marriage was too much for her. The Hereditary Prince and Prince Charles of Bevern had been invited by the King to be present at the wedding. They visited the bridegroom next day, more I fear for the purpose of amusing themselves at his expense than to show him civility. It seemed that everybody except this unfortunate Prince knew the wedding was to be solemnized that evening. He was so confused and absent, that he had forgotten all about it. He swore like a trooper, and declared he had no proper clothes, and that the ceremony must be postponed till next day. The King was greatly amused at this, and the Hereditary Prince was obliged to lend him the necessary garments, for which the Prince of Bernburg was so grateful that he ran every moment to him for advice in other matters. I can say with perfect truth that I never witnessed anything so funny as this wedding. There were balls for three days after it, which we thoroughly enjoyed. These happy days were not of long duration, for my husband was obliged to return to his regiment. He left me again on the 27th of May, on which day my brother and all the other royal guests took their departure.

The King expressed himself greatly pleased with the Hereditary Prince, whom he thought greatly improved. "He will become my favourite son-in-law," my father said turning to the Queen, "I love my children very dearly, and nothing shall prevent my giving my son-in-law all the money I have lent him, if he continues behaving as he does now." I kissed the King's hand, and thanked him in the tenderest accents. On his again repeating to me what he had said to

the Queen, I ventured to assure him that we should be greatly distressed if he thought our conduct had been prompted by selfish motives. We needed his help sorely, of that there was no doubt, but we did not wish to be in any way a burden to him. I would rather refuse to accept his generous offer, than feel I was a trouble to him.

My father turned to me with a loving look whilst tears stood in his eyes, and said, "No, my dear child, I shall not allow you to leave me, and as long as I live you shall be cared and provided for." These words touched me much, but at the same time made me feel rather uneasy. Knowing how changeable the King was, I could not put much reliance on his promises, yet they could not leave me unmoved. I loved him so dearly, and had it not been for the Queen's jealousy I should easily have regained my old place in his affections. It was impossible to be on good terms with one of my parents without offending the other. My mother made me suffer for my father's kindness and scolded me all day. I have never yet been able to discover who originated the intrigue which was made against the Hereditary Prince and myself. There is however no doubt that some one at this moment tried to make as much mischief as possible.

One day the King said to me "I have thought of a plan which will enable you both to remain here. I will give your husband an annuity which will enable him to live at Pasewalk, as his position demands. You can then visit him there from time to time, for if you remain there entirely, he would neglect his regiment." That this plan did not particularly please it is needless to say, yet I did not like to contradict the King directly. I therefore merely replied that I should always encourage my husband in the performance of his duties. My father observed that his intentions did not quite agree with my views, so he turned the conversation. As the King and Queen were leaving on the 8th June for Brunswick, in order to attend my brother's wedding, I asked for leave to

visit my husband at Pasewalk. At first my father consented to my request, but on second thoughts said it was scarcely worth while for me to undertake the journey, as he should be back in a week, and would on his return send for the Hereditary Prince. This answer vexed me extremely. I had a horror of Berlin, and feared I should there be exposed to fresh annoyances. As it was, my mother had forbidden my sisters or her ladies to go near me. All this and other vexations had upset me so much that I had to go to bed, where I at once fell asleep, as much from weakness as from fatigue. I had scarcely slept three hours when a great noise in my antechamber woke me. I started up in alarm, drew back the bed curtains, and called my maid Mermann. This faithful servant never left me, and shared my sorrows and joys with me. I called in vain, no one came to my assistance, and the noise continued. My horror is easily to be imagined when I mention that I suddenly saw by the dim light of my night-light a dozen tall grenadiers with fixed bayonets enter my room. I thought I was lost indeed, and that I was to be arrested. In vain I racked my brain as to what possible crime I was guilty of. My maid now rushed into my room and pacified me by telling me that she had not been able to get to me sooner as she had tried to prevent the soldiers entering my room. The castle was on fire, she said, and this was the cause of all the tumult. I asked where the fire was? My maid was reluctant to answer at first, but ended in saying that my sisters' rooms were burning, but that their servants would let no one in, as they declared the fire was in my apartments. My Governess now came to me in great alarm. She managed to prevent the officers coming further into the room, and so enabled me to get up. Thereupon my room was thoroughly searched and not a trace of fire was to be found anywhere. The soldiers now proceeded to my sisters' rooms where everything was found in flames, the beds destroyed and the woodwork nearly so. The fire

was at length put out after much trouble. The King was at once informed of what had occurred. My father was very severe in such matters, and always dismissed the servants whether they were guilty or innocent.

Whatever should I have done, had the fire taken place in my rooms? The King was at first told it was where I lived that the accident had happened, and flew into a great passion about it. Hearing however that this was not the case, he grew calm again. My sisters were in great distress, and came crying to me, to know whatever they were to do.

I offered Charlotte to share my bed, whilst the two others slept in the Hereditary Prince's. Mademoiselle de Montbail was obliged to sleep on the sofa, at which she grumbled a good deal. My sister soon fell asleep, but as she was accustomed to have the bed to herself, she pushed me constantly and woke me up. We laughed much over it, the more so, as my two younger sisters could not sleep either. We therefore decided to call our maids and get up and have breakfast. Mademoiselle de Montbail now appeared, clad like a rising sun, in brightest yellow, and full of complaints against us. She said she had never slept, and that the sofa had been so hard, that her bones ached in consequence. I am afraid the little humiliation this dear lady had been obliged to endure, afforded me great secret pleasure. Mademoiselle de Montbail was always the one to rouse the Queen and Princess Charlotte's anger against me, It was only after much earnest entreaty that Mademoiselle de Montbail obtained from the King a free pardon for her servants. My father said I was most good natured to have helped my sisters as I had.

The King was to start next day, and the Queen was to accompany him. My mother was terribly dejected, and looked ill and altered. It was however impossible to pity her. She was as passionate as the King, and no one, not even my sister Charlotte, could get on with her. My brother

arrived in the evening. When alone with me, he was as merry as possible, but before others he affected to be miserably unhappy. Next day we all separated, and I returned with my sisters to Berlin.

My father had, much to our disgust, desired us to visit the theatre every evening. The Princesses of the Blood, with whom I was on very good terms, joined me there. They did so as a mark of civility towards me. We conversed the whole time together, paying no attention to the play, which was very second rate. The Margravine Phillip invited me several times to dinner, and I enjoyed myself there extremely. The Margravine always invited some clever agreeable people to meet me, and the evenings were spent most pleasantly. I endeavoured as much as possible to avoid coming in contact with those people who annoyed me, and I consequently spent a quiet time at Berlin.

Sastot, the Queen's Chamberlain, often came to see me. Although a very intimate friend of Grumkow's, he was an honest man and devoted to me. He was very clever, but lacked common sense. I confided all my difficulties to him, and told him that I was determined at all hazards to return to Baireuth as soon as my husband's regiment had been inspected. Sastot answered that Grumkow had asked him to tell me he had received a letter from the Hereditary Prince containing the very same suggestion. It even seemed to him as if my husband were not disinclined to leave the regiment altogether. Grumkow had told the King this, and represented to him at the same time how much dissatisfied we were with the manner in which we were treated.

The King feigned the greatest astonishment at this, and answered that he could not let us leave. "I will give my son-in-law 20,000 thalers* as his pay, on condition that he remains with his regiment. My daughter must stay with her

* £4,000.

mother, and can see her husband from time to time." Grumkow, who was well aware of our intentions, had made no reply to this remark of the King's, but now begged me to let him know what he was to do. I begged Sastot to tell Grumkow, with my kind greeting, that I implored him to arrange matters in such a manner as to enable us to return to Baireuth. My health was destroyed, I said, and I was overwhelmed by troubles and difficulties. I would not continue to live separated from the Hereditary Prince, and no one could expect us to bury ourselves alive in some small garrison town. The Margrave of Baireuth's health was failing rapidly, and our presence at Baireuth was absolutely necessary.

Next day Sastot brought me Grumkow's answer. He would do all that lay in his power to urge our departure on the King. It would however be necessary that the Margrave should also take steps in that direction. The King must first be told about the Margrave's illness. Grumkow informed me at the same time that the Principality of Cleves had petitioned the King to make me Regent there, and had offered to provide entirely for my maintenance. The King had declined the request, accompanying his refusal with a reprimand, saying that he hoped he might never have a repetition of the request. I was very sorry these good people should suffer on my account. I had not the faintest idea of the step that had been taken, or I would have endeavoured to prevent it.

I was most anxious for news from Brunswick, and details of the wedding. My brother kindly sent me M. von Kaiserling, a great favourite of his, to tell me all about it. He told me my brother was quite pleased with his bride, and that he had played his part on the wedding day (the 12th June) extremely well. He had made every one believe he was in the worst possible temper, and had scolded his servants in violent tones before the King. The King had remonstrated with him on the subject, and had seemed very

thoughtful. The Queen was delighted with the Brunswick Court, but could not bear the Crown Princess. My mother had treated the two Duchesses "like dogs," so much so that the reigning Duchess had with great trouble been prevented from complaining to the King about it. That evening I received a letter from the King in his own handwriting. He wrote very kindly, and desired my sisters and me to go to Potsdam where I should soon see my husband. This prospect made me very happy, and I left in good spirits for Potsdam.

The King arrived there before the Queen. He was most gracious and affectionate to me. He told me he was charmed with his daughter-in-law, and hoped I should be great friends with her. She was "a good child," he said, "but requires educating. I am afraid you will be badly lodged. I cannot help it, and can give you only two rooms. You must see how you, your husband, and sister, and your suite can manage." The Queen arrived as we were in the midst of this conversation. She received me kindly, then turning to my sister, whom she embraced, said, "You will be very happy dear Lottie, you will have a brilliant Court, and every amusement you can wish for." My mother then told me my brother could not bear his wife, and that she was his wife in name alone. In spite of all the trouble that had been taken with her, she was more stupid than ever. "She will please you on first acquaintance because she has a lovely face, but you are not able to look at her longer than a moment." Then my mother made fun of the two rooms, in which we were all to be lodged. My sister replied it was all very well for the King to say that we must manage with those two, but that it was an impossibility, and I myself really think nobody but my father would have thought of such a plan. The rooms that were apportioned us had no exit, and one of them was a little boudoir or antechamber. My sister and I now endeavoured to arrange things as best we could. We gave

up the little room to our two maids, and with the help of a great many screens I converted the other room into a habitation for six persons. My Governess, who had been ailing for some time, was now attacked with a bad sore throat, accompanied with high fever. Her condition made me very anxious, the more so as I had no one with me.

I expected the Hereditary Prince the next day but one. The Crown Princess, the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, as also the Duke and Duchess of Bevern and their son Prince Charles were expected on the 22nd of June. The Queen had given me a repulsive description of the Duchess of Brunswick. She was the mother of the Empress, and as such claimed special marks of attention and respect to which she had from her personal qualifications no right. She was intensely proud, and had insisted on having precedence over the Crown Princess. My mother warned me to be on my guard, as otherwise I might have endless trouble with the Duchess.

I was in great perplexity. The King lived like a simple nobleman, and would not tolerate ceremony of any kind. He treated my sisters simply as daughters of the house, and insisted on their receiving his guests and also on giving the "pas" to all foreign Princesses that came to Berlin. My father hated all disputes about rank. I knew this was a very tender point with him, and that I should have many annoyances in consequence. Yet I also knew that if I once gave up any rights I possessed as a King's daughter, I should lose them for ever. After due consideration I determined to speak with the Queen about it. I did so, and she promised me her warmest support.

My mother and my brothers and sisters always wished the King good-night every evening and remained with him till he had fallen asleep. Since my marriage I had dispensed with that ceremony. As however the King was generally in a particularly good humour of an evening, I made up my mind to speak with him then. As soon as he saw me he

exclaimed, "Oh! you are also come to see me?" I answered that I had just received a letter from the Hereditary Prince. He presented his respects and was anxious to know if he was to come to Berlin or to Potsdam. "I am going to Berlin to-morrow: tell him to meet me there, and I will bring him back here with me. I am very much pleased with him," he continued, "he has brought his regiment to the highest state of efficiency, and I am sure he has worked day and night." This beginning gave me courage, and by degrees I turned the conversation on the Brunswick family. I asked him what I was to do about the Duchess, as I knew she would wish to take precedence of me. I wished for his advice in the matter, I said, as I was always anxious to obey his orders. The King answered, "That is quite absurd. She cannot do such a thing." "Indeed she will," the Queen now interrupted, "I had to tell her plainly what I thought, because she claimed to rank before the Crown Princess." "She is a regular old fool," the King exclaimed, "but we must be careful as she is mother to the Empress. You are not to call on her," my father said, turning to me, "till she has first been to see you, and you are always to go before her." I was very thankful to have got so well out of this difficulty, and now left the King.

Next day my joy was complete, for at last my husband rejoined me. He told me his uncle, the Prince of Culmbach, was soon to arrive at Berlin. The King had invited him; I was delighted at the prospect of seeing him, and hoped his influence with his brother would tend to make our position in a less degree one of slavery.

The Court of Brunswick arrived on the 24th of June. The King and my brother, with a large suite of generals and officers, went to meet the Crown Princess. The Queen, my sisters and I received her at the entrance to the castle. I will describe her now as she was when I first saw her, for she has terribly altered since then.

The Princess was tall and not very thin, and held herself badly, which gave her a great want of dignity. She had a dazzling complexion, pale blue eyes without much mind in them, a small mouth, and pretty delicate features. She certainly was lovely, and there was a childlike simplicity about her such as you would find in a girl of twelve. Her teeth, which were bad, spoilt much of her beauty. The Princess had neither manners nor education. She expressed herself badly, and spoke with difficulty, so that you had to guess what she was saying.

As soon as we had all greeted her, the King led her to the Queen's room, but when he had discovered that her hair was unpowdered, and that she looked hot and tired, he told my brother to take her to her own room.

My brother presented his wife to me with these words, "This is the sister whom I adore, to whom I owe the deepest gratitude. She has promised me to take you under her protection, and to help you with her good advice. I wish you to show more respect towards her than towards the King and Queen, and to do nothing without her approbation: do you understand me?" I embraced the Crown Princess, and assured her of my friendship and affection. She remained meanwhile stiff and cold as a statue, and never answered a word. As her servants had not yet arrived, I powdered her hair afresh, and put her dress in order again, but she never even thanked me. My brother grew very angry at this, and said to her, "You little goose, thank my sister for her kindness!" Very little edified with the Princess, I led her back to the Queen.

Both the Duchesses were with my mother. The Duchess of Brunswick must have been fifty years old, but had kept her looks so wonderfully that she might easily have been taken for forty. She was very clever, and a woman of the world, but had an unpleasant manner, and it was notorious that she was by no means a Lucretia. Her present lover was

a M. von Stöcker. It is inconceivable how a person of such cleverness could misplace her affections in such a manner. I never saw anyone so stupid and so insupportable as this said gentleman. The Duke was disagreeable, but he possessed many good qualities. His wife's conduct was no secret to him, but he tolerated it with patience, and treated her with respect and affection. His daughter the Duchess of Bevern and I were delighted to meet again. We now sat down to dinner, which was laid for forty guests. Afterwards we drank coffee in the Queen's rooms. The Crown Princess never left my side, but it was impossible to persuade her to say a single word. The King gave us all presents, and we spent the rest of the evening in playing cards with my mother.

Next morning at six we all went to the inspection of the King's regiment, and returned at noon in time for dinner. The King left in the afternoon for Berlin accompanied by my brother and the Hereditary Prince. The Queen and we Princesses went to Charlottenburg. The Queen, the two Duchesses and the old Duke of Brunswick drove in one carriage, the Crown Princess, my sister and I in the second. The heat was insupportable, while the dust almost smothered us, and the Crown Princess was taken very unwell in consequence.

We reached Charlottenburg at eight o'clock in the evening. The Crown Princess went to bed, and we all went to supper. M. von Eversmann, who had arranged all the rooms, had taken such good care of me, that I had to cross the courtyard before I could get to the Queen. I felt this fresh insult very keenly, the more so as the foreign ladies had all the best rooms given them. The Queen, who had been much kinder to me since her return from Brunswick, now recommenced teasing me. She spoke most unkindly to me during supper, and treated me without the least consideration.

Next day the Duchess of Brunswick called on me, and made endless excuses for not having done so sooner. We

all went to the Queen, who told us that there would be only one dinner that day, as we must all retire early to rest, to be ready next day for the Crown Prince's entry into Berlin. The Queen had sent for a band, and we danced till ten that evening. I had vainly flattered myself with the hope that my husband would suddenly appear and take us by surprise. But the King would not allow it. He was obliged to remain alone at Berlin, and although he was always accustomed to dine in the evening, the King had had nothing prepared for him. He was not able to get even bread and cheese.

This ball was no pleasure to me. I remained a sad spectator of it, as I was too weak to dance. At nine o'clock the Queen took leave of all her royal guests, and after she had reached her bedroom asked my sister and myself if we should like any supper. I answered that I was not hungry, and would with her permission go to bed. Without replying she turned her back on me shrugging her shoulders. We were to start at three next morning to attend a review, and having to be in full dress, this did not leave us much time for sleep. I asked Madame von Konnken to obtain the Queen's permission for me to retire to my room. She persuaded me to stay, as the Queen seemed to wish it. I therefore remained, and we four sat down to supper. The Queen did nothing else all the time but abuse the Brunswick family and myself. There was no word bad enough for the Crown Princess and her mother. My sister supported her in everything she said, and did not even spare Prince Charles. The supper lasted till midnight, and its end was the crowning point of all. "We have all lost our heads," my mother suddenly exclaimed looking at me, "we have been speaking in the presence of suspicious persons, and to-morrow everybody will know all we have said. I know the spies by whom I am surrounded, and who have combined with my enemies against me. I shall however find means of recalling them to a sense of their

duty. Good-night, my dear," the Queen said, turning to me, "be ready at three to-morrow morning, as I have no idea of being kept waiting by you." I silently left the room. All I had been forced to listen to had incensed me beyond bearing. I had perfectly well understood that the Queen had meant my little person when she spoke of "spies and enemies."

I returned to my room, where I poured out my troubles to my Governess and Mademoiselle von Marwitz. I cried bitterly, and wished I could say I was too ill to leave my room. The two ladies however found means of comforting me, and begged me to appear as usual. It grew late, and I had only time to dress and reach the Queen's rooms by three o'clock. As I was always allowed free access to them, I was greatly surprised at Ramen stopping me at the door. "Good gracious me!" she said, "your Royal Highness is already dressed, the Queen has only just woke, and has not yet left her bed. She has forbidden me to let any one in. I will send you word as soon she is ready." I waited in the gallery, walking up and down with my ladies. Soon after the two Duchesses joined me there. The Duchess of Bevern looked lovingly at me saying, "You have had some cause for grief, I know, and have been crying." "Yes I have," I answered, "and I hope those who are the cause of it will be satisfied. Death will soon release me from my sufferings, for I can scarcely drag myself about, and feel that I have daily less strength. You have influence with Seckendorf and the King, for God's sake exert it, that I may leave this place, and die in peace, at Baireuth." The Duchess of Bevern replied that she would do her utmost to help me. "Although you have told me nothing of what has occurred," she continued, "I am cognisant of it all. I will tell you who told me: it was Princess Charlotte." I was extremely surprised at what she said. "This daughter-in-law of ours will give us a good deal of trouble, but my son knows her thoroughly, and will

keep her in order." At this moment the Queen, with my sister and the Crown Princess, joined us and put an end to our conversation.

After having embraced the two Duchesses, my mother turned to me with these words, "Your Royal Highness has slept a long time: I think you might have exerted yourself to get up when I did." To this speech I replied, "I have been ready dressed since three o'clock, and Ramen knew it, and would not allow me to enter your room." "She did perfectly right," the Queen continued, "your proper place is with the two Duchesses rather than with me." Having said this, she turned away, and got into the carriage with the Crown Princess. I and my sister drove in a state coach, the two Duchesses in another one, and all the Princes accompanied us on horseback.

It was an hour's drive to the spot where all assembled. The heat was unbearable. Some tents had been pitched, each large enough to hold six persons. These were intended for the Queen, the Princesses and the Ladies of the Court and those out of the town. More than eighty ladies followed us in very handsome carriages. All had done their utmost to add to the brilliancy of the scene. We drove in this order down the line. Twenty-two thousand men were assembled in battle array. The King stood at the entrance to the Queen's tent, and pushed us all inside it. Some of us had to stand, the others sat or lay on the ground. The sun poured through the canvas, and we nearly succumbed to the heat. No refreshment of any kind had been provided for us. I lay down at the back of the tent, the others stood in front of me, and shaded me from the rays of the sun.

We remained in this position from five in the morning till three in the afternoon, when we resumed our carriages. We drove at a foot's pace, so that we only reached the castle at five o'clock, without having had even a drop of water to drink all day. We immediately sat down to dinner with all

our guests. The King sat at the head of the table, and was in the best possible spirits. At nine o'clock we had coffee in the Queen's rooms, after which we again got into our carriages and accompanied the Crown Princess to her own Palace, where we stayed till eleven and then returned home.

The Queen had desired us all to be ready at eight next morning, to accompany the King to the ceremony of the consecration of St. Peter's Church. I was quite unable to be present at it, as I had been dangerously ill all night, and was so weak and faint that I could not stir. I sent the Queen word of my condition, and begged her to excuse me. My mother sent Ramen to me, to tell me that it was all mere imagination on my part, and that she would listen to no excuses. I told this woman to assure the Queen that I was really very ill and quite unfit to leave my bed. I said I should let the King know of it, and felt sure that he would not be offended with me if I stayed in my room. I also sent Mademoiselle von Grumkow to my mother. She was a very courageous girl, with a very glib tongue. The Queen was afraid of her on account of her uncle, and was very careful what she said before her.

As soon as the Queen saw this young lady she said, "Good morning, Grumkow. It seems my daughter is in one of her bad humours, and will not leave her room. She wishes to give herself airs in my house, whilst I, who am of more importance than she is, must be plagued and tormented." Mademoiselle von Grumkow replied, "Your Majesty does your daughter great injustice. Her Royal Highness has been suffering greatly for some time. Her health is much weakened and she cannot stand any fatigue. She has been very ill all night, and I doubt whether she will be able even by to-morrow to pay her respects to your Majesty." "To-morrow," the Queen cried angrily, "I think you must be dreaming! In this world people must learn to control themselves. I desire you to tell the Princess that I command her

to leave her room." "I crave your Majesty's pardon," Mademoiselle von Grumkow answered, "but I shall not give this message. I shall advise the Hereditary Princess to return to Baireuth as soon as ever she can. There at least she can live in quiet and comfort, without being exposed to the ill-treatment she receives here." The Queen was made extremely uncomfortable by this straightforward answer, and said nothing more. The King had sent to enquire how I was, begging me to be careful and rest, in order to be able to be present at my sister's wedding. When the Hereditary Prince came to dinner my father asked him kindly after me. Everybody had told him, he said, that my health had quite given way. The Duchess of Bevern corroborated this statement, and added that if energetic measures were not soon taken, she feared I should take my departure for another world. The King seemed greatly distressed, whilst the Queen plainly showed her vexation that she should have been detected in the wrong. I went out next day, and though my mother said nothing to me, she was very cross. In the evening we went to the theatre.

The Prince of Culmbach, who at once came to see me on his arrival, was very much dissatisfied at his reception by the King. I did all I could to pacify him. As my father had invited him, the Prince had every right to expect to be courteously received. I promised him to endeavour to put things on a pleasanter footing, but I had reckoned without my host. All the Princes and Princesses of the Blood dined everyday with the King and Queen without receiving any special invitation, and next day the Prince of Culmbach likewise appeared with them. M. von Schlippenbach, who was at the head of the King's household, came up to the Prince with a very crestfallen face, and told him that the King had not wished him to be invited to dinner. M. von Schlippenbach was in despair, he said, but thought he had best at once tell him. The Prince of Culmbach was naturally mortally

offended by this treatment, and at once complained to my Governess about it, telling her to inform me of it. I was at a loss how to act when I heard of the occurrence, for I was much attached to the Prince of Culmbach, and any discourtesy shown him affected me equally. There was however no time for lamentations or complaints, and the poor Prince had to leave without having dined. He went to my rooms and waited there, where I found him afterwards in a great state of anger. The Hereditary Prince was no less so, and both he and the Prince of Culmbach wished at once to take their departure from Berlin. I happily succeeded in dissuading them from such a step, and I promised that my uncle should obtain satisfaction for the affront. For this purpose I sent for General Marwitz, who was then at Berlin, and begged him to speak with the King. He was able to remonstrate so strongly with my father, that he came himself to make his excuses to the Prince for the "unfortunate misunderstanding" that had taken place.

The only amusement offered to the foreign guests was that of going to the theatre, where we all fell asleep from the extreme dulness of the performance. The Duchess of Bevern, my husband, Prince Charles and I, always managed to find places where neither the King nor Queen could observe us, and spent the evenings talking together. I had always to drive to the theatre with the Duchess of Brunswick, who would not drive with the Queen in order not to be obliged to let the Crown Princess take precedence of her. When she drove with me she always managed to reach the carriage first, into which she scrambled in a great hurry to seat herself on the right hand side. I am not proud, nor do I care about questions of rank, but I do require that the respect that is due to me be shown me, and if others are inclined to tread on my toes, I am well able to assert myself. For the first few times I had let the Duchess have her own way, and did not remonstrate with her. At last, however, I watched my

opportunity, stepped in front of her, and took the right hand seat in the carriage. She grew scarlet with rage, and had some trouble to control herself, and I believe she would have scratched my eyes out. Her face was swollen and disfigured with rage. After a few moments she said to me, "I am not in my right place, but that troubles me but little." "I am quite of your Serene Highness' opinion," I replied, "I think there is nothing more absurd than claiming rights which do not belong to you, and I think still more so, not to insist on those which are yours by right." Having said this I seized hold of my head-dress and held it with both hands, fearing every moment that the Duchess would tear it off. Happily we reached our destination before she could do so, and she got out of the carriage still grumbling.

When I saw my mother I told her the whole story, at which she was so greatly amused that she forgot to scold me. Indeed she highly approved of my conduct. She said she hoped to have an opportunity that evening of teasing the Duchess about her behaviour. Everybody hated the Duchess on account of her inordinate pride. She was so fearful lest any of the ladies that came to see her should sit down in her presence, that she had all the chairs removed. Such a thing was never done even by the Queen, who always allowed the ladies to sit down in her ante-chamber. The ladies of the Court and of the town were so offended by the Duchess's behaviour that none of them would go near her. She made an even more ridiculous exhibition of herself on the following occasion.

We were all at the theatre. The stage had been erected in the former riding-school, and there were only two entrances to it. That through which we passed led through the stables into a narrow little passage, where we were obliged to walk in single file. The King stood at the door, so that we all had to pass him. I always went and sat down, as I have before mentioned, in an out-of-the-way corner. The play

had scarcely begun when a violent thunderstorm came on. The lightning was so vivid that the stage seemed on fire, tremendous peals of thunder followed, and everyone was afraid the theatre would be destroyed. All at once we heard fearful screams, and the King was told that the lightning had struck the stables. My father, who was next to the door, at once left the theatre accompanied by the Queen and the Crown Princess. They had no sooner left than everybody hurried to get out, and there was such a crowd that neither the Duchess of Bevern, Prince Charles, nor my husband and I could get away. The old Duchess of Brunswick made frantic efforts to save herself. In the hopes that the people would disperse we waited for some time, but finding this was of no use, and really fearing for our lives, we determined to make a great effort to get out of the theatre. The Hereditary Prince and Prince Charles made way for us with difficulty. It was pouring in torrents. I at once got into the carriage with the Duchess of Bevern and my three sisters. The Duchess of Brunswick, who had at last got out of the theatre with the aid of her dear M. von Stöcken and the two Princes followed us. As she got into her carriage with her husband, the two Princes followed her into it, upon which she had the insolence to tell them they could walk home. They were still young, she said, and the rain would not hurt them. M. von Stöcken must drive with her. The two Princes never forgave her for this, and turned her into great ridicule, at which the crowd were greatly amused. Although Prince Charles was the Duchess' grandson, he did not spare her any more than did my husband.

I have already mentioned that the King had not for some time been well, and that the doctors thought him suffering from suppressed gout. We were therefore greatly relieved when he was now seized with an attack of gout in the right hand. He suffered very much, but we were all thankful that the disease had taken this course.

The next day, the 2nd June, was fixed for my sister's wedding. We all went to the King's rooms to be present at the ceremony of renunciation, after which we went to dinner. The King had gone to bed, and sent for my mother, my sister and myself. He told us to sit down near him. My sister was very sad, for the Queen had confided to her how terribly annoyed she was at the destruction of all her fondest hopes. "Dear Charlotte," she said to her, "my heart bleeds when I think that you are to be sacrificed to-morrow. I have kept my secret from all the world, but I had tried by every means in my power, and had flattered myself to the last that I should be able to bring about your marriage with the Prince of Wales. I am miserable: my enemies have everywhere triumphed over me. You are going to marry a beggar, and a man without any common sense." This conversation was repeated to me by my youngest sister.

The Queen's ambitious views now made my sister regret that things had not turned out as my mother had wished. The King, who was kept informed of everything that passed in the Queen's room by his spy Ramen, was well aware of this conversation. "What is the matter with you, Lotte?" he said, addressing my sister. "Are you unhappy at going to be married?" "It is but natural that I should be in a serious mood on my wedding day," she replied, "and that I should consider how serious a step I am taking, and make reflections on what concerns my whole future life." The King laughed, and answered, "Your lady mother has given you matter for consideration. She ruins her children's happiness by the incessant chimæras she puts into their heads. You can comfort yourself with the assurance that you would never have gone to England. Nobody wished for you there, and no step was ever taken by that Court in the matter. I should have been well satisfied had you settled there, but they would not make their peace with me. The English Court takes every opportunity of annoying me

whenever they have an occasion. That your marriage came to nothing," my father continued, turning to me, "was my fault, and I have never ceased reproaching myself about it, but then I was deceived by my Ministers. Will you forgive me? I have given you much cause for sorrow, and those who urged me on have been wicked people. Had I only done what I ought, I should have dismissed Grumkow at the time of Hotham's mission. But I was then like one bewitched, and I am more to be pitied than condemned." I replied that I begged my father would not reproach himself, as I was quite satisfied with my lot. I had a husband whom I loved devotedly, and as for the rest I put my trust in God.

My father was much pleased with my answer, and embraced me, saying, "You are a brave good woman, and God will bless you." We then left the King and went to dress. The Queen desired me to be ready at eight o'clock and join her in the large State-rooms of the castle.

When I got there I found every one assembled. I was led to a room set apart for the royal personages. Here I found waiting the Crown Princess, my younger sisters, and the Princesses of the Blood. We were soon afterwards joined by the two Duchesses, and then the Queen appeared with the bride. Prince Charles gave my sister his hand and led her into the room in which the marriage service was solemnized. We all followed according to rank. The King sat opposite the altar. The whole ceremonial was exactly the same as that which had been observed at my own marriage. At two in the morning we all retired to our rooms. Next day was my birthday. All the Princes and Princesses came early in the morning to offer me their congratulations. All brought me presents, with the exception of the Queen. We all afterwards went to see my sister, and then the King, whose attack of gout obliged him to keep his bed. As soon as my father saw me, he wished me joy of the day and every blessing, and then desired the Queen to find a present for me.

"She is to choose it herself," he said, "I will pay for it, and you must also give her one." That afternoon the Queen sent for several jewellers, and told me to choose what I liked from among their goods. Amongst the things brought for approval was a little watch in jasper set with brilliants, which cost 400 thalers,* and on this I fixed my choice. My mother having looked at the watch for some little time, said to me in a contemptuous manner, "Does your Royal Highness imagine that the King will give you so costly a present? You have not even bread to eat, and you wish for watches! A small present will do quite as well for you." Upon this she sent all the things away, merely keeping a small ring worth ten thalers,† which she gave me. My mother however told the King that all the other articles had been far too expensive, and that she had not liked to take anything. Her behaviour towards me wounded me far more than the loss of my birthday present. I however armed myself with patience. The hope of soon being home again at Baireuth helped me to bear my many mortifications.

Next evening there was a ball. As so many people had been invited, dancing took place in four different rooms, where several quadrilles were arranged. My newly married sister led one of these, in which my mother, the Crown Princess, my sisters and I danced. The second quadrille was led by the Margravine Philip, the third by the Princess of Zerbst, and a fourth by Madame von Brand. The ball began at four o'clock in the afternoon. The candles were all lighted, and the heat was insupportable. Two more such balls took place, at which everybody nearly died of heat and fatigue.

I was very ill. The complaint I was suffering from made great progress, and I was so weak that I could scarcely walk. The Hereditary Prince was in great anxiety about me, and much distressed at having to leave me again. He departed

* £60. † 30s.

on the 9th of July to rejoin his regiment, the inspection of which was to take place on the 5th August. The weather was splendid, and I proposed to the Crown Princess that we should go out driving. The carriage in which we drove was called a "Wurst." There was room in it for twelve persons, which was very convenient, as we had the enjoyment of the drive and of conversation at the same time. On our return home I dined with the Crown Princess, and we spent the evening most pleasantly.

Next day we all went out driving in State, beautifully dressed. We drove in phaetons, and the whole Court and nobility followed, there being in all eighty carriages. The King drove in front in a "Berline,"* and soon fell asleep. We were overtaken by a heavy thunder-storm, but continued the drive notwithstanding. It is easy to imagine the result, and the state to which we were reduced! We were drenched to the skin, and our dresses quite ruined. At last, after driving for four hours in the pouring rain, we got out at Monbijou, where a ball and illuminations were to take place. I never saw such funny figures as all the ladies looked. They were so wet that their dresses clung to them. None of us could even change our things, but had to remain in our wet clothes all the rest of the day. Next day there was a representation at the theatre.

I had written to Baireuth begging the Margrave to arrange for our return home. His letter, which I awaited with great impatience, at last reached me. It was worded in such a manner that I was able to show it to the King. He had also had one from my father-in-law, written in much the same strain as mine, and I flattered myself that no difficulties would be placed in our way. When I went to see my mother, I found the King and the Duchess of Bevern with her. "I have received a letter from your father-in-law," the

* A four-seated close carriage.

King said to me. "He wishes for your return to Baireuth, and will increase your income by 8,000 thalers.* This would enable you and your husband to live at Erlangen, but I think this will be unnecessary, as I count on your remaining here. What answer do you wish me to send the Margrave?" I replied that I should be very glad to remain at Berlin, but that my father-in-law was failing fast, and I therefore thought it would be right that we should return to Baireuth, and that the Hereditary Prince should become acquainted with his own country. The King frowned and then answered, "You wish to keep house yourself." "It will be impossible to do so with only 8,000 thalers," I said, "and I could not manage it on less than double that sum." "If I can obtain that amount for you," the King continued, "I will let you leave, if not, you must remain here." The Duchess of Bevern now interrupted us, and taking part in the conversation, remarked that I was in such bad health that it would be easier for me to take care of myself at Baireuth than at Berlin. She then explained to my father the nature of my complaint (the doctors thought I had the beginning of an internal tumour), and told him I had been recommended to take a course of mineral waters. "She can do that at Charlottenburg," my father answered, "and if she likes I will provide everything for her, and she will be much more comfortable than at Baireuth." Neither the Duchess nor I dared say anything more, and I was in perfect despair at finding the moment of my departure farther off than I had thought.

The Dukes and Duchesses all left Berlin next day, and my sister followed them on the 19th July. My leave-taking from my sister was no melancholy one, but my mother on the other hand was greatly distressed. The Queen really had a good heart, but her jealousy, her suspicion of every

* £1,200.

one, and her love of intrigue were the cause of most of her troubles.

My sister had no sooner left than the Queen became much kinder in her manner towards me. I tried everything in my power to win her affection, and although I did not entirely succeed, I at any rate obtained kind treatment at her hands. I had informed the Margrave of my conversation with the King, and entreated him to insist on our return, as otherwise we should never obtain my father's permission to quit Berlin. The same day that my sister took her departure the King left for Pomerania. He was in raptures over my husband's regiment, and said he had never seen a finer or better disciplined set of men. My father returned on the 8th August, bringing the Hereditary Prince with him. I implored my brother's help to get us leave to return to Baireuth. He determined to speak next day with Grumkow and Seckendorf about it. The King was going to drive with them, and my brother said he would arrange that the matter should be brought before my father. As good luck would have it, I received letters from the Margrave that very morning, enclosing one to the King, which I gave him after dinner. He was in a very good humour, and had drunk a little, but his face changed at once as soon as he saw the letter. He said nothing at first, but after a while turned to me, remarking, "Your father-in-law does not know what he wants. You are far better here than with him. My son-in-law must study the art of war, which is far more useful than planting cabbages at Baireuth."

Grumkow and Seckendorf represented to the King that he would be the cause of bad feeling between the Margrave and ourselves if he prevented our return; that although my father-in-law had one foot in the grave, he might take it into his head to re-marry, a step which would have very disastrous results for us. Indeed everybody supported my husband and myself in our wish to go back to Baireuth.

The King looked at me, and asked me what I thought about it. I replied that the gentlemen were quite right in what they said, and that I should count it a great favour if he would allow us to take our departure. "Very well, then," my father answered, "you can go, but there is no great hurry, and I should not wish you to leave till the 23rd August." I never was happier in my life than when I had at last obtained the King's leave and felt certain of our return.

The last fortnight I spent at Berlin passed very quietly. The Queen, who had now grown accustomed to have me about her, was very sorry at my departure. She told me that Grumkow had been the cause of her having treated me so unkindly. He had represented to her that my timidity alone had been the cause of the breach with England. That my father's anxiety to marry me to the Hereditary Prince had been a mere pretence. That had I shown more determination on that memorable occasion, when the King had sent all those gentlemen to speak with me, things would have turned out differently. She said I might therefore consider whether she had not had good cause of annoyance with me. Upon this I disclosed to my mother Grumkow's perfidious behaviour and double-dealing.

The day before I left for Baireuth, the King came to take leave of me. He did not, however, show much feeling or regret. It was the last time that I ever saw my dear father, whose memory will always remain precious to me. I took a most touching leave of my brother; my mother also dissolved into tears, and I left my old home in great distress.

I dined at Sarmünd, and after a very bad dinner continued my journey. The coachman was again kind enough to upset the carriage twice, and I was a good deal bruised, but nevertheless proceeded on my way. Next day we reached Halle, where I was received in State. A deputation from the University met me, and presented an address. M.

von Wackholz, who was in command there during the Prince of Anhalt's absence, furnished me with an escort, and asked me to give him the pass-word. At Halle I found Princess Radziwill, sister of the Margravine Philip. She had come there on purpose to see me. I knew her very well, she was most charming, and full of wit and cleverness.

Next morning I left Halle and reached Hof on the 30th of August. M. von Voit, who had met me at Schleiz, informed me that the Margrave was at Hof, expecting our arrival with the greatest pleasure and impatience. My father-in-law met me close to the entrance to the town, accompanied by a suite in thirty carriages. I stopped my carriage and got out, as I observed he did the same. He received me most courteously, and was very affectionate in his manner towards the Hereditary Prince. We then resumed our way, my father-in-law driving with us. He thought me grown very thin and much altered. He told me he had now got a very celebrated doctor at Baireuth, and hoped he would be able to cure me. We spent one day at Hof, and reached Baireuth on the 7th September. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was delighted to see me again. I found my little daughter so grown and improved that I should scarcely have known her again. She had been taught many funny little tricks, and I can say with truth I never saw a more beautiful child.

Early next morning my father-in-law sent his doctor to see me. I told him what the doctors at Berlin had said, and showed him their written opinion. Thinking my delicate state of health proceeded from a disordered digestion and heated blood, he proposed to bleed me next day, and promised me speedy recovery. Accordingly next morning the doctor took ten ounces of blood from me, which weakened me so much that I was unable to leave my room for several days. Mademoiselle von Marwitz read aloud to me of an afternoon, and the Margrave came every evening to

see me. My father-in-law was full of little attentions for me, which I owed to the kind influence of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who had gained wonderful power over him. To add to my comfort my father-in-law went away to Himmelscron. On leaving he said to me he did so purposely to leave me quiet, and to give me a better chance of recovering my health. He knew that if he remained at Baireuth I should have to exert myself more than was good for me, and he trusted to find me much stronger on his return. His kindness and attention touched me very much, and I determined to do everything I could to prevent this satisfactory understanding being disturbed. My sister of Anspach came and spent a few days with me, and I gradually began to improve under the peace and quiet I now enjoyed. Alas! a new occurrence was soon to plunge me into fresh anxiety. I must now give a full account of it.

I have already mentioned the King of Poland's sudden death. It led to the formation of two parties in the country, the one holding firmly to the elector of Saxony and protected by the Emperor of Russia, while the other favoured the claims of Stanislaus,* and was supported by France. The Emperor of Austria's policy, which was always opposed to that of France, and that of the King of Prussia, who himself cared very little for so powerful a

* Stanislaus Leszczynski, a Pole by birth, placed on the throne of Poland through the influence of Charles XII. of Sweden. After the Battle of Pultawa he could no longer maintain himself on the throne. He fled to Pomerania and then to Sweden, where he remained some time. After Augustus II., King of Poland's death, a party in Poland, supported by France, again proclaimed him King. Stanislaus proceeded to Warsaw and then to Dantzic. This town was invested by the Russians, and Stanislaus escaped disguised as a peasant. After the treaty of Vienna in 1735 Stanislaus renounced the throne, but was allowed to retain the title of King. He possessed the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar for life, and on his death they fell back to France. He died in 1766, regretted by all his subjects. His daughter was married to Louis XV. of France.—
Note by Translator.

neighbour, naturally opposed the election of Stanislaus. Russia did so as strongly, for she was bound by intimate ties to the Emperor of Austria and the Elector of Saxony. In spite of this combined opposition the French party triumphed, and Stanislaus Leszczynski was chosen King of Poland. Russia was mortally offended at this proceeding, and sent troops to Poland, and Dantzic was invested by them. Everything tended towards a rupture between Austria and France. French troops were sent to the Rhine and to Italy. My father was bound by the articles of the secret treaty made between him and the Emperor to send him a contingent of 10,000 men. Private letters from Berlin informed me that the King was himself preparing to take the field, and relied on my husband's accompanying him.

It was this that caused me such anxiety. I was so accustomed to trouble and sorrow, that any fresh event alarmed me. My grief had almost made me sink into a confirmed state of melancholy. All I had gone through and suffered during my stay at Berlin had made it very difficult for me to regain my accustomed cheerfulness. My health did not improve, and all thought I was in a rapid consumption. I thought myself doomed, and awaited my death with courage. The only thing which diverted my mind was the study of the sciences. I wrote and I read all day long, and discussed scientific subjects with Mademoiselle von Marwitz. I did so in order to make her reflect on what she read, and to develop her mind. This girl was entirely devoted to me, and I was extremely fond of her. She had become much more serious, and tried to give me pleasure and satisfaction in every way she could.

The Imperial troops were being gradually concentrated, and the Duke of Bevern was appointed to command them. The Hereditary Prince was burning to take part in the campaign, which could not last long, as the season was so far advanced. The Margrave, however, made no secret of how

greatly he was opposed to the Prince's wishes. My husband only obtained permission to visit the Army in the neighbourhood of Heilbron. He left for this place on the 30th September, and returned again on the 1st November.

The Princess of Culmbach, daughter of the Margrave George William, came to visit us during this time. Her story is so curious that it deserves a place in these memoirs.

She was educated by her aunt the Queen of Poland till she reached her twelfth year. After which, her mother, whom I described on my visit to Erlangen, thought it no longer necessary to leave her at Dresden, and sent for her back to Baireuth. The young Princess was very beautiful, and could well bear comparison with her mother. My father-in-law, who, in consequence of Margrave George William having no children, was the probable heir, was among her suitors. He was at that time already divorced from his first wife. The Margravine, however, could not bear him, and her daughter shared her dislike. The young Princess' beauty and purity of mind made her mother furiously jealous, and she determined, if possible, to ruin her. The Margravine's husband was much in favour of the Princess' marriage to the Prince of Culmbach. In order to make this impossible, the Margravine endeavoured to get a certain Vobser, chamberlain to her husband, to seduce the young Princess. She promised him four thousand ducats, if he succeeded. Vobser, tempted by the prospects of so large a sum, was nothing loth. He paid assiduous court to the Princess, but earned only contempt at her hands. The Margravine, finding her plan had failed, now conceived a more diabolical scheme. The unfortunate Princess fell into the trap, and gave birth some time later to an illegitimate child. The Margrave was so furious when he heard of it, that he had the Princess imprisoned in the fortress of Plassenburg.

When my father-in-law succeeded to the Principality on

the death of the Margrave, he endeavoured to restore the poor Princess to freedom, but the Queen of Poland would not hear of it. The Princess was, nevertheless, no longer so strictly guarded and watched. Some Roman Catholic priests by this means gained admittance to the fortress. They pursuaded the Princess that if she would only recant and go over to the Roman Church, she would gain the powerful protection of the Empress Amélie, and be set at liberty. Blinded by these fair promises, she secretly became a Roman Catholic, and on the death of the Empress publicly announced her change of faith. Before long, however, religious doubts assailed her, and shortly before my return to Baireuth she again returned to Protestantism. My father-in-law, who was anxious to show his zeal for the Protestant cause, invited the Princess to Baireuth, received her with every mark of respect, and reinstated her in the good opinion of the world. She did indeed deserve it, for she was endowed with many great qualities. She was always doing good, and her behaviour at all times more than atoned for the fault she had been forced to commit. The Princess made a very short stay at Baireuth, and returned to Culmbach after a few days. My health prevented my accompanying her, as I otherwise should have. She, however, met the Margrave, and the Hereditary Prince, who were hunting in that neighbourhood.

I have in these memoirs made a point of mentioning every fact that concerns myself, and like telling little anecdotes to enliven my narrative. I shall therefore give one here, which made a greater impression on many people than on myself, because much study and reflection have made me overcome many prejudices. Indeed I flatter myself I am somewhat of a philosopher.

The Hereditary Prince's suite of apartments was composed of two large rooms with a small ante-chamber attached to them. There were two doors, one communicating with my bedroom, and the other with a vestibule or hall, where

two sentinels and one footman kept watch. On the 7th November, the three men were suddenly awakened in the night by hearing steps in the large room, and soon afterwards a whining noise, to which succeeded cries as of someone in great distress. They went several times into the room, but without discovering anything, and as soon as they had left the noise re-commenced. Six sentinels, who relieved one another in succession, gave the same account. On M. von. Reitzenstein's being informed of the occurrence, strict search was made, but without any result. The incident was kept a profound secret from me. People pretended it had been the "White Lady"* who had appeared as a warning of my approaching death. Others feared some accident would befal the Hereditary Prince. This fear was, however, soon put to rest by his return with the Margrave on the 11th November.

They had scarcely reached home when a messenger brought the news of the death of my brother-in-law, Prince William. Strange to stay, he had died at the very hour at which the strange noise had been heard in the castle. Prince William had left Vienna with his uncle, the Prince of Culmbach, to rejoin his regiment at Cremona. Soon after his arrival there he had caught small-pox, and died in seven days. It was a relief to the whole family, for he was almost imbecile, and had he lived longer, would have caused much trouble.

The Margrave received the news with great equanimity, and never shed a tear. My husband, on the other hand, was not to be comforted, so that I had the greatest trouble in diverting his mind. The Prince of Culmbach found means of sending Prince William's body secretly to Baireuth. We all went to Himmelscron to avoid being present at the funeral. The Prince was to be interred in the family vault in the church of St. Peter. The vault had always been kept

* A white figure, who was said to appear in several of the royal houses of Germany before a death took place in the family.

walled up, and had to be opened some days before the funeral. The astonishment of those who entered the vault can be easily imagined, when it was discovered to be full of blood. The whole town came to see the extraordinary sight, and most unpleasant rumours were circulated. I was told of this at Himmelscron, and some one brought me a handkerchief which had been dipped in this miraculous blood. The Margrave had heard nothing of all this, as people were afraid of frightening him. I, however, was of opinion that he should be told, and implored him to send his own doctor, M. Gäckel, to enquire into the facts of this singular occurrence.

My father-in-law granted my request, and begged me to see that a thorough investigation was made. He was well aware of the panic the whole circumstance must have created. Gäckel reported that the blood had so filled the vault that he had had some carried away in buckets to be examined. He thought it proceeded from a crack in the coffin of a Princess that had been buried eighty years ago! To make quite sure he thought it would be best to open the coffin. The Margrave agreed to this, and the necessary order was given. It was, however, found that it was impossible to execute it. After some further inquiries, a chemist in the town put an end to the various suppositions. The supposed blood was discovered to be balsam, which had been used for embalming the said Princess. The whole circumstance was considered very strange. Prince William was buried on the 3rd December. Mademoiselle von Grumkow and Mademoiselle von Marwitz attended the funeral, and returned to Himmelscron after it.

Next day, when Mademoiselle von Marwitz and I were sitting alone together, I observed how silent and absent she seemed to be, and asked her the cause. She sighed, and answered that she was very sad, but was not allowed to say why. Her reply made me very curious, and I pressed her to tell me the reason of her dejection. "I wish to God

I might tell you," Mademoiselle von Marwitz said. "I have a far greater wish to speak than your Royal Highness has to hear, but I have sworn a terrible oath to keep silent. All I may say is that it concerns you." Her whole manner and tone alarmed me. I could not in the least make out what she could possibly mean. I tried to get at the truth by cross-questioning her, but at every fresh question I put she shook her head. At last she said it had to do with the Margrave. "Do you mean to say that he intends to marry?" I exclaimed. She made a sign in the affirmative. "But with whom?" I asked, "and how comes it that you are the first to hear of it? Without telling me in so many words what and who it is, you can tell me by signs." Mademoiselle von Marwitz jumped up from her chair, ran across the room, seized a pencil, and wrote at some length on the wall, after which she left me. I had already become very uncomfortable, but when I read the words she had written, I was petrified.

"I went this morning to see my Aunt Flora," (that was the Christian name of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's sister, and I shall for the future always call her by it in these memoirs). "I found her very busy, and very silent. I asked her what was the matter, to which she replied that she had many things on her mind, which would, if I knew them, greatly surprise me. On my entreating her to explain what she meant, she answered that she would confide her secret to me on condition of my swearing not to divulge it. I gave her the required promise. My Aunt Flora now told me that ever since we had left for Berlin, the Margrave had begun to pay her marked attention: that he had become so attached to her that he was determined to marry her. He intended raising her to the rank of a Countess in the Empire (Reichsgräfin), so that after her marriage she might be on an equality with other Princesses. In this case, he would leave Baireuth for good and establish himself entirely at

Himmelscron. He would settle a large dowry on her, and some place out of the Principality, so that she should be safe from any possible unpleasantness that might arise through the Hereditary Prince. The Margrave had only waited till his son's funeral was over, to inform your Royal Highness of his intentions himself. I told my aunt that neither your Royal Highness nor the Hereditary Prince would ever consent to this marriage, and that the King would support you in your opposition to it; that her sister, your Governess, would have to leave the Court, that she would be miserable for ever afterwards, and that I could not believe she could place any reliance in such phantasms.

"'These are no phantasms,' my aunt replied; 'I cannot see why I should not accept the happiness offered me. What wrong am I doing the Hereditary Princess or her husband? If the Margrave does not marry me he will marry someone else, and after all he need ask for no one's consent.' 'But if you have children?' I continued . . . . 'If I have children I shall die, but I shall have none; I am too old for that.' 'Take care what you are about, and do not treat this matter lightly, for it may have terrible consequences for you,' I answered. 'Pah!' cried my aunt, 'you are young, and are alarmed without any cause. I am sorry now that I have told you anything about it. At least be good enough to keep my secret. I must now go to Himmelscron, where I shall find my sister, who knows nothing, and to whom I must break the news.'"

I never was more surprised at anything in my life, and endless thoughts crossed my mind. The time was, however, short: Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was to come next day, as well as the Margrave, who would probably tell me the whole of this beautiful story. I rubbed out what Mademoiselle von Marwitz had written on the wall, and then sent for my husband, to whom I told the fatal secret. We were both, so to speak, on the rack, and did not know what to do.

I was so upset and so totally unable to regain my composure, that I excused myself from appearing at dinner on the plea of indisposition. Neither my husband nor I could sleep all night, but kept walking up and down our room. The matter was far too serious in every aspect. First of all, it was no honour to have a stepmother of inferior rank; secondly, such a stepmother might do us and the country endless harm, and bring about fresh misunderstandings between the Margrave and ourselves; thirdly, my Governess, whom I loved almost as if she were my mother, and who was devoted to me, would, as well as Flora von Sonnsfeld, be obliged to leave me. They would be miserably unhappy, as the King would be sure to send for them to Berlin and imprison them. And then, fourthly, the whole circumstance would do me harm in the eyes of the world, as people would naturally think I had been deceived. No one would for a moment believe that my Governess and her sister had not both agreed to befool me. All this made me quite ill, and though I did all I could to preserve my composure outwardly, "Aunt Flora" could not help observing next day that I was mortally wounded. She induced the Margrave not to speak with me for the present, saying she did not consider the moment propitious. She reproached Mademoiselle von Marwitz bitterly for having spoken to me, but the latter was able to pacify her, and obtain her confidence anew.

Flora enjoyed talking of her future high position. "As stepmother, I shall be able to claim precedence of her Royal Highness, and the Margrave has promised to obtain that right for me. All the same, I shall never forget the respect due to the Hereditary Princess, and shall try to be of what use I can to her. I shall wait for a little while longer before I tell her everything, and the Margrave intends doing the same. We shall try and flatter her, in order to win her consent to our wishes."

Mademoiselle von Marwitz told me all this. After much

reflection I determined to tell my Governess all about it, but in order to shield Mademoiselle von Marwitz, I gave out that an anonymous note had informed me of the matter. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was ferocious when I told her, and declared it was a malicious invention of her enemies to ruin her and her family. However, when I gave her proofs of all I had said, she grew calmer. I called her attention to the constant visits the Margrave paid her sister, and to his marked attentions to her. My Governess raised her hands to heaven with sobs and tears. She was so angry that she at first wanted to demand an interview with the Margrave. Then she thought of resigning and taking her sister away with her. However, this did not suit my views, and I persuaded her we could put an end to this intrigue only by using gentle remonstrances. She at last gave way to my wishes. Flora came again several times to Himmelscron, where Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld could not resist teasing her about her long and frequent interviews with the Margrave.

We returned to Baireuth on the 20th December. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld could now no longer keep silent, and treated her sister pitilessly, and told her I was fully aware of all her intrigues. Flora was not clever, and as she had been educated by her sister, was in great awe of her. She therefore made a full confession to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. She even showed her the Margrave's letters, in which he promised to make ample provision for her in case of his death. The letters were all written in most flattering terms. As soon as my Governess had read these, she told Flora to accompany her to my room and show me them, and then to write to the Margrave in my presence breaking off the engagement. If she refused to do this, she would at once act alone, and would assuredly find other means by which to remove her from Baireuth. The firm manner in which Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld spoke to her frightened

Flora. She therefore came to me and told me all the circumstances. She tried to make me believe that she had never meant to accept the Margrave's offer. I appeared as if I believed this, and spoke kindly and gently to her, yet making her clearly understand that I would never consent to the marriage. My husband promised to provide for her, at the same time repeating what I had said. "You can never be Princess," I said to her, "the Emperor alone could raise you to that rank, and he has far too much consideration for the King to do anything which would displease him. You therefore see that the whole thing is impossible." Flora promised me to write to the Margrave, that he must once for all give up his intention. As she could, however, from her great influence with him, be of considerable use to us, she determined to approach him carefully, in order to prevent any serious rupture between them. She kept her word, and there was happily an end to this unpleasant business.

Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld is only five feet in height, very stout, and lame. In her youth she is said to have been a great beauty, but the chicken-pox had so disfigured her, that she could no longer lay claim to it. In spite of this, however, her face is attractive, and her eyes are so full of cleverness that they mislead you. Her head being too large for her body gives her the appearance of a dwarf, but the rest of her figure presents nothing remarkable. She has grace and dignity, and her manners denote that she has lived in the world. She has an excellent heart, and is gentle and anxious to be of use to others. In a word, there is nothing to find fault with in her character. Her conduct was always irreproachable, but heaven had not endowed her with consistency. A certain amount of knowledge of the world enabled her to hide this fault, which became apparent only on intimate acquaintance. The advantages offered her by the Margrave had dazzled her, ambition and selfishness

had misled her, and her narrowness of intellect had not enabled her to foresee the results.

My health still continued indifferent. I no longer had constant fever, though it returned at night. I was, however, able to receive company, though doing so did not amuse me. I was always low spirited, though I did my utmost to appear cheerful in the presence of others. My illness was greatly the cause of my melancholy, but the annoyance I had had whilst at Berlin had quite as much to do with it. I had got into a habit of sitting silent, pondering over things.

Prince William's death had left his regiment in the Imperial Army without a commander. The Margrave was advised to ask that it might be given to the Hereditary Prince. Margrave George William had raised the regiment upon the condition that it should always belong to the family. My father-in-law desired me to write to the Empress on the subject. I received a most gracious answer from her, and the request was granted. The Hereditary Prince was delighted, for he was devoted to soldiering.

We were at the beginning of the carnival. Mademoiselle von Marwitz did her utmost to cheer me, and proposed that I should arrange a masquerade. My husband, who loved amusement, urged me to obtain the Margrave's permission for the purpose. This was not so easy, for my father-in-law disliked all gaieties. It was a matter of conscience with him, and his chaplain, who was very pious, encouraged him in this view. Flora Sonnsfeld, with whom we spoke of our wish, managed so well that the Margrave himself proposed my giving this ball. He asked me to undertake all the arrangements, and made only one condition, namely that he need not wear a mask. This kind of fête is known only in Germany. A host and hostess are represented, and the other guests act the part of the different trades and guilds of the country, all wearing masks.

I had the large ball-room transformed into a wood, with a

village and an inn at the end of it. The house was built of bark and the roof covered with tiny lamps. In the interior of it a table was laid for twenty people, having a centre-piece with a fountain. The ball commenced after dinner. Everyone else was charmed with it, but I was only bored, for my father-in-law never left me in peace, but insisted on holding long moral discussions with me. He prevented my speaking to any of my guests, of whom there were many whose conversation I should have enjoyed.

The following Sunday the Margrave's Almoner preached a long sermon on the sinfulness of this ball, and publicly called us all to order. Although he openly spared the Margrave, he reproached him so bitterly in private for having consented to the masquerade that my poor father-in-law thought himself condemned to all eternity. He promised solemnly that such festivities should never take place again, upon which his chaplain gave him absolution. But this was not sufficient: the Margrave wished my husband to take a similar oath, which he, however, found means of evading, to the great displeasure of his father. A circumstance arising at that time only strengthened the Margrave in his superstitious views, and might have resulted in his adopting the life of a Trappist, had not my husband brought the deception practised on him to light.

Since Prince William's death a general panic existed on the subject of ghosts. Every day some fresh absurd story was circulated of persons and things supposed to have been seen and heard in the castle. Each story was more improbable than the last. The anxiety about my health seemed to have called a real ghost of flesh and blood into existence. It often happens that what you most wish you are at last inclined to believe as a fact. A rumour was set on foot in the town that I was expecting to be confined, but as I was aware what had caused this, I took to riding, partly as an amusement and partly because the doctors considered it good for my health.

The Margrave had given me a charming easy black horse. As I was still very weak, my ride never exceeded a quarter of an hour. Anything out of the common is sure to meet with disapprobation. The custom of ladies riding on horseback, which was so common in England and France, was unknown in Germany. Everyone exclaimed against it, and hence the stories of ghosts arose. After a little while Chamberlain von Reitzenstein was informed that a figure of supernatural size appeared every evening in the castle saying these words in a terrible voice, "Tell the highest Lady in the land that if she continues to ride a black horse some dreadful misfortune will overtake her. Tell her that she must on no account be seen outside her room for six weeks."

M. von Reitzenstein, himself the most superstitious of mortals, at once informed the Margrave of this fact, the consequence being that I received an order on no account to leave the castle, or to be seen out riding. My annoyance was extreme, particularly at the absurd reason which had caused this prohibition. I represented to the Margrave that the whole circumstance was the purest invention, and my husband insisted so seriously on its being so, that he obtained his father's command to sift the whole matter. The Hereditary Prince thereupon had a watch kept at every entrance in the castle at which the ghost was said to show itself, but without result. The supernatural being seemed to have been informed of the measures taken against it, for it did not appear. The Hereditary Prince at length had a secret interview with the instigator of the whole fraud, and promised her (for a woman it was) a large sum of money if she would say who it was. The poor woman took a lantern with her, but had only time to look for one moment at the apparition, when it threw some poison at her, which blinded her for life. According to her information, the person who represented the ghost had nut-shells over her eyes, and was tightly swathed in white linen sheets. The Margrave's

superstitious piety, or rather his bad humour with us, was not in any way appeased by this discovery. The Hereditary Prince deemed it advisable, in order to avoid any possible misunderstanding between us and his father, to leave Baireuth for a short while. We owed the Margrave of Anspach a visit, so we took this opportunity of paying it, and left for Anspach on the 21st January.

It seemed almost as if the prediction of the ghost were to come true. In driving down a very steep road, the front wheel of our carriage came off, and we were nearly flung headlong down a precipice. My husband, my Governess, and Mademoiselle von Marwitz had managed to get out of the carriage, and my servants who were holding it back thought I had done the same. They let go their hold, and I should have been killed had I not jumped out. In doing so I fell down, and must have been crushed by the wheels had I not been extricated by a Prussian who was with us. Having had some wine to strengthen me after this fright, we continued our journey.

A thaw had set in with the night, but the sun was required to melt the ice in the shade. Our road led across a river which was frozen over. As soon, however, as we got on it the ice gave way, and carriage and horses stuck fast. We were at length pulled out by the aid of ropes, and narrowly escaped drowning.

At length we reached Baiersdorf, where we spent the night. I was more dead than alive from fatigue and the terror of the narrow escapes we had had. We reached Anspach next evening. My reception there resembled that given me on the occasion of my first visit, and as I described the Court on that occasion, I will not stop to do so again. We returned to Baireuth on the 10th February, having left Anspach on the 8th.

New troubles awaited us on our return home. At the time of my marriage a treaty had been made between the

King and the Margrave, by which my father obtained the right to levy three Prussian regiments in the Principality, namely, my brother's, the Hereditary Prince's, and the Prince of Anhalt's. M. von Münichow, the recruiting officer at Baireuth, was a young man who stood high in my brother's favour. He was a son of the Münichow, who had been of such service to the Crown Prince during his imprisonment at Küstrin, and had been specially recommended to my husband's notice. He was a good young man, but had certainly not invented gunpowder. He met us at Streitberg, where we were to dine, and announced to my husband the fact of his having enlisted a young man over six feet in height. This giant belonged to Bamberg, and had intended joining another regiment. M. von Münichow had, therefore, taken him by force and brought him secretly to Pasewalk, without anyone's finding it out. He added that the man was a great rascal, who would do no good otherwise. He therefore thought the occurrence would make no great stir.

The Hereditary Prince told me of this feat of Münichow's, and I at once foresaw the annoyance it would cause us. My husband told Münichow of my apprehensions, but he reassured him greatly, by telling him of all the precautions he had taken in the matter. We therefore hoped that the whole transaction would remain a secret. The Margrave received us so kindly on our arrival at Baireuth, that I quite thought he had heard nothing, and he left in a most amiable mood for Himmelscron on the 12th February. We therefore had every reason to think the circumstance was past and forgotten, when M. von Voit had us awakened at midnight, demanding most urgently to speak with us. He told us that Councilor Lauterbach (a man of no particular social position) had been to see him towards dusk. He had asked him to inform us that he had just come from Himmelscron where he had left the Margrave in a greater state of rage than he

had ever seen him in before. He had found out what Münichow had done, suspected the Hereditary Prince of being concerned in it, and had sworn revenge of the most summary kind. The Margrave intended to come to town next day, and Lauterbach warned us to take our precautions, as everything was to be feared for my husband.

This intelligence caused us a deadly fear. We consulted and deliberated in vain: we could find no means of escape from the difficulty. Nothing remained to the Hereditary Prince but to bow to the inevitable, and submit. If this was of no use, then all was lost. We spent a cruel night.

As soon as it was morning I sent for Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and we consulted afresh what was to be done, but equally without result. At last we spoke to Flora Sonnsfeld. She promised to use all the influence she possessed with the Margrave to mediate in the matter. She feared, however, that she would be able to do but little. We took so little trouble at any time to give the Margrave pleasure, she said, that we could not be surprised if he treated us as he did. I asked her to explain what she meant by this remark, as I did not understand it. I could not remember that the Hereditary Prince or I had ever failed in consideration towards my father-in-law. Flora shrugged her shoulders and remained silent. I knew perfectly well what she meant, but I wished to oblige her to speak more clearly. She did not know what answer to make, and therefore merely replied that I turned him into ridicule and treated him like someone who was not quite in his right mind. "If I have ever said that the Margrave was not," I replied, "I spoke the truth. But I made this remark only in the presence of people who I was sure would make no bad use of it, like your sister and yourself. I admit that the Margrave has now good cause to be angry. I entirely disapproved of Münichow's proceeding, and should not blame my father-in-law if he found fault with his son about it, as long as he

refrained from violence, which would place him completely in the wrong."

I spent the whole afternoon in a great state of agitation. I knew what the Margrave's fits of rage would be, and that in the first heat of the moment he was capable of anything. He arrived at five o'clock. My husband received him at the foot of the stairs, and accompanied him to his room. My father-in-law was most affectionate and kind in his manner towards the Hereditary Prince, and conversed for an hour with him. He then dismissed him, saying he had some business to transact, after which he would come and see me. My husband returned quite triumphant to me after this interview. He spoke of his father in Flora's presence in the highest terms of praise. He said he should never forget the temperate manner in which the Margrave had spoken with him on this occasion. Although he—the Hereditary Prince—was quite innocent of Münichow's high-handed proceeding, yet he felt the wrong that had been done far more keenly than if his father had been violent with him. But this peaceful atmosphere was soon disturbed, and we heard that M. von Münichow and two sergeants had been arrested and imprisoned.

I remembered that not long before this occurrence the Dutch had shot a Prussian officer whom they had caught recruiting on their territory, and I remembered too that the Margrave had expressed his approval of their action. I therefore had but little doubt that Münichow would suffer the same fate. I trembled at the possibility, for I foresaw what dreadful results it would have. As I was considering what could possibly be done to prevent so dangerous a step, my father-in-law entered my room. He was extremely gracious, while I was greatly agitated. As we were just going to dinner we only spoke of trivial matters. After dinner was over I approached my father-in-law, saying to him, "Your Highness has every right to be extremely

angry with M. von Münichow. The Hereditary Prince blames him as much as I do. Still, as his arrest will cause the King extreme annoyance, I implore your Highness to set him at liberty for my sake. It is the first favour I have ever asked of you, and I feel convinced you will not refuse it me." The Margrave listened to me coldly, and then replied in a most arrogant tone, "Your Royal Highness is always demanding favours of me which I cannot grant. The proceeding is a monstrous one. The man whom Münichow has carried off is a Catholic priest. He was bound and most cruelly treated, and that even in my presence. I shall have endless trouble with the Bishop of Bamberg, and I cannot stand being treated with so great a want of respect. If my son has had any hand in it, I almost wish he had never been born, or had been strangled in his cradle. I am master here, and I will make my power felt by all who forget what is due to me and my position."

"No body has, I think, ever ventured to doubt that," I answered. "I should be in utter despair if I thought your Highness imagined the Hereditary Prince had anything to do with this unfortunate affair!" "I do not think he has," the Margrave said, "but my son would have done better to have himself informed me of all that occurred. I also quite think that Münichow represented it all to him in a different light."

"I quite agree," I answered, "but may I venture to make one more remark?" "You can say every thing you wish," he replied. "Well, then, will your Highness let mercy gain the day, and will you set Münichow free to-morrow? Let his arrest be sufficient satisfaction for his fault. The Hereditary Prince will dismiss him at once. Münichow is my brother's great favourite, and the Crown Prince is bound to his family by many ties of gratitude. My brother would, I know, be everlastingly grateful to your Highness if he knew that you had given Münichow his liberty on account of the services

rendered to him." My father-in-law interrupted me here by saying, "I beg your Royal Highness not to continue this conversation, and to say nothing more on the subject. I am the best judge of my own actions, and have the honour to wish you a very good night." With these words the Margrave turned on his heel, leaving me standing dumb with surprise.

My husband found me quite upset by the interview. We both expected the worst. The Hereditary Prince was greatly irritated with his father, and I was not less so. The Margrave was certainly justified in resenting Münichow's conduct; still, he ought to have behaved differently. He ought to have spoken to his son about it, arrested Münichow, and then granted my request for his freedom. The falseness with which the Margrave behaved was unpardonable, and only proved the real state of his feelings towards us, which were certainly not those of friendship. Münichow was tried publicly. He emphatically denied having ill-used his recruit, and equally denied ever having heard the man was a priest, as he had never worn the priest's habit. Münichow was cross-questioned several times, but without any further information being obtained from him. Flora had been able to obtain nothing from the Margrave; and I, therefore, determined to give out that I was ill, and took to my bed. Everything was tried to move my father-in-law. He was told I was ill from the sorrow and trouble this occurrence had caused. He merely laughed when he heard it.

Up till now, I had endeavoured by gentleness to bring the matter to a favourable issue. Hearing, however, that Münichow was strictly guarded and treated like a criminal, I thought the time had arrived for energetic measures. I, therefore, sent for Baron Stein, and explained to him what disastrous results the Margrave's behaviour would have should he deal violently with Münichow. I gave him such a wholesome fear of the King and his anger, that he

promised to do all he could to pacify the Margrave. Terribly frightened by what I had told him, he rushed to his master, and put him into such a state of terror that he at once set Münichow free.

My father-in-law desired Baron Stein to tell me, that he did not insist on Münichow's dismissal, but that on the contrary he would treat him civilly. He implored me to make his peace with the King. I thanked the Margrave for the consideration he had shown me, in granting my request, and assured him my husband would at once order Münichow to rejoin his regiment. My husband, I said, did not wish to have people about him that had the misfortune to offend his father. I promised to explain the whole affair to the King, and felt sure that all would soon be forgotten. My father-in-law did not seem delighted with the part I had played. However, Münichow took his departure, and peace was re-established. The Hereditary Prince was fortunate enough to induce the King to let the priest go. My father-in-law, therefore, received every satisfaction he could expect.

I had scarcely begun to breathe again, when new troubles overtook me. These were caused by a letter from the King, in which he informed me, that being bound by treaty to assist the Emperor with ten thousand men, he intended to take the field himself, and join the army on the Rhine. He counted on my husband's accompanying him, and wished me to speak with the Margrave about it, and obtain his consent.

My husband was burning to take part in the campaign, and as he had the King's support, he did not despair of gaining his father's leave. I, on the other hand, was much opposed to the plan. I knew my husband's ambition to distinguish himself. He loved soldiering passionately, and I was fearful of his exposing himself unnecessarily, and of some misfortune happening to him. He was my most precious earthly treasure: we were one heart and one soul. Never were two people so closely bound together as we were.

Notwithstanding my fears, I was obliged to show the King's letter to my father-in-law. I managed, however, to deceive my husband, by speaking first to the Ministers, begging them to dissuade the Margrave from giving his consent. This gave me but little trouble.

My husband was now the Margrave's only son. The Ministers were much opposed to the King's wishes, and promised to use their influence with the Margrave to prevent the plan being carried out. Having, therefore, arranged matters to my satisfaction, I now spoke to my father-in-law. He seemed rather put out, and said he would think the matter over. The Hereditary Prince moved heaven and earth to obtain his father's consent. Nobody, however, would help him, and the Margrave was not to be induced to grant the permission. All the country's hopes were centered in my husband, and everyone opposed the idea of his taking part in the war. This reply quieted the King for a while, and laid my fears to rest.

I have not for some time mentioned my sister-in-law, Princess Charlotte. She was completely mad, and fit only to be shut up. At times she had most violent paroxysms of rage, and her father was then obliged to beat her. Nobody could manage her. She appeared twice daily in public, and was then closely watched all the time. The Duke of Weimar had long wished to marry her. He was one of the most powerful of the Saxon Princes of the time. He was almost as mad as Princess Charlotte, so that they suited each other perfectly. He had a picture painted of the Princess by Dobener, and although it was a most unfavourable likeness, he was enchanted with it. He formally proposed to the Margrave for Princess Charlotte's hand, and made only one condition, namely, that the matter should not be talked of till he himself came to Baireuth. The Margrave at once consented, as can easily be understood, and the preparations for the wedding were taken in hand.

Princess Wilhelmine, who had not been able to make up her mind to go to Denmark, had meanwhile married the Prince of East Friesland. But to return to the Duke of Weimar. He came like Nicodemus by night, and announced his arrival only a few hours before he made his appearance. He also gave notice of the Duke of Coburg's visit, which annoyed us a good deal. He was the Duke of Weimar's next heir, and we feared he came to Baireuth in order to prevent the marriage. Both Dukes arrived the same evening. As my father-in-law hated guests, as well as society of any kind, he desired me to do the honours, and instructed his Court to take all orders from me. The Royal Dukes were at once brought to me. The Duke of Weimar was small and very thin. He was most civil and courteous, and I could then discover nothing singular about him. He took a great deal of notice of Princess Charlotte, who was as beautiful as an angel. The Duke of Coburg was tall and well proportioned: he was very clever, and full of good sense. He deserved the respect of everybody for his many great qualities of heart and mind.

Next day the Duke of Weimar showed himself in his true light. He conversed with me for two hours, telling me such barefaced lies as he could only have learned in the "devil's school." He never sent any message to the Margrave, which greatly disquieted my father-in-law, who entreated me for God's sake to get the marriage settled. "I do not wish to expose myself to a refusal from the Duke of Weimar," he said to me, "your Royal Highness alone can settle this matter. I should be in despair if the marriage were broken off. The honour of my house and family would suffer from such a misfortune, and it might, besides, have disastrous results."

I gave in to the Margrave's entreaties, but found myself in a great difficulty, as I did not in the least know how to induce the Duke to declare himself.

The Duke of Coburg, however, came to my assistance. He asked the Hereditary Prince and myself for a private interview, in which he told us that he was quite aware that we considered him heir presumptive to the Duke of Weimar, and therefore mistrusted his intentions in coming to Baireuth. That he had come solely to help on the marriage, for the Duke of Weimar was subject to fits of bad temper, was extremely stupid, and changed his mind at least twenty times a-day, so that we should never arrive at a solution of the question in the ordinary way. He advised me to joke with the Duke of Weimar about the marriage, and get him to declare himself, and then immediately announce the betrothal. The Duke of Coburg said he would support me in every way in his power, for the Princess pleased him, and he was sure that if I would do as he suggested the engagement would be settled that very evening. My husband and I were most grateful to him. The Duke of Coburg instructed me in my part, and begged the Hereditary Prince not to interfere, for he added, "The Duke of Weimar is fond of ladies, and Her Royal Highness will be able to make him jump over the stick if she likes."

The Margrave was now informed of all that had been settled. I asked him to be in readiness to come to me as soon as I gave him a sign, so that he might be a witness of the engagement.

In the afternoon I at once began to "shuffle my cards." I collected a band composed of every imaginable instrument, of trumpets, drums, fifes, bagpipes, horns, and what not besides, and the noise they made was almost deafening. The Duke of Weimar soon fell a prey to the influence of such sounds. He sprung from his chair, himself played the drum, danced, jumped about the room, and behaved in the most ridiculous manner. After dinner I led him to my room accompanied by the Duke of Coburg, Princess Charlotte, and my ladies. I talked to him about the campaign

on the Rhine, and said I thought it so wrong of the Emperor not to have appointed him to the command of the Army. He answered me by making the most extravagant remarks, and ended by saying he would join the Army, and he had everything in readiness. I replied, "I cannot approve of your intention. A Prince like yourself should not be allowed to expose himself. You have great expectations, and may yet become Elector of Saxony. It would not matter how many other princes were sacrificed, as long as you yourself are spared." "That is true," the Duke answered, "but I am born to be a soldier." I now interrupted him by saying, "I know a means by which all could be combined. You must marry and soon have a son, and then you may take the field whenever you choose."

"H'm!" he replied, "as regards women, there are enough of those. I may see a hundred of them before I find one who pleases me. At Hof three princesses and two countesses are sitting waiting for me, but I like none of them, and shall send them all away again. Your royal father was good enough to propose yourself to me, and it only required my consent to have married you. I did not know you, so I declined the offer with thanks. I am now in despair that I did so. I worship you, and am desperately in love with you!" "I am indeed distressed!" I exclaimed, "you have insulted me by declining my hand! This is news indeed to me, and I am determined at whatever cost to have satisfaction for it!" I acted as if I were beside myself. The Hereditary Prince and my Ladies with difficulty restrained their laughter. At last the Duke fell trembling at my feet, uttering protestations of love and devotion, and assuring me of his readiness to give me every satisfaction I demanded of him. "Well, then," I cried, "nothing will satisfy me but your marrying one of my relations. Will you do so?" "With all my heart," the Duke answered, "propose to me whom you like, and may the thunder

fall on me if I do not marry her at once." "I shall not require much time to find you a wife," I replied, "for here is someone who is far more beautiful and amiable than I am, and you will only gain by the exchange." With these words I took my sister-in-law by the hand and presented her to the Duke. He wished to embrace her, but she pushed him from her, and, as she did so, the Duke exclaimed, "Dear me, she is proud indeed, but she pleases me, and I am more than satisfied."

I now sent in hot haste for the Margrave, and told him that as soon as he came the rings should be exchanged. He appeared a few moments later, and I at once told him that I had been bold enough to arrange a marriage, and that all that was now required was his consent to it. The Duke of Weimar had so risen in my estimation that I had given him my word of honour that he should obtain Princess Charlotte in marriage, and I hoped he would approve of the match. Instead of answering me the Margrave stood there with open mouth, and laughingly asked the Duke how he felt? I thought the Duke of Coburg, my husband, and I should have died of surprise and disgust, for our fool of a Duke now began a long conversation with the Margrave, and seemed to have forgotten all about his betrothal. We were obliged to begin our manœuvres afresh. At last we pressed the Margrave so hard that he obtained a satisfactory declaration from the Duke, and the engagement was settled. The cannons were fired, and the whole Court and the ladies from the town came to my room to offer their congratulations. After this we all went to dinner, and in the evening there was a ball. I retired to my room as soon as I had danced with the Duke of Weimar. I was dead tired, and my throat was quite sore from having had to speak so much.

Next morning M. von Comartin, who was in attendance on the Duke of Weimar, asked to see me. He began by making many excuses in having to bring me an unpleasant

message. The Duke was like one bereft of his senses, insisted on leaving instantly, and wished me to be informed that he did not want to marry. He said he wished to remain unmarried, and that all that had taken place yesterday had only been a joke. Comartin advised me to treat the whole matter with a very high hand, and to behave as if it were a matter of perfect indifference to me. I answered M. von Comartin that I did not need this advice: that he should tell the Duke from me, that I thought I had conferred a great honour on him by arranging this marriage, but that I did not in the least care for his relationship, and should be delighted if he took his departure as soon as possible. "Tell him also in my name," the Hereditary Prince added, "that I shall be very glad to show him my satisfaction at his behaviour."

I informed the Margrave of what had happened, but begged him to pretend to know nothing of it, as I still hoped to arrange matters. I was not disappointed in this. Comartin came soon afterwards to see me again, to offer me his master's apologies, and beg me to reconcile him with my husband. The Duke now appeared himself. I pretended for a long time to be very angry; but at last softened my manner towards him, and my husband's wrath also gave way. We settled that the wedding should take place next day on the 7th April.

I dressed the Princess in my own room. She wore a white robe, and on her head was a ducal crown made of my own diamonds. Till this moment all had gone well, and my sister-in-law had remained quiet and composed. As I was, however, on the point of placing the crown on her head, she sprang from her chair and rushed screaming and crying from one room to the other. She knelt in turn before each chair as if to pray. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who had most power over her, asked her what was the matter. The Princess answered that people wanted to murder her, and that she was

surrounded by enemies wishing to kill her. After some time we at last discovered the cause of her terror. She had seen her brother's coffin, and the same crown she was now going to wear had lain on a cushion near it. We had the greatest trouble in the world in pacifying her.

She looked most beautiful. As soon as she was ready dressed the Margrave and the two Dukes came to fetch her. We led her first to the audience chamber, where the deed of renunciation was signed. The religious service was then performed, after which there was a great banquet, followed by the "Fackeltanz."* When all was over I accompanied the bride to her room, to help her undress. My husband did the same with the Duke. The Duke behaved in the strangest manner, and kept us all up till four in the morning.

The late hours and the many fatigues had done my health great harm, and in spite of every possible remedy I suffered incessantly and most cruelly.

Next day we had fresh troubles. The Duke complained of his wife, and continued to do so all the rest of the time they were at Baireuth. I would not interfere in their quarrels, and left my husband to settle them. At last, to our great relief, the newly-married pair left on the 14th April. I think we should all have gone mad had they remained any longer. As the Duchess had no ladies of her own, I was very glad of the excuse of letting Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld go with her, and gave her six weeks' leave. The Hereditary Prince accompanied his sister as far as Coburg, where he remained only a few days. The Margrave went to Himmelscron, and the Hereditary Prince and I went later to the "Hermitage." I there received a letter from the Queen which surprised me not a little. She informed me that my youngest sister, Sophie, was engaged to be married to the same Margrave of Schwedt who had formerly

* A polonaise danced with torches.

been my destined husband. She praised the Prince in a most strange way, and said she would never have opposed him so much at that time had she known him better. I marvelled at the changeableness of all earthly things, particularly of the human heart. The Margrave of Schwedt had known how to win the Queen over to his side by reporting everything to her that happened, till she at last consented to the marriage. But no sooner was the engagement declared than he let fall the mask, and showed himself in his true colours. In consequence of this I received another letter from my mother by the following post containing accounts of all the Margrave's villainies. This marriage made me quite wretched, for I loved my sister dearly. She was not beautiful, but her noble character, gentleness, and a thousand other good qualities, more than counterbalanced that deficiency. She knew how to manage her husband so cleverly that he treated her like a lamb. Nevertheless, she was not able to cure him of his faults, and he remained what he had ever been. They were however very happy together in spite of everything, and he behaved like an angel to his wife.

My fears that my husband would after all join the Army on the Rhine began afresh. He tried secretly to obtain the Margrave's consent. I on the other hand did my utmost to prevent his doing so. In this way we cheated each other. I received a second letter from the King on the subject which annoyed me terribly. Its contents were as follows:

"My dear Daughter,—

"I leave in six weeks for the Rhine. My son and my cousins accompany me, my son-in-law should also do so. Is he to remain planting cabbages at Baireuth whilst all other Princes of the Empire take part in the war? He will appear like an arrant coward in the eyes of the whole world. The Margrave's reasons against his

going are all groundless. You must force him to consent; he insults his son if he prevents his taking part in the campaign. Let me have an early answer, and believe me," &c.

Oh, Heavens! I can never describe what I felt whilst reading this letter! I burst into tears. The Hereditary Prince spoke very seriously with me about it, and said that his father's continual opposition to his serving in the war would force him to do so without his consent. I answered my husband that all he could expect of me was that I should not oppose his wishes. But that I could not be asked to try and induce his father to let him go. I sent the King's letter to the Margrave. He asked me to return to Baireuth, where there were many important things to be discussed with me, and where he intended summoning a Council of State. I accordingly returned to Baireuth on the 14th June. The Margrave showed me a letter from the King written much in the same strain as that which I had received, and also one from Count von Seckendorf. He implored the Margrave, for God's sake, to give in to the King's wishes, as his opposition would cause him only endless disagreeables. The campaign would anyhow not last long, on account of the season of the year being far advanced. He hoped to send the Prince back to him before the end of the year, well and strong, and crowned with honours. My father-in-law asked me what I thought of all this. I answered that I left the whole matter in his hands. He was the father, and I was sure he would consider all sides of the case before he came to a final decision. The Margrave seemed very uneasy. The whole country was, in fact, opposed to the Hereditary Prince's taking part in the war. People said openly that should the Margrave let his son go it would be a proof that he did not care for him. My father-in-law therefore answered the King that his proposition was so serious and grave, that he must take it into

earnest consideration. My husband was terribly put out by his father's want of decision, and urged him daily to grant his request.

The King had meanwhile left to join the Army. My brother and all the Princes followed him a few days later. The King had gone by way of Cleves, but my brother wrote me word he should pass through Baireuth. As the King had however strictly forbidden him to stop there, he begged me to meet him on the 2nd July at Berneck, two miles from Baireuth, where he should make a halt of an hour. I took good care not to lose this opportunity of seeing my beloved brother, and started quite early in the morning for Berneck, accompanied by my Governess, M. von Voit, and M. von Seckendorf. My husband, attended by my Chamberlain and Baron Stein, followed us, to welcome the Crown Prince in the Margrave's name. We arrived at ten o'clock at Berneck. The heat was intense, and I was very tired with the journey. I waited in the house prepared for my brother's reception till three o'clock in the afternoon. A fearful thunderstorm came on. I never witnessed one more terrible. The thunder resounded among the rocks which surround Berneck, till the world seemed approaching its end. A perfect deluge of rain followed on the thunder. It struck four o'clock, and yet my brother never came. I could not understand what had happened to him, while the different people I had sent on horseback to look for him did not return either. At last, in spite of all my entreaties, my husband started off in quest of my brother.

I waited till nine o'clock in the evening in this painful state of anxiety, and no one appeared. My fears grew greater each moment. These tremendous rains are very dangerous in mountainous districts, and are often the cause of fatal accidents. I was therefore persuaded that some misfortune had happened to both the Crown Prince and the Hereditary Prince. At length I heard that my brother had

changed his route, and had gone to Culmbach, where he intended spending the night, and I wished to join him there. Culmbach is four miles* from Berneck, and the road leading there is very bad and almost dangerous, being very precipitous. Everybody was opposed to my going there, and whether I wished it or not, I was put into the carriage and taken back to Himmelscron. We had a narrow escape of being drowned on the way. The streams were so swollen by the rain that the horses had to swim through them.

At length I reached Himmelscron at midnight. Half dead from fear and fatigue, I threw myself on my bed. I was haunted by the dread that some accident must have happened to my brother and my husband. The Hereditary Prince arrived at four o'clock, without, however, bringing me any tidings of my brother. Somewhat pacified by my husband's return I fell asleep, but was awakened almost directly by a message that M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak to me, having been sent by my brother. I jumped up at once from my bed and rushed to meet him. He informed me that my brother had only expected me next day, and had therefore stopped to rest at Hof. If I liked, he would meet me at some spot near Baireuth, which he would reach at eight o'clock, and remain there a few hours to see me. No time was therefore left for sleep. I ordered my carriage and started to join the Crown Prince.

My brother overwhelmed me with affection. He found me in a deplorable condition, and so altered, he could scarcely help crying. I could scarcely stand, I was so weak, and fainted constantly. He told me that the King was greatly irritated against the Margrave, because he would not allow his son to take part in the campaign. I explained all my father-in-law's reasons to my brother, and defended his actions in the matter. "Very well, then," the Prince replied,

* Eight English miles.

"your husband must leave the Army, and give up the command of his regiment to the King. At the same time, you need have been in no anxiety, for I know from reliable sources that no blood will be shed." "Yet, for all that," I added, "preparations are being made to lay siege to Philippsburg." "That is true," he answered, "but no battle will be fought there." Whilst we were talking my husband joined us, and entreated my brother to help him to get away from Baireuth. They both stood talking together for some time. My brother told me afterwards that he would write the Margrave a very civil letter, and place the matter in such a light before him, that it could not fail to have good results. "We will remain together," he added, turning to my husband, "nothing will make me happier than to have my dear brother always about me." The Crown Prince wrote his letter, and gave it to Baron Stein to deliver to the Margrave, after which we took a tender farewell of each other. My brother promised me to obtain the King's leave to pay me a visit at Baireuth on his return. This was the last time I saw him in the same intimate way as of old. He changed greatly afterwards.

We returned to Baireuth, and I was for three days afterwards so ill that my life was almost despaired of. I recovered, however, for a time; but the low fever I suffered from continued worse than ever.

I have not mentioned Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld for some time. She had returned from Weimar, where she had left the Duke and Duchess very happily and peacefully established. I had always flattered myself that the Margrave's passion for her would cool down during her absence; but I had reckoned without my host, for on her return he became more in love with her than ever. His affection for her knew no bounds; he spent the whole day with his lady-love, preached moral sermons to her, and contented himself by kissing her hands. Every day he put on a new coat, and had his few remaining hairs dressed so as to appear younger.

If he were prevented seeing her, notes were rained down upon her, and these were so tender, and at the same time so senseless, that they disgusted the reader. He declared he intended to marry her, and that his intentions were of the most honourable kind. Anyhow, the whole proceeding displeased us extremely. Flora loved the Margrave as much as he did her, and I foresaw that she would in the end give in to his wishes. The poor Margrave, however, was doomed to other sorrows than that which his cruel lady-love caused him, and in this fresh trouble I felt most truly with him. This blow was the death of the Prince of Culmbach, the news of which was brought the Margrave by his *aide de camp*. The Prince of Culmbach fell on the 29th June, in the battle of Parma. The troops were commanded by General Merci. The Prince had just captured a French battery, when two bullets struck him, and he fell into a ditch. He was carried into a neighbouring hut, where the surgeons that attended him told him he had but a few hours to live. "I have the satisfaction of dying as I always wished to die, and shall be quite contented if we are victorious." These were his last words, for he lost consciousness and died soon afterwards. The Marshal Merci and fifteen officers of high rank were killed in this battle. The French remained in possession of the battle-field, and the victory must be allowed to have been theirs, for the losses sustained by the Austrians were enormous.

The Hereditary Prince and myself felt the Prince's death most keenly. It cost me many bitter tears, for I lost a most true friend and a prince who had been the pride of our family. His body was brought secretly to Baireuth.

The Crown Prince's letter to the Margrave had meanwhile borne fruits, and preparations were being hurried forward for my husband's departure. I had sunk into the deepest melancholy. The Prince of Culmbach's death had made such an impression on me, that I felt sure that a similar fate

would overtake the Hereditary Prince. My bad state of health comforted me, for I hoped that should he be killed I should not survive him long. Up to this time the doctors had bled me eight times in the space of ten months. They did not recognize the disease I was suffering from, and thought my ill-health was the result of being too full-blooded. They also gave me very strong remedies, which for a time afforded me relief. They now wished to try another treatment, and recommended a course of waters. In order to carry this out we went with the Margrave to the Brandenburger baths. The waters were, however, too strong for me in my weakened state, and after three days I was obliged to give up taking them.

About this time the Prince of Culmbach's body reached Baireuth. As the preparations for his funeral, which was to be solemnized with great pomp and ceremony, were not yet completed, the coffin was placed in the chapel.

The Margrave was terribly affected by the Prince's death, and seemed to fail rapidly. The doctors declared his condition was most serious, and that his recovery could not be hoped for unless he gave up drinking so much. He was, however, so accustomed to this habit, that it was most difficult for him to renounce it.

The terrible day of the Hereditary Prince's departure at last drew near. It was the 17th August. Only those who loved as passionately as I did can understand what I suffered. A thousand deaths cannot be compared to my sorrow. My powers of imagination were so excited that I felt convinced I should never see my husband again. He tore himself from me, and was so upset at my condition that he did not seem conscious of anything, and was led in this state to his carriage. I remained behind overwhelmed with grief. My condition would have touched even the most hard-hearted of beings. I remained like this for four days, after which I endeavoured to control my sorrow, and to appear outwardly

calm. I have not, hitherto, mentioned the campaign on the Rhine, so as not to interrupt my narrative. I will therefore now mention the most important facts connected with it.

The Duke of Bevern, who had last year been appointed to the command of the Imperial Army, consisting of 20,000 men, had till now remained on the defensive. He had been unable to prevent the French Army under the Duke of Berwick from crossing the Rhine. Prince Eugene of Savoy took over the Duke of Bevern's command. On his arrival he expressed great dissatisfaction at the positions taken up by the Duke, and immediately moved the troops from Stockhofen. The French pursued the Imperial Army, but without being able to do it any harm. Although France had not up to this moment attacked the Empire, the Princes had imprudently mixed themselves up in this war by offering their contingents to the Emperor. Six thousand Danes, ten thousand Prussians, and the troops of the Empire were most useful in extricating Prince Eugene from a very precarious position. The Prince was however unable to prevent the French taking Kehl, and laying siege to Philippsburg. This latter place capitulated after six weeks' determined resistance. Marshal de Berwick and Prince Lixin were killed in the trenches. Two days after the fall of Philippsburg my husband reached the Army. The King had done everything in his power to induce Prince Eugene to fight a battle in order to relieve the town. The Prince refused to do so, and represented to the King that should he be beaten, the whole of Germany would then be at the mercy of the French, and they would be able to take whatever they liked.

The Hereditary Prince was most kindly received by the King and my brother, and as his things had not yet arrived, the Crown Prince lent him a tent. My husband found the King much altered. His face was thin and drawn, and he had the gout in one hand. He already carried in him the seeds of that disease from which he died. My father was not

able to remain with the Army during the whole campaign, but was obliged to go to Cleves. Before he left he was most tender and affectionate in his manner to my husband, and told the Crown Prince to stop at Baireuth on his way back. The Hereditary Prince became most popular with all the generals and officers. He did his utmost to learn his duties, and his moral conduct, his courtesy, and charming, amiable manner, won him all hearts. It was quite a different thing with my brother, who had struck up an intimate friendship with Prince Henry, brother of the Margrave of Schwedt. This Prince had no other merit than his good looks: he was full of vice, which, together with his bad character, caused him to be held in contempt by everyone. He had, however, managed to gain great power over my brother, whom he ruined and entangled in his own evil ways. But this was not all: he succeeded in making the Crown Prince suspicious of all honest, upright people. Only those who shared his views were acceptable. In one word, my brother was an altered man. Everybody was dissatisfied with him, and my husband shared the same fate as others did.

One day, when my husband had gone with my brother, Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, and several other generals to reconnitre the enemy's positions, they found the French outposts on this side of the Rhine. The Hereditary Prince began to take notes and make sketches of their positions, and did not notice that my brother had separated himself from him. A young Hussar who was with my husband amused himself by spending his time in shooting at the enemy with his gun. The French at once answered him, and the bullets soon flew round the Hereditary Prince's head. He, however, never stirred, but continued finishing his sketches. He did not however neglect to give the Hussar a severe reprimand for his heedlessness. As soon as the Prince had finished his drawings and notes he mounted his horse and hastened to rejoin my brother. The Crown Prince was speaking in a most

satirical manner to Prince Henry of Schwedt about the occurrence I have just mentioned. The Hereditary Prince overheard what was said, and described the circumstance as it had taken place. As however he observed my brother still continued talking in whispers to Prince Henry, looking scornfully at him meanwhile, my husband said to him, "I will soon teach those who dare to calumniate me to your Royal Highness how to speak the truth, and will cure them of telling lies."

The Crown Prince and Prince Henry, for whom the remark was intended, were at once silenced.

Next day my husband had a splendid opportunity of showing Prince Henry up before all the generals. This latter thereupon pretended to be ill, and induced the Crown Prince, who was very much put out with the Hereditary Prince, to show him some marked civilities.

A few days after these events a messenger arrived in camp, bringing news of the King's serious condition. His illness had much increased, and he had been unable to leave Cleves. His body had become much swollen, the doctors declared him to be suffering from dropsy, and considered his state one of great danger.

I now returned to Baireuth. As the funeral of the Prince of Culmbach was to take place on the 25th August, we intended going to Himmelscron in order to avoid being present at it. Since my husband's departure I had observed that the Margrave's passion for Flora Sonnsfeld had greatly increased. She could not resist showing her affection for him; and we remarked from various hints she dropped that she had fallen a prey to the desire of becoming Margravine. My father-in-law's health was failing visibly. His physician, who was about the most ignorant man in existence, promised him complete recovery by means of baths and waters. These consisted of pine cones boiled in water. The Margrave and I began our cure simultaneously. Mer-

cifully some charitable people warned me I should kill myself, if I used these pine baths. They wished equally to warn my father-in-law, but he had such unbounded faith in his doctor that he continued his treatment, and constantly fainted whilst taking the baths. The Margrave was much occupied with the restoration of Himmelscron. Workmen were employed night and day, redecorating the rooms with looking-glasses and rich gilt mouldings. My father-in-law also intended laying out a beautiful garden there, and building a riding school.

From all these preparations I gathered that he was intending to marry, and to establish himself entirely at Himmelscron. Mademoiselle von Marwitz encouraged me in this belief, and warned me to be on my guard. This young lady was very clever, and I could rely on her discretion, and grew daily more attached to her. As she was always on the alert, she soon found out that many people were mixed up in this intrigue, amongst others M. von Hesberg, who had been Prince William's Governor. I had always known him to be a most upright and honourable gentleman, and therefore had no hesitation in seeking an explanation from him. I however thought it best to wait till after I had returned from Himmelscron.

I left for this place on the 24th August, accompanied by my Governess and Mademoiselle von Marwitz. The time I spent there was dull in the extreme. The Margrave was in a terrible state: his memory was almost gone, and he was scarcely conscious of what he said. After dinner, and when he had drunk wine, he was seized with convulsions, which terrified me, as I feared they would end in the same fits to which he had been subject in his youth. He spent the rest of the day in my room, which annoyed me not a little.

We at last returned to Baireuth on the 4th September, after which I at once endeavoured to have a private inter-

view with M. von Hesberg. He at once owned to me that he was cognisant of all that I wished to know, that Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld had confided the whole matter to him, and that the circumstances of the case were as follows. From the first moment I had interfered in the matter, the Margrave had been unceasing in his endeavours to win Flora's consent. She had at first refused to listen to him, but had now given in to his entreaties, yet only on condition that she obtained our consent to her marriage with him. The Margrave, who was well aware of the difficulties that stood in the way of his making her Margravine, had decided to make her Countess of Himmelscron. He intended retiring with her to Himmelscron, and investing a large capital for her out of the Principality. He only waited till the Hereditary Prince returned, and my brother had left, to inform us of his intentions. He was determined to carry them out whether we approved of them or not.

All this troubled me greatly. I could easily have put an end to all these intrigues by appealing to the King, but I loved my Governess and her family too much, to wish to expose them to his displeasure. I at length determined to venture "all for all," and sent for Flora von Sonnsfeld. I told her that I was perfectly well-informed of all her intrigues with the Margrave, and that I had already on a previous occasion spoken with her, telling her that I should never give my consent to the marriage, and that if she persisted in her intention of marrying the Margrave, she would compel me to inform the King of what was taking place. That she must give up having these constant interviews with him, which did harm to her reputation. I said she ought to consider the terrible state of his health, that he was on the brink of the grave, and could not possibly live long. If she married him for love, then her grief at his loss would be far greater than it would otherwise have been. But if she were doing so merely from selfish motives, then I

promised to provide for her as long as I lived, and told her I would endeavour to find means of rewarding her for the sacrifice she might make of her personal wishes. I softened this speech as much as possible, and, partly by threats and partly by gentleness, obtained a second promise from her that she would move no farther in the matter. She owned to me she had always hoped to win my consent in the end, that the Margrave's affection for her touched her deeply, and she should be obliged to treat him most carefully, in order to prevent his anger being roused and vented on us, "for" she added, "were he to become aware that your Royal Highness' opposition to his wishes was the cause of my refusal, there is no knowing to what his fury might drive him."

Flora von Sonnsfeld managed so cleverly that up to the moment of his death she evaded giving the Margrave a decided answer, and by her influence over him was able to be of the greatest service to us. She was indeed the Margravine in all but name. Nothing was settled without her leave, and all marks of favour were obtained through her. The first pleasure I owed to her intervention was my husband's return, the permission for which she obtained with great difficulty from the Margrave. The French were taking up their winter quarters, and there was nothing more for the Army to do.

On the 14th of this month I had the great joy of again embracing my husband. He had been universally appreciated. I received numerous letters all speaking in terms of the highest praise of him, and of the zeal he had shown in learning his duties in the field. I found him looking very well and much stouter. He expressed himself with much dissatisfaction about my brother, who, he told me, was so greatly altered for the worse that one would scarcely recognize him. He said the Crown Prince no longer took the least interest in me, and was, in one word, altogether a

changed man. I was greatly distressed at this news, but nevertheless flattered myself I should regain my place in his affections during his stay with me.

The King was in a wretched condition. He had been taken to Berlin, but the doctors considered his state as quite hopeless. The Margrave was failing rapidly. The state of his health did not allow of his receiving my brother. In order to avoid seeing him he went into the Park, where he had a beautiful house, and began a new cure. But he was unable to stand the treatment, and an attack of hæmorrhage threatened to put an end to his life. Those about his person advised him to dismiss his doctor, and indeed irritated him so much against him, that had not others interfered he would have had the poor man arrested. The other doctors told the Margrave that the baths had produced the state in which he was, whilst Gökel (his own doctor) declared the very reverse, and tried to prove it by giving the following reasons:

"You preserve the body by embalming it," he said, "if therefore I succeed in embalming a living being, he ought to live a hundred years. Pine cones are the best remedy against decomposition, and I have therefore acted as a clever man should in recommending the use of this remedy to the Margrave and the Hereditary Princess."

I could not help laughing at a system that was to make mummies of the Margrave and myself.

Meanwhile we received favourable news of the Austrians in Italy. Count Königseck having crossed the Seggio with his troops, surprised the army of Count Broglio and the King of Sardinia. The Marshal escaped with bare feet, the other with his boots on, and the whole Allied Army took to flight. People said it had been most amusing to see the Austrian soldiers dressing themselves up in the braided uniforms of the French officers. A few days later, the French received full satisfaction. Count Königseck having pursued them, they offered him battle at Guastalla, and defeated him.

Prince Louis of Würtemberg, and many brave Austrian generals fell in this engagement.

My brother arrived at our house on the 6th October. He seemed to me to be unable to control himself, and, in order to avoid all conversation with me, said he was obliged to write to the King and Queen. I sent for pens and paper, and he sat down and wrote in my room. It took him one good long hour to write two short notes of a few lines only. Afterwards he had the whole Court presented to him, but took no particular notice of its members beyond looking mockingly at each of them. We then went to dinner. The whole of his conversation consisted of perpetual satirical remarks about everything he saw, whilst he repeated to me over and over again the words "little Sovereign and little Court" at least a hundred times. I was irritated beyond measure, and could not understand how he could have altered so much towards me. The etiquette at all the Courts of Germany allows only those that have the rank of captain to dine at the table with the royal personages, lieutenants and ensigns dining at a third table. My brother had a lieutenant in his suite, and insisted on his dining at his table, saying that the King's lieutenants were worth the Margrave's Ministers. I appeared not to notice this uncivil remark.

As we were sitting alone together in the afternoon, my brother said, "Our old master has nearly reached his end; he will not last out this month! I know he made you many fine promises, but I shall not be able to fulfil them. Half the sum the King has lent you I will leave you. I think you can both be satisfied with that." I answered him that my love for him had no selfish ends in view, and that I should never ask him for anything but the continuance of his friendship. I would rather not accept a penny from him than be a burden to him. "No, no," my brother replied, "you are to have the hundred thousand thalers.* I have

* £15,000.

settled them on you. People will be much surprised when they find how differently I act to what they expect. They imagine I shall waste my treasures, and that money will become as common at Berlin as stones. I shall take good care it is not so. I shall increase the Army, but all the rest will remain on its old footing. The Queen, my mother, shall be treated with every possible respect and honour, but she shall not interfere in the affairs of the State. If she does so, she will meet her match in me."

I was struck dumb, as I heard the Crown Prince say all this, and did not know whether I were sleeping or waking. My brother afterwards asked me about the affairs of the Principality, about which I gave him nearer details. "When your foolish father-in-law is dead, I would advise your getting rid of the whole Court, and living like private people, in order to pay off your debts. You do not, in fact, require so many people, and you must discover how to reduce the salary of those whom it is necessary for you to keep. You were accustomed at Berlin to have only four dishes at dinner, and you must be satisfied with the same here. I will ask you both to come to Berlin from time to time, and that will save you the expense of housekeeping."

My heart had all along felt fit to break, but now as I listened to this unworthy talk of my brother's I burst into tears. "Why do you cry?" he asked me, "go along with you, you are depressed and in a melancholy humour, and require some distraction. The music is waiting for us. I will drive your sad thoughts away by playing to you on the flute." With these words he gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord which I covered with my tears. Mademoiselle von Marwitz sat down opposite to me, so that no one should observe my distress.

On the fourth day of his stay with us the Crown Prince received an urgent message from the Queen entreating him to hasten his return, as the King was at the point of death.

This news overwhelmed me with grief. I loved the King, and felt that owing to the turn circumstances had taken, I could no longer rely on my brother. During the last two days before he left he was more amiable towards me. My love for him made me find excuses for his shortcomings, and I fondly believed we were again reconciled to each other. The Hereditary Prince meanwhile did not let himself be deceived. He told me many things which afterwards came true. My brother took his departure on the 9th October, leaving me in great uncertainty regarding himself. Two days after this the Margrave returned to Baireuth. I was greatly taken aback at his appearance, for I never had seen such an alteration in anyone. His whole face was drawn on one side, so that I scarcely recognized him. During the whole time he spent with me he did nothing but abuse his doctor, and give me the minutest details of his illness. This latter increased so rapidly, that he was soon unable to leave his own room. I visited him every day, and his temper was so unbearable, that we suffered martyrdom whilst we were with him. For fear of bringing his people into trouble, we dared speak to nobody. The Margrave had taken it into his head that we had intrigues and plots with everyone, and in order to put an end to the constant disagreeableness to which we were exposed, we no longer saw anybody, with the exception of my ladies. We dined and supped alone, I read, worked, and composed music during the day. We played at blindman's buff, danced or sung, in fact tried to pass away the time as best we could. I have hitherto forgotten to mention a very interesting circumstance, because I disliked breaking the thread of my narrative.

I have already given a description of the Dowager Margravine of Culmbach, who lived at Erlangen. She had fallen in love with a Count Hoditz, who belonged to a very old Silesian family, but who was notorious as an adventurer. As the Princess' singular behaviour was well known, and as

she was constantly having fresh lovers, this new intimacy did not trouble the Margrave. At first too she was most circumspect in her conduct, but eventually determined to marry this Count Hoditz. The two lovers left the castle one dark night. In order to escape unseen, they had got hold of the keys and let themselves out through the garden. It was pouring with rain, but notwithstanding they walked to a small village half a mile from Erlangen. The Margravine was dressed in a petticoat and short jacket. In this village they found two Catholic priests who married them, after which they returned to the castle in the same manner in which they had come. The Margravine's secretary and a footman who had followed them served as witnesses. She gave her husband, who left in a few days for Vienna, part of her jewels, and the rest she pawned to pay for the expenses of his journey. This circumstance made a great stir, and the Margravine's secretary, who observed that he would not be likely to gain by it, notified the marriage to my father-in-law.

The Margrave immediately sent Baron Stein to Erlangen to enquire into the whole matter. The Margravine at once acknowledged her marriage. Every possible representation was made to her. She was told how disgraceful her behaviour was, and the serious consequences it would have. It was proposed to annul the marriage, on account of its not having been performed according to the ritual of the Church, inasmuch as the priests had not received dispensation from the Bishop of Bamberg to perform the ceremony. The Margravine answered that she would rather live on dry bread and water with the Count than possess all the riches of the world. As the Margrave perceived he could make no impression on her, he informed the Duke of Weissenfels of the occurrence. The Duke sent one of his ministers to Erlangen, but all his entreaties and representations proved equally unavailing. The Margravine left the castle to rejoin her

husband. Her creditors however (of whom there were many) arrested her. In order to free herself from their hands, she made over all her possessions to them. Having done this, she went to Vienna, where she became a Roman Catholic. She lived there in the greatest poverty, despised by everyone. As long as she still possessed any money her husband had flattered her. She was forced to sell all her clothes to pay his expenses, and he finally deserted her, leaving her in abject misery.

The commencement of the year 1735 was not favourable to the Margrave. His health became worse and worse, and he could no longer leave his bed. Endless projects passed through his mind, but he never thought of death. He planned improvements at Himmelscron. He intended making it a beautiful residence, and spending a hundred thousand florins on it. I have not yet spoken of his order. He wished to alter it, and have different classes of it. He bought numbers of horses, and had different kinds of carriages built, in order to keep up the appearances of a "great gentleman." Indeed, had not the Almighty taken him to Himself, he would have ruined his whole country, and made us complete beggars. All about him who saw that he could not possibly recover, turned for help to the Hereditary Prince, who was secretly endeavouring to postpone the rebuilding of Himmelscron and other expenses. At times the Margrave was not responsible for what he did: everything went wrong, and he caused us great annoyance. But I will now let him rest awhile.

The King was still dangerously ill owing to the dropsy. He suffered terribly, for his legs had burst, and the water poured from them. As he was rapidly getting worse, he determined that my sister Sophie's marriage to the Margrave of Schwedt should take place at once, and the marriage service was performed on the 17th January at his bedside. An abscess having formed on his leg, the doctors resolved to

open it. The operation was long and painful, but the King bore it with heroic patience. He had a looking glass brought so that he might be better able to observe what the surgeons were doing. My brother wrote to me each day the post left, and told me the King could not last twenty-four hours. He had however been mistaken; the dropsy became less, and thanks to the skill of the surgeons, he made a marvellous recovery. It was considered a miracle. All my sisters went to Berlin to congratulate him on his improved health. I was obliged to send him my good wishes in writing, as I was unable to leave the Margrave in his present state.

Ill as he was, the Margrave insisted on inaugurating his new order. All the knights of the order were present. He lay in bed, and there received the homage of his Court. This order consists of a white cross, with the red eagle, which is the family order, in the middle of it. The order is worn round the neck attached to a red ribbon with a gold border. The star is of silver, with the red eagle, in the centre surrounded by the motto, "Upright and constant," in Latin. I gave a great banquet, and a ball, which, however, lasted only half an hour.

I was much distressed at this time by a letter from the Duchess of Brunswick, announcing the death of her husband, who had succeeded to the throne only a year. I mourned his loss most truly, and have ever remained his wife's firm devoted friend. His son Prince Charles now became Duke. It was a great piece of good fortune for my sister, that is, if one can call the death of so excellent a Prince a lucky event, as she found herself a reigning sovereign two years after her marriage.

Meanwhile, the Margrave's illness became so dangerous, that he was advised to consult a celebrated doctor from Erfurt. The physician that had replaced Gökel was named Zeitz, and was clever and more scientific than his predecessor,

but his treatment was as absurd. He was also a bad man, without religion of any kind, so that no control whatever could be exercised over him. A blind faith is not given to everyone, indeed it will often be found that those who live the most moral lives are not always those who have most faith. Yet a "crooked head" that has no faith is a dangerous member of society. Most people do not really know what they believe, and do without religion because it does not agree with their nature; others again, because it is the fashion, and some in order to be well thought of by those cleverer than themselves. I greatly disapprove of these strong-minded people, yet I cannot condemn those who are searching for truth in the hope of getting rid of old prejudices. Indeed I am of opinion that thoughtful people must be good; for those that search after truth learn to judge rightly, and in judging rightly must appreciate virtue. My reflections have led me away from my narrative, and I must now take up its thread again.

M. Juch, the doctor who had been sent for from Erfurt, told the Margrave quite honestly that he could not recover, and that he had only a few more weeks to live. Zeitz, on the contrary, disagreed with this opinion, and declared he would cure him. The Margrave believed this assertion, as was but natural, for we always like to believe what we wish for. My father-in-law accordingly continued with his works at Himmelscron.

When the Princess of East Friesland heard of her father's serious condition, she at once started for Baireuth. This troubled the Hereditary Prince and myself very much, as she might cause us endless annoyance should she induce her father to make a will in favour of her and her sister. Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld however was able to make the Margrave believe that the sight of his daughter would upset him too much, and that she might prefer requests to him that would not be in the interest of his country, and which

he would be unable to refuse without appearing to act harshly. In one word, she managed so cleverly, that the Margrave sent off a messenger begging the Princess not to come.

The Margrave's affection for Mademoiselle Flora von Sonnsfeld continued as great as ever. She nobly kept the promise she had made me, and informed me of all her interviews with my father-in-law. Things would have gone badly with us but for her help, for the Margrave treated us "like dogs." We bore it all patiently, hoping that better days were nigh at hand. I in particular endured all the ill treatment with resignation, and I must do the Hereditary Prince full justice, for I never heard him murmur against his father, or speak of him with anything but the greatest respect, save on one sole occasion when the Margrave wanted to strike him. My husband was well aware of his father's dangerous state, and as he had little knowledge of business, had daily secret interviews with M. von Voit on matters connected with the affairs of the Principality. I knew the Hereditary Prince's character thoroughly, and was well aware that he would not allow himself to be led. I had fully determined not to interfere in anything. I had a mortal hatred of intrigues, but was equally determined that every respect should be paid me, and that no one should meddle with my own affairs. I do not know whether M. von Voit told the Prince I wished to guide and influence him, but I could not but observe that my husband was no longer as candid and open with me as formerly. This troubled me, although I did not let it be noticed.

One day Mademoiselle von Marwitz said to me, "The Hereditary Prince is still too lively to go thoroughly into all the details of the government. I am sure your Royal Highness will be obliged to help him. He is still so young, knows nothing about these things, and has no experience. I fear he will make many mistakes if he does not follow your

advice." "I assure you," I answered, "you are quite mistaken, my dear friend. I shall not interfere in anything, and you may be quite certain that the Prince will not ask me for advice." She was much surprised at my reply. As we were speaking together the Hereditary Prince came into the room, and Mademoiselle von Marwitz repeated to him our whole conversation and the answer I had made her. He said nothing, but was very cold in his manner towards me. I thought this change was due to the many grave matters with which he was occupied, for up to this time he had never had any secrets from me. He had always told me his inmost thoughts, but had never confided his views about the future to me, and I for my part had never troubled about them.

One day as we were sitting at dinner, we were sent for in hot haste to the Margrave, who was said to be at the point of death. We found him sitting in an arm-chair, unable to breathe, and with the pulse of a dying man. He looked at us all without saying a word. A clergyman had been sent for, a step which seemed at first to displease him. He spoke most touchingly to the Margrave. He told him he would soon have to appear before God, to answer for all his actions, that he must bow to God's will, and the Almighty would show him mercy, and give him strength to meet death with courage. "I have been just, I have been charitable towards the poor," my father-in-law answered, "I have fulfilled the duties of my station, I have nothing to reproach myself with, and can appear with confidence before God's judgment seat!" "We are all sinners," the clergyman replied, "even the most just on earth have sinned seven times, and we too after having tried to do our utmost, are useless creatures." We observed that these remarks annoyed the Margrave, for he repeated in an excited tone, "No, I have nothing to reproach myself with, and my people can mourn my loss as that of a father." He remained silent for a few moments, and after that begged us to leave him.

He was then put to bed again, and we were greatly surprised to hear in the evening he was much better. He had scolded his servants for having made such a to-do, and above all for having sent for the clergyman. My father-in-law seemed to improve for a short while, but again on the 6th of May grew so much worse that Zeitz himself, who had always said he would recover, now pronounced his sentence of death. The Margrave became very thoughtful, and desired he might be left quite alone and undisturbed all that day. His weakness was very great.

Next morning he sent for the Hereditary Prince and myself. He exhorted his son in a long speech how he was to govern his country. He told me he had always loved me, and entreated me to remind my husband daily of his moral and other duties as reigning sovereign, and of those principles he had just laid down for his guidance. He wished me everything that was best in this world, and begged me to accept the snuff-box he gave me as a remembrance of him. After that we both knelt down, and he gave us his blessing and embraced us. We were crying bitterly. His words had touched me so deeply that had it been in my power I would willingly have prolonged his life. My father-in-law asked me not to see him again till the end came, adding, "I entreat your Royal Highness to grant me this favour." He then sent for my daughter, to whom he also gave his blessing. He took leave of my ladies, each in turn, but not of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was ill. All the heads of the different State departments were called next. The Margrave spoke to them all, impressing on each his responsibility towards the State, and repeating much the same as he had said to the clergyman. In conclusion he exhorted them to be faithful and devoted to their new sovereign, and bade them a last farewell. He had the strength of mind to take leave of his whole Court, from the first Minister of State down to the most humble of his

servants. It touched me much, but I must nevertheless confess there was too much show about it all. The Margrave was at great pains to impress on everyone what great services he had rendered his country. It will be seen he had never really thought of death, but had gone through the whole ceremony for the sake of effect. He was so weak after it that he begged to be left alone.

The doctors told us that his death might take place any moment. In order to be near at hand, and also to be able to keep our promise to him, we took up our position in a room next that in which he lay, and sat watching there all night.

As my father-in-law felt much weaker next day, he sent for the Hereditary Prince, and in the presence of the Council of State, made over the Government to him, begging at the same time that he might no longer be troubled with business of any kind. He repented of it as soon as he had done so, and could not help reproaching my husband each time he saw him. He even enquired whether the Hereditary Prince had already issued any orders, adding that he supposed he was in perfect bliss at being at last his own master. The Margrave was told with perfect truth that the Hereditary Prince had sworn not to give an order, or to transact any business, as long as his father was still living.

My father-in-law's illness lasted till the 16th May, when we were suddenly summoned. It was nine o'clock in the evening. We found everyone assembled in the Margrave's sitting-room, and all were praying. We heard the death-rattle in his throat, and he was in fearful suffering. He said to my husband, "Dear son, I am suffocating: I can bear this pain no longer, it drives me to despair"; and then he screamed aloud. It was terrible to hear him. Three times he lost consciousness, and three times he regained it. He spoke up to the last moment, and died at last on the 17th May, at half-past six in the morning.

I had never been more overcome in my life. I had never seen anyone die, and it had made such an impression on me, that it was long ere I got over it. The Hereditary Prince was in great despair, and it was with much trouble that we persuaded him to leave his father's room and go to his own. The whole Court had followed him there. As soon as my husband had somewhat recovered, M. von Voit told him it was necessary for the Council of State to be appointed and sworn in. The Margrave hesitated for a moment, and made no reply. He then took me aside and asked me my opinion. I told him honestly I did not think there was such pressing haste. His father had scarcely been dead an hour, and it seemed to me we ought to show some respect, and not appear so anxious at once to assume the government. By postponing the business to the next day, he would gain time and be able to consider carefully whom he wished to appoint. My husband followed my advice. We were both greatly fatigued, for we had been up and watching all night, and my health besides was most indifferent. In order to escape the importunities of these gentlemen, the Margrave lay down and rested for a few hours. So much pressure was however put on him as to the necessity of the immediate appointment of the Ministers of State, that my husband settled the matter. The Council of State (or Privy Council) consisted of Baron Stein, Voit, Dobenek, Hessberg, Lauterbach, and Thomas.

The mourning and the funeral were then decided on, and the Margrave was made to believe that the Council must settle all these things. My husband, who was quite inexperienced in such matters, was obliged to trust to what was told him. These gentlemen met for three consecutive weeks, and did nothing else but settle about the cloth which was to be bought, although that was a matter which belonged to the Lord Chamberlain's office. The Council soon made itself quite intolerable, particularly M. von Voit. This man owed me much gratitude, for I had always strenuously

supported him during my father-in-law's lifetime. He was my Lord Chamberlain, and the duties of his office required him to come and see me at least once every day. He did not do so, nor did he send an excuse, and this conduct made me extremely angry with him. The late Margrave lay in state, and his funeral took place on the 31st May. He was interred at Himmelscron in a vault he had himself built for that purpose. On the 1st of June we went into deep mourning, which was to be worn for a whole year. The same day I held a reception in order to receive the condolence of the entire Court. There was also for the first time a great public dinner. As all this show of mourning and the attendant ceremonies were very wearisome to us, we went to the Brandenburger for some weeks.

M. von Voit came one day to see me, and told me he had become aware that I was displeased with him because he did not more punctually perform his duties as Lord Chamberlain. He said he was very busy, and had scarcely a free moment to himself. He added that the Council of State had not forgotten me, and had determined to apply for an increase of my income, and that he did not doubt that the Margrave would grant it. This speech made me extremely angry. I answered very coldly, "If I require my income increased I will myself ask the Margrave to increase it. I am very grateful to you for your kind intentions, but shall not trouble you to speak for me, as I shall take that duty on myself." He seemed much put out, and said he thought it could not be very pleasant to ask for a favour for one's self. "Yet still more unpleasant, Sir," I replied, "if asked for through another person. In order that you may at once understand my position, I wish to tell you I would not accept an increase of my income even if the Margrave offered it to me. His finances have suffered too much from the great expenses he has had without my causing him more. At the same time, Sir, I should wish to owe to him

any advantages I gain, otherwise they would afford me but little satisfaction."

I at once observed that the members of the Council intended placing me in the same position as my sister of Anspach. She was always obliged to appeal for aid to a third person when she wished to obtain anything from her husband. The coldness with which the Margrave treated me, together with the feeling I had, troubled me much. I went to my room with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and confided my fears to her, crying bitterly. She shrugged her shoulders, and said she shared my fears, and that the Council had clearly shown their intention of alone ruling the Margrave. In order to attain this end, she said, they must begin by getting me under control. They occupied themselves chiefly with trifles, and wished to meddle in the smallest details, whilst they neglected more important matters. She entreated me to speak with the Margrave, and to open his eyes. She would meanwhile try and lead the conversation towards that topic, so as to prepare him somewhat for what I should say. I at first declined to follow her advice; she had however so many good reasons to give me, that I at last decided to do as she suggested.

I really did speak to the Margrave, but he took it very ill, and said many hard things to me. I am very quick tempered, but can control myself up to a certain point. I am a woman, and like other women have my weaknesses. I had a dreadful quarrel with my husband, and was in such despair that I fainted away. I was put to bed, and was attacked with such difficulty in breathing, that those around me feared for my life. The Margrave was at once sent for. My state touched him deeply, and he was in the greatest anxiety about me. We made excuses to each other, and after a long explanation, he told me that he had been set against me.

My husband begged my pardon over and over again. I promised him I would never interfere or meddle in anything,

and trusted he would never tolerate mischief being made between us, and my being lowered in his estimation. The Margrave replied that nothing would make him happier than my continuing to be as natural and open with him as of old, and he begged me always candidly to tell him my thoughts and opinions. He promised me he would on his part never have any secrets from me. Our conversation resulted in our being even greater friends than before. He asked my advice about everything, and I told him I had rarely known anyone that would less allow himself to be ruled than himself. By giving his Council of State such power he would become a tool in its hands, a position from which he would find it most difficult to extricate himself. He would then be driven to violent measures, in order to make the Council understand its proper place. I begged him to remember his father's last words and recommendations, namely to keep his Ministers within bounds, to listen to their advice, but to weigh it well before he followed it. Having reflected on what I had said, my husband asked me, "But what shall I do? I must trust them: I know nothing of the business of the State. I have myself told them I wished them to occupy themselves with graver matters, and not waste their time in troubling over trifling details. They, however, answered me that they could not do everything at once."

Col. von Reitzenstein had been sent to Berlin, and M. von Hessberg to Denmark. The finances were in such a deplorable state, that I was obliged to use a capital of six thousand thalers,* which I had invested, to pay the expenses of these two missions. I made the Margrave a present of that sum. If I could have given him pleasure even at the sacrifice of my life, I would gladly have done so. He, on his part, showed me every possible respect, and repaid my affection by equal love. He had so good a heart, that he

* £900.

could never make up his mind to say an unkind word to anyone, far less to refuse any favour asked of him. This excessive kindness was the cause of many an annoyance, and the reason of his leaving the Court in the same condition as he found it. All those who were devoted to him advised him to get rid of all known mischief-makers and lovers of intrigues, but he could not decide to do so. My husband neglected none of the duties he owed his late father, and did not dismiss a single old servant. He showed the greatest magnanimity to those who had sown disunion between him and his father, and if anyone spoke to him on the subject, he answered, "I have forgotten the past, and wish everyone in my country to be happy and contented."

The gentlemen composing the Council of State were much dissatisfied with the generosity the Margrave displayed towards his father's old servants. They sent to me M. von Voit, who arrived breathless, with their complaints. I never listened to a more insolent speech than his. "The Margrave is doing unheard of things," he said to me, "in appointing people to departments and posts, without first asking the advice of his Council." He then struck the floor with his stick, exclaiming, "He is not empowered to dismiss or appoint even a kitchenmaid without our leave. We shall go in a body to the Margrave, and represent to him that we consider ourselves not treated with proper respect." I answered that I should not interfere, and that they could do whatever seemed best to them. My husband, who was talking to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld in the next room, heard all that Voit had said, and would have told him what he thought of it had she not prevented him.

As soon as Voit had left me, my husband entered the room, greatly excited, and vowing he would dismiss all the members of the Council. After awhile I succeeded in pacifying him. He now recognized the truth of my previous speeches, and decided on seeking the assistance of a man who

had formerly been his father's secretary. He was named Ellerot, and was as clever as could be. The late Margrave had trusted him blindly, and had greatly respected him on account of his perfect honesty. My husband, who remembered Ellerot's great knowledge of all matters connected with the State, thought he could not do better than obtain his help in resisting the overbearing conduct of his Council. Ellerot soon made the Margrave acquainted with all the business, and informed him of all his father's plans.

My health now really began slightly to improve. As we had no better doctor, we were obliged to keep Zeitz. He made me take goat's milk and seltzer water, and recommended as much exercise as possible. I learned to use a gun, and accompanied my husband nearly every evening when he went out shooting. As I was still too weak to walk much, my husband had a carriage made for me from which I could conveniently fire. I really did this more by way of passing the time than to kill the poor animals. I did not care about shooting, and abandoned it as soon as I found other occupation. What I cared for passionately was the study of the sciences, music, and the pleasures of cultivated society. I could not have as much of these as I wished. My health prevented my occupying myself as much as formerly, and the music and society I had were not of the best.

The campaign on the Rhine took the same turn as the last year's. The time was spent in eating and drinking.

Twelve thousand Russian soldiers, who were to join the Imperial troops, marched through the upper Palatinate. We arranged to see them on their way. Before starting, we received M. von Pölnitz, who had been sent by the King to express his sympathy with us at the death of the late Margrave.

This personage has made enough stir in the world to oblige me to mention him specially. He is the author of the memoirs which appeared in his name. The King had

had them read aloud to him, and was so much pleased with the account given of the Berlin Court, that he expressed a wish to see the author again. Pölnitz was at that time living at Vienna under the Empress' especial protection. He came to Berlin, where he managed to ingratiate himself with the King and obtain a salary of fifteen hundred thalers* from him. I had known Pölnitz very well in my youth. He was extremely clever and well read, and his conversation was most agreeable. Although his heart was not bad, he had no knowledge of the world, and no right judgment. He constantly sinned from inadvertent hastiness. He was clever enough to retain the King's favour as long as he lived, and my father stood by him to the last. We liked Pölnitz very much, and the time passed pleasantly in his society. He accompanied us to a monastery, where we spent the night. We stayed there in order to see the Russian troops, who were to pass next morning through a small town close by called Vielseck.

We started quite early, and dined at Vielseck. When General Keith, who commanded the division, heard we were there, he sent us a guard of honour composed of light infantry. They all had boots on, and in our honour wore gaiters over them. I never saw anything funnier than their dress, which appeared still more singular to me, accustomed as I was to the neatness and smartness of the Prussian troops. General Keith came at once to pay us his respects. He was an Irishman, very civil, and possessing great knowledge of character. He asked us to wait a few moments, as he wished his troops to be drawn up in battle order. The soldiers were very small, badly dressed, and quite wanting in smartness. The General granted me the lives of two deserters who were to have been hung. He had them brought before me, and they threw themselves down at my feet, knocking their heads

* £225.

with such violence on the ground, that I am certain had they been other than Russian, they must have been broken. I also saw their priest, who made many profound bows, at the same time expressing his regret that he had not brought his images with him in my honour. This nation really somewhat resembles the animals, for they drank out of the puddles, and ate poisonous mushrooms and grass without taking any harm. As soon as they reached their quarters, the soldiers almost crept into the stoves, and having got into a fearful state of heat, threw themselves into cold water, where they remained for some time. They declare that this is the best way of preserving the health. We took leave of General Keith and went back to our monastery, whence we afterwards returned to the Brandenburger.

I have forgotten to mention that my birthday was celebeated on the 3rd August. The Margrave had made me presents of some beautiful jewels, an increase to my income, and the Hermitage. The addition to my income I accepted only the following year. I spent the whole month of August in having the roads leading to the Hermitage mended, and making new ones. I drove there daily and amused myself in forming plans for increasing the beauty and comfort of the place.

At this time too we received a pleasant addition to our society in the person of M. von Baumont, Major of the Margrave's Imperial regiment, and Count Borkhausen, a captain in the same regiment. The latter was the nephew of my Governess, for whose maintenance the Margrave, who was much attached to him, had hitherto provided. He was very clever, but most imprudent. His father, a most respectable man, belonging to one of the oldest Silesian families, had found it possible to run through a fortune of four hundred thousand thalers,* make debts besides, and

* £60,000.

thereby entirely ruined his children. These lived in Silesia, supported by friends and my Governess. Count Borkhausen, since I had married, had often come to Baireuth. He was desperately in love with his cousin, Mademoiselle von Marwitz, who however treated him with a haughty coldness that drove him distracted, and caused him to commit many follies which did him much harm. I shall again have occasion to mention this love affair, as it is intimately connected with the course of this narrative.

My Governess also let her two other nieces Marwitz come to Baireuth, the elder named Albertine, the younger Caroline. I shall always mention them by their Christian names to distinguish them from their eldest sister. The younger had scarcely been a fortnight at Baireuth before she made a conquest. She was very pretty, with a lovely complexion, and most gentle winning manners.

As soon as the Margrave succeeded to the throne he had added to my Court. Count Schönburg became my Chamberlain, and a certain M. von Westerhagen, Gentleman-usher. Schönburg was the son of a reigning Count of the Empire. His father, who was still living, was very rich. All the young ladies of Baireuth vied with one another in trying to make a conquest of Schönburg, but all in vain: Caroline's beautiful eyes had enchained his affections. He was passionately in love with her, and she entertained a high regard for him. They became intimate friends, and I shall mention later the results of this friendship.

As regards Mademoiselle von Marwitz, I loved her dearly, and we had no secrets from each other. Indeed I think there never existed such perfect confidence as between us: she could not live without me, nor I without her. She asked my advice in everything she did, and won the approbation of everyone.

We went into the Park, where the Margrave intended to shoot stags. It was but an hour's distance from the

town, and as only a select party was invited, we amused ourselves extremely. We had a ball every day, and danced six hours in a very badly paved hall, so that we made our feet quite sore. The exercise did me much good, and we were in the best of spirits. The Margrave loved society and amusement. His refined, courteous manners endeared him to all, and we lived in perfect harmony.

Peace seemed returning everywhere. The negotiations between the Emperor and France had commenced, and peace was concluded during the winter. The Spaniards retained possession of Naples and Sicily, which they had taken from the Emperor. The Duke of Lorraine gave up his Duchy to France, and received in exchange the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. France and Spain joined in the Pragmatic Sanction. In this manner peace was restored to Germany.

The Margrave had not yet received the homage of his subjects, and this ceremony, which took place on our return to Baireuth, was to be repeated at Erlangen. The Bishop of Bamberg and Würzberg, who was at this moment residing in his beautiful country seat of Pommersfelden close to Erlangen, invited us there, as well as the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach, hoping by that means to bring about a better understanding between us.

M. von Bremer, the Margrave of Anspach's former Governor, was at Baireuth. I gave him a kind message for my sister, and asked him to tell her that the Bishop was very proud, and would make ridiculous pretentions as to the titles we should give him. I was therefore certain that we should have some fuss on the subject. As we were sisters, and each of us had the same rights and observed the same etiquette, I proposed that we should come to an understanding as to these points. I was of opinion that as the eyes of the whole world would be upon us, we should be very particular in not giving up even the least of our privileges. I should be glad to hear from her what she thought on the subject. M. von Bremer

entirely approved of my suggestion. We gave the title of "Ihr Liebden,"* which is less distinguished than that of "Highness," only given to Bishops and newly-created Princes of the Empire. The Bishop wished for a higher title, and to be called "Your Grace," and declined to call us "Royal Highnesses." I heard all this through a third person, and might have asked for an explanation. I was however advised to leave matters alone, as I was assured that the Bishop would soon find his proper level.

M. von Bremer went to Anspach, and brought me a very satisfactory reply from my sister. She would do just as I thought right, and quite approved of all I had suggested through M. von Bremer. I have always insisted on retaining my rights and privileges as a king's daughter, and the Margrave has always supported me in this. In this present instance I had his entire approval. He has often said he thought but little of those who themselves forgot what they themselves were. We started in November, and spent the night at Baiersdorf, and next day made our entry into Erlangen. Triumphal arches had been erected. The magistrates received us at the gates of the town with an address, and handed the keys to the Margrave. The townsfolk and the Militia lined the streets. The Margrave and I drove in a State carriage. As we were in mourning we were much bored by the many speeches we were forced to listen to during that day.

Next day the ceremony of "doing homage" took place. There was a great banquet, and a reception in the evening. We stayed several days at Erlangen, and then went to Pommersfeld, which we reached at five o'clock in the evening. The Bishop, surrounded by his Court, received us at the foot of the stairs. After the first compliments had been exchanged he presented to me his sister-in-law, the Countess

* This title has no English equivalent.

von Schönbrunn, and his niece of the same name, who was Abbess of Würzburg. "I beg your Royal Highness to look on them as your servants," he said. "I have asked them to come expressly for the purpose of performing the duties of hostesses in my house." I was particularly courteous towards these ladies. The Bishop afterwards led me to my rooms. When we reached it he had chairs brought, and begged me to seat myself in an armchair, and the conversation was becoming animated when the two Countesses entered the room. I felt some surprise at missing my Governess, but did not let it be apparent. In order to leave the room I pleaded the great disorder of my dress, upon which the Bishop and also the two ladies rose and left.

As soon as I was alone I sent for my ladies, and asked Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld why she had not followed me. "Because I did not wish to expose myself to being insulted," she replied. "These Countesses treated me like a dog: they never deigned to speak to me, and passed by me without even looking at me. Had it not been for the assistance of one of the gentlemen of the Court, I should not have found your rooms." "I am very glad to know this," I said, "for the Margrave promised me that my privileges should be respected." I knew quite well that my Governess gives precedence only to the reigning Countesses of the Empire, for, as she is not one, she cannot claim to rank before them.

The Margrave told me to speak to Voit about what had happened. In his position as my Lord Chamberlain, it was his business to make representations in my name on the subject. I therefore sent for him, and told him my intentions. M. von Voit was the greatest coward on earth, always full of fears and scruples. He pulled a long face. "Your Royal Highness scarcely appreciates the gravity of the message with which you have entrusted me," he said. "We are assembled here for the purpose of uniting the different

members of Franconian society. Is this, therefore, a suitable moment to enter into a dispute with people? The Bishop will treat the matter with a very high hand. He will be offended, and insist on having his own way. If you on the other hand persist in the matter, it will become a State question." I laughed aloud, "A State question? Well! all the better then. Ladies have never before been concerned in such matters, it is something quite new." The Margrave looked compassionately at him and shrugged his shoulders. "That may be as you like," I added, "I must still ask you to let the Bishop know, I have such respect for him that I should be grieved to offend him, but that he ought to have taken better precautions to avoid all such difficulties. As he was brought up at the Court of Vienna, he must know the rights belonging to a king's daughter. Although I considered it an honour to have married the Margrave, I am nevertheless determined not to surrender one iota of what is due to me." M. von Voit made many objections, but the Margrave bade him bestir himself, as it was late, and it was necessary that the matter should be put straight at once.

M. von Voit spoke in my name to the Bishop's Master of the Horse, Baron von Rothenhahn, and, after much talk, it was settled that the Countesses should take their departure immediately after my sister's arrival. Matters had scarcely been settled when the Court of Anspach arrived. I sent at once to my sister, saying I would come and see her as soon as she was alone. I was not bound to call first on her. My being the eldest by birth gave me precedence of all my other sisters, and the Margrave also ranked before the Margrave of Anspach. I had, therefore, double privileges; but as we were of the same blood, I never assert them. My sister let me know she would come to me, which she did a few moments later, accompanied by her husband. I thought them both very cold in their manner. My sister was expecting to be confined, and when I expressed my joy

to her at her prospects she took it very ill, and answered me very shortly. I asked her what I had done, but she would give me no answer. As the Bishop entered my rooms, she slipped away to her own, where she had the gentlemen belonging to the Bishop's Court presented to her. She mentioned the two Countesses, and gave it to be understood that she disapproved of my conduct, that she was not proud as I was, and that, had she been there she would not have tolerated what had taken place. All expressed their dissatisfaction at her behaviour.

We fetched her for dinner, when I had the place of honour given me. My sister would not sit near me, but placed the Bishop between us, and addressed him constantly as "Your Highness," in spite of our former agreement. I meanwhile adhered to my determination. I showed the Bishop and his Court every possible civility and attention which lay in my power. It is time I should give an account of him.

The Schönbrunn family are acknowledged to be one of the oldest and the most glorious in Germany. The Empire has had many Electors and Bishops from among that family. The Bishop of whom I here speak was educated in Vienna. His cleverness and abilities caused him to be made Chancellor of the Empire, which position he held for some time. When the sees of Bamberg and Würzburg became vacant by the death of the Bishops, the Court of Vienna took this opportunity of rewarding the Chancellor's services. It managed to bribe the voters, by which means he was elected Prince and Bishop of these two sees. He was held, and rightly so, to be a genius and a great politician. His character is in accordance with the last-named, for he was deceitful, refined, and false, but with courteous manners. His cleverness was not of an agreeable kind, for he was too pedantic. You could nevertheless get on very well with him when you once knew him, especially so if you took advantage of his great learning. I was fortunate enough to meet with his approbation, and we

often spent four or five hours conversing alone together, the time seeming to pass very quickly. He told me many interesting circumstances, which were all new to me. There was no subject which we did not discuss.

As soon as dinner was over I accompanied my sister to her room, and the Bishop then took me to mine. It was bitterly cold. I lay down at once and soon went to sleep. I had hardly been asleep an hour when the Margrave woke me saying that they were trying to break open the door into my room. The door led into a passage in which a Hussar was posted as sentinel. I listened, and when I heard some one working at the door I gently called my people, telling them to go and see what was the matter, and they really found the Hussar engaged in trying to force the door. He begged the Margrave to show him mercy, and for God's sake not to expose him, which my husband was generous enough to promise him.

Next morning, as soon as I was up, I went over the whole castle, which is large. The main building stands alone between the two wings, which are not connected with it. Its shape is square, and at a distance it appears to be a solid mass of stone. Its exterior has many faults, but once within the courtyard your first impression undergoes an entire change, and you become aware of the vastness of its structure. A flight of six steps leads up to a low portico, which much spoils the appearance of the castle, and by which you enter. Here a fine staircase directs your attention to the great height of the building, its vaulted roof, nowhere supported, seeming to depend on its own balance. This roof is painted on chalk. The balustrade of the staircase is of white marble, and decorated with statues. The stairs lead up to a large hall with a marble floor, and thence you pass into a large room, much gilt and hung with pictures. Amongst these are works of celebrated masters—Rubens, Guido Reni, Paul Veronese, &c. Yet I did not admire the

whole arrangement of the room, which reminded me more of a chapel. This room led to a succession of others, all containing pictures. One of them is hung with leather, which is of great value, as there are paintings by Raphael on it. The picture gallery was the finest part of the castle. Here lovers of painting could satisfy their artistic passion. As I love this art dearly I spent several hours in admiring the pictures.

On this day as well as the next I dined alone with my sister, our two Mistresses of the Robes, and two ladies from Anspach, because the Margrave went out shooting each day with the Bishop, and returned home only at five in the afternoon. As I spent the whole day with my sister, who sulked, I found the time pass very slowly. After the Princes had returned, we all assembled in the large room to listen to what was called a "Serenade." This "Serenade" is a selection from some opera. The music was horrible. After this we went to supper, and got to bed dead tired at three o'clock in the morning.

An expedition was proposed to us, which sounded very "spiritual." We were to go to Bamberg, dine there, and visit the churches. I let my sister know that if she went I would also go, if on the other hand she would rather not I would stay at home to keep her company. She sent me word she should much like to go to Bamberg, and that I was therefore to accept the proposed expedition. As the Princes were going to shoot near Bamberg, they would join us there for dinner. I was called at seven in the morning, and told to dress and get ready to start, as Bamberg was a good four hours' journey, and that, as the shooting would last but a short while, I should scarcely have time to see anything, unless I left early. I got grumblingly out of bed, for I was ill, and the fatigues and the cold soon upset my health.

As soon as I was ready dressed, I went to my sister's

room, and was greatly surprised to find her in bed. She said she was indisposed, and would not go to Bamberg. She seemed to have nothing the matter with her, and was sitting up in her bed working. I told her I should have been glad had she let me know this sooner. I had inquired after her health, and was told she was quite well. Her Mistress of the Robes, Madame von Budenbrok, shrugged her shoulders, and hinted to me that it was merely a fit of temper. She induced my sister at length to get up and dress. I never saw anyone take a longer time over that operation, for she was at least two hours.

Two splendid State carriages were waiting for us, one of which was intended for my sister, the other for myself. I asked if we should not drive together, and on her declining to do so, I asked her to get into her carriage. She exclaimed, "My goodness, no, you rank before me, I will not get in first." "We are sisters," I replied, "and I never pay attention to rank with them, nor will I enter into a dispute with them about it." The Bishop's Master of the Horse, who was very blunt, now took me by the hand and led me to my carriage, saying, "Here is your Royal Highness' carriage, have the goodness to get into it." I did so, accompanied by Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and had not even time to ask for my fur cloak. We drove at a foot's-pace, and were starved with cold. Our feet and hands were so benumbed that we could not move them. I told the coachman to drive faster, which he did, and we reached Bamberg in three hours.

We were led at once to the church, where the priests had laid out the relics, namely a piece of the Holy Cross in a gold box, two jars which had been used at the marriage feast at Cana, bones of the Virgin, a small piece of Joseph's coat, and the skulls of the Emperor Frederick and the Empress Kunigunde, the patrons of Bamberg and founders of its Chapter. The Empress' teeth seemed to be of the length of those of a wild boar.

I was so frozen that I could not walk, so got into the carriage again and drove to the castle. I was taken to the rooms prepared for me, where I was seized with such pains in my limbs, that my ladies undressed me and rubbed me till some warmth began to return to my body.

As soon as my sister arrived I sent to enquire how she felt, and excused myself from coming to her. She sent me word that as she was very tired she intended lying down and getting some sleep, and begged me not to come to her room. I sent several times, but was always told that she was resting. Thanks to the care of my ladies I soon felt better, and as the time seemed very long I began to play at "Toccadille."

The Princes did not arrive till six o'clock. They dined at a special table, whilst our dinner was served in my room. When my sister joined me, she looked very cross, and her whole Court, her ladies in particular, were very sulky, and seemed to take pleasure in making rude speeches. I appeared not to observe anything, and behaved as if their conduct were beneath my notice.

After dinner I followed my sister into a small room where we had coffee. I then told her that I saw perfectly well that she was put out with me, and begged her therefore to tell me what was the matter. Had I been unfortunate enough to offend her, I should be only too anxious to make amends. She answered me very coldly, and said she was not in the least annoyed with me, but that she felt ill, and that made her cross. She then became very thoughtful and silent. I sat down opposite her and imitated her example. The Bishop relieved me from this painful position by leading me back to my carriage, into which I again got with my Governess. "I am in despair," she said to me, "for the devil seems let loose amongst the Court of Anspach. They have insulted my sister and Mademoiselle von Marwitz in a terrible way. Mademoiselle von Zoch has made most insolent remarks, and I was only in time to separate them

before they came to blows. They have dared to say that your Royal Highness had ordered the coachman to drive the Margravine of Anspach so fast in order that she might have a premature confinement. They are full of lamentations at the way in which the Princess had been shaken about." I was quite furious when I heard all this, and wished to have satisfaction given me for these unjust accusations. My Governess however represented to me that I had best leave matters alone, to which I at last consented, and behaved as if I had not heard anything.

As my sister would not appear at supper, and I also made my excuses to the Bishop, my ladies came and told me the whole story. I saw at once that we must behave with caution, unless we wished the matter publicly talked about. I therefore desired my ladies to let the matter rest, and to treat the Anspach ladies with perfect civility, for I knew the blame of all this gossip would fall back on them. I had not been mistaken, for I found next day that everyone knew the story. The Margrave of Anspach was himself furious at the things which had been said of me, and expressed his opinion to the authors in very angry terms.

Two days after this we took our departure, and returned to Erlangen. I there lost a little Bologna dog I had had for nineteen years. He had been my companion in all my hours of trial and trouble, and I felt his loss keenly. This race of dogs is very clever, and I have seen some so intelligent that speech alone seemed wanting to enable them to express their thoughts. I think Descartes' theory very ridiculous in this respect. A dog's fidelity is very precious to me, and I think they possess this virtue in a far greater measure than human beings, who are capricious and unstable. If I entered more minutely into this subject, I could give proofs that animals possess as much sense as human beings. However, I am writing my memoirs, and not the praises of animals, though these remarks may serve as the funeral oration of my dog.

We stayed a few days at Erlangen, and then returned to Baireuth.

Nothing of importance took place in the year 1736. I have already mentioned that peace was concluded between the Emperor and France. It was owing to this fact that the Austrian troops marched through Germany, which was a most unfavourable circumstance for the Princes of the Empire, for they had, most unjustly too, to provide for the troops as they marched through the different Principalities. We could not, however, alter this, but endeavoured to reap advantages from it, and daily received a large number of guests. The Austrian officers were, for the most part, very amiable, and so were those of their wives whom I saw. We were very merry together, and there was a ball every evening. My health also began to improve.

I gave a beautiful fête on the 10th of May, the Margrave's birthday, in one of the large rooms of the castle. I had arranged a sort of "Parnassus." A very good singer I had procured represented Apollo, and nine beautifully dressed ladies the Muses. Below the "Parnassus" a stage for the audience had been erected. Apollo sang a cantata, in which he desired the Muses to celebrate the happy day. These at once rose from their seats and danced a ballet.

Below the stage for the audience a large table was laid for fifty people. The rest of the room was decorated with symbols and green boughs, and we all represented the other gods of Heathendom. I never saw anything finer than this fête. Everybody was full of admiration at it.

Since the Margrave had obtained Ellerot's assistance his affairs began to improve. An increase in the income that was found was kept secret, as there is no doubt that the gentlemen of the Finance Chamber would have endeavoured to reap a personal advantage from it. The Margrave dismissed all those gentlemen, and appointed others in their place. Ellerot was, moreover, fortunate enough to discover all the

debts, and money that had for years been owing to the Margrave was now paid. Thus, after struggling with poverty, we suddenly found ourselves transformed into rich people.

This year, which had seen the conclusion of one war, now witnessed the commencement of another. Russia fought with the Turks. She had helped Austria with those twelve thousand men only on condition that she might break her truce and attack the Turks in Hungary. All the Emperor's troops began to concentrate themselves there, and one may well date the decline of the Austrian House from that circumstance.

About this time the Emperor celebrated the marriage of his daughter, the Archduchess Marie Therese, to the new Archduke of Florence.

The Prince of Wales also was married in this year to the Princess of Saxe-Gotha. The King arranged this marriage, in which the affections of the Prince played no part. The Princess was neither handsome nor clever. They lived nevertheless very happily together. I must now return to my narrative.

We spent the finest part of the year in the Brandenburger. The Margrave was there taken ill, being attacked with violent headaches and fainting fits, which, however, did not prevent his going out, but made me terribly anxious. There is no complete happiness in this world. I had everything I could wish for, but the fear I was in about this precious life destroyed all my feelings of satisfaction. The doctors led me to apprehend that the attacks my husband suffered from were of an apoplectic nature. I was often almost wild with despair, and did not know what I did. At last, however, my husband's health improved, and I was relieved of my anxiety.

Since my husband's accession he had endeavoured to win the King and Queen of Denmark's friendship. As the Queen was the daughter of a younger Prince, and received

an annuity, she had no dowry. This was a rule in the House of Brandenburg. Otherwise the annuities and dowries to be paid would have been endless, and at last have ruined the family. The Queen let the Margrave know that if he would give her a dowry, she would endeavour to let him reap a fourfold advantage from doing so. The Margrave, who trusted her promise, agreed to her proposal.

The King and Queen were to make a stay at Altona, and invited the Margrave to come there, letting him know that the Queen had the intention of showing him her gratitude in a most marked manner. Some business delayed the Margrave's departure. The King sent a messenger to tell him that he should remain only a fortnight at Altona, and therefore if he wished to see him he must hasten his journey.

The Margrave started, intending to travel day and night, that he might meet his uncle and the King at Altona. In order to reach that town it is necessary to pass through my father's domains, and through Halberstadt, a town only fourteen miles from Altona. My husband stopped there in order to dine with General Marwitz, and was informed that the King was expected there in two or three days to inspect the troops in that district. The choice, therefore, now remained to the Margrave to see the King of Denmark or the King of Prussia. The disagreeables of which the Margrave had to complain at the hands of the latter, and the promise he had given the former, as well as the advantages which had been held out to him, induced him to proceed on his journey. He explained to General Marwitz all the reasons that led him to act thus, and begged him to explain matters to the King. He also asked him to assure my father that should he be at Berlin when he returned, he would not fail to come there, to pay him his respects. My husband after this continued his journey.

He left Halberstadt in the afternoon, and reached Bruns-

wick at noon next day. His old friend the Duke and my sister received him there most kindly. He thence went to Zelle, where he found letters from Altona telling him of the King of Denmark's dangerous illness. He therefore rested there, and arrived a few days later at Altona.

The Lord Chamberlain and the whole Court received him in a house that had been prepared for his reception, as there was no room in the King's. The Queen, his uncle and his aunt, received him most affectionately. The Queen had been very handsome, but constant fatigues and bad health had left mere traces of her former beauty. Her mother, the Margravine of Culmbach, who had never left her since she married, ruled her completely, as well as the King and the whole Court. She was very clever, and in order to retain her influence she had made the Queen and the Court great bigots. As the King was by nature very fond of society and amusements, she endeavoured to counteract these fancies by making the most innocent things questions of conscience. The Duke had many good qualities, but was not clever, and in this the Queen had no advantage over him, for she was as little intelligent as he was. The Margravine had therefore no difficulty, and easily persuaded them to accept her views. The Court still retained an appearance of greatness, but really resembled a monastery, where nothing was done but praying all day. My husband said he had never known the days to pass so slowly as there. He was overwhelmed with honours and fair words, but of the promises made him none were mentioned, and he was glad when he was able to take his departure.

As the King my father had started for Prussia, the Margrave returned straight to Baireuth, in spite of my brother's begging him to await the King's return at Brunswick. I received a most disagreeable letter from my brother on the subject of the Margrave's journey. It was written in a tone

very different from that in which he had ever written to me before. It ran as follows:—

"I have received your letter, dearest sister. If I am to write with my accustomed candour, I must tell you I cannot possibly approve of the Margrave's passing only a few miles' distance from a place where the King was immediately expected, without paying him his respects. To tell the truth, it is looked on as a great piece of rudeness on his part, and I must confess I am of the same opinion. The Margrave can, however, make up for it by coming to Berlin when the King of Prussia returns there. I own I am not surprised at the King's displeasure at such behaviour. It shows such want of respect towards a King who is at the same time his father-in-law. I doubt very much whether your husband will ever obtain any advantages at the hands of the King of Denmark, and assuredly he will never receive such as those he owes the King, inasmuch as he possesses such a treasure as yourself. I should have much more to say on this subject, but I must content myself with the assurance of being," &c., &c.

Although the concluding words made up somewhat for the beginning, I thought the letter very harsh. The expression "rudeness" seemed to me very strong, and the whole tone struck me as strange. My brother was much changed towards me since his return from the Rhine. All his letters were forced, and betrayed a certain shyness, which made me feel his heart was no more what it had been. It pained me terribly. My tender feelings towards him were unchanged, and I was not to blame in any way. I therefore bore it all patiently, and trusted in time to regain his love.

I spent the time of the Margrave's absence very pleasantly in the Brandenburger. But can we be quite happy separated from those we love? I was really not thoroughly contented,

but endeavoured to find distraction rather than pleasure. I had very agreeable companions, in whose society I spent my time. In the mornings and evenings I occupied myself for several hours with reading and with music.

At the beginning of these memoirs I described Mademoiselle von Grumkow, and it will have been observed that in addition to her other faults she was a great flirt. She had already had several lovers since she had been in my service, at which I was greatly displeased. Yet, as she had till now been circumspect in her behaviour, I pretended not to notice her flirtations. This girl was most insolent towards me, and never appeared in my presence save at meals. She spent all her time with M. von Westerhagen, my Gentleman-usher, who was desperately in love with her, and gave her beautiful presents, which she pretended to have received from her father. Although she had no attachment of any kind for myself, and took no pleasure in the fulfilment of her duties as my lady, she was terribly jealous of Mademoiselle von Marwitz, whom she endeavoured to humiliate on every possible occasion. I was unable to put a stop to her behaviour on account of her father, but I endeavoured, by broad hints which I dropped from time to time, to bring her to reason. It was in vain: her passion for Westerhagen got the better of her prudence.

The Margrave returned at length on the 16th July. My joy knew no bounds, and he was also very happy to be at home again. My birthday was celebrated by a charming fête he gave in my honour in a large garden belonging to the castle. It had been illuminated with coloured lamps, and a stage had been erected in it. The scenery consisted of the large lime-trees. Diana and her nymphs appeared on the stage, and acted a little pastoral play. Opposite it was a raised platform arranged as a saloon, and beautifully lighted from outside. The day following this fête we left for the Hermitage, which I will now describe.

The Hermitage is situated on a height reached by means of a high road made by the Margrave. On entering the Hermitage is seen the home of the Muses on Mount Parnassus, a cave supported by four columns, above which Apollo and the Nine Muses are sitting. This cave is so cleverly made that it resembles a real rock. On one side is a covered walk leading to another artificial rock, in which and hidden by trees are six fountains. Under this rock is a small door through which you pass into a subterranean passage, leading to a grotto decorated with rare and beautiful shells. It is lighted from above, and there is a large fountain in the centre of it, and round it are waterfalls. The floor is of marble. On leaving the grotto you pass into a small court, surrounded by artificial rocks interspersed with trees and hedges. There is a large fountain in the middle which keeps it constantly cool. These rocks hide the wings of the house, which contain each four small cells, or eight little dwelling-rooms, each comprising a bedroom and wardrobe. The main building is reached through the court. On entering it you pass into a large hall which has a fine ceiling painted and gilt. The whole is composed of Baireuth marble, the walls grey, with red marble pillars, of which the capitals are gilt. The floor is paved with different coloured marble. My rooms are situated on the right hand side.

First, there is a room with a painted ceiling representing the Roman matrons that prevented Rome from being plundered by their enemies. The raised decorations are all gilt. The walls are hung with yellow damask with a silver border. You then pass into a wing which I have added, containing a room with a raised gold ceiling. The paintings represent the story of Chelonide and Cleobrontas. The woodwork has a white ground with raised gold decorations. Between the windows and above the fire-place are looking-glasses. The walls are covered with a rich blue and gold stuff on which are flowers in chenille. You could not see anything

handsomer. After this comes a small room with Japanese furniture given me by my brother. It cost enormous sums of money, as it is the only specimen of its kind that has come to Europe, so at least my brother was told. Close to this is the music-room, of white marble with green panels, each panel containing trophies of musical instruments, gilt, and very well made. Portraits by the best masters in gold frames are hung above these trophies. The ground of the ceiling is white, and the story of Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is represented on it in raised work. All these decorations are gilt. My piano and other musical instruments are in this room. My study joins it. It is of brown lac, with painted flowers on it. It is in this room that I write my memoirs and spend so many hours in reflection. I pass from the music-room by another door into my dressing-room, which is quite simple, and then into my bedroom. The bed is hung with blue damask, and the walls with striped velvet. Adjoining this is my wardrobe, which is very convenient.

The arrangement of the Margrave's rooms is the same as mine, save that the rooms are differently decorated. The first is covered with a kind of varnish, the composition of which is partly my own invention. A beautiful painting in it represents Alexander burning incense on the altar, and Aristotle reprimanding him for his extravagance. The next room is dark brown. All the decorations are gilt, and consist of trophies of arms of all nations. In the centre of the ceiling is a painting representing Artaxerxes receiving Themistocles. The walls are hung with tapestry describing the story of that General. In the small cabinet next door are some fine pictures. The woodwork is ebony and gold, while the ceiling contains a painting of Mucius Scævola. The next room is decorated with Vienna china, and the painted ceiling represents Leonidas defending the Pass of Thermopylæ. The bedroom is hung with green

damask bordered with gold. It may appear strange that I should have taken historical subjects for the decorations of the ceilings. But I like all that is speculative, and all these historical facts represent virtues which might have been introduced in a modern garb as allegories, but which would not have been so pleasing to the eye. The exterior of the house has no artistic decorations. It might easily pass for a ruin. It is surrounded by beautiful large trees. In front is a flower-bed, with a waterfall behind it. There are fine avenues of lime trees, and on one side grass-plots, with a fountain in the centre.

Near the house are ten avenues of limes, whose branches are so thick that the sun's rays never penetrate them. Every path in the wood leads to some hermit's cave or other device, each differing from the other. I have a little hermitage of my own commanding a view of a ruined temple built in imitation of those at Rome. I have dedicated it to the Muses, and have placed in it the pictures of all the famous scientific men of the last century: Descartes, Leibnitz, Locke, Newton, Bayle, Voltaire, Maupertius, &c. Near this is a small round hall, two little rooms and a kitchen, which I have decorated with old china. From these you pass into a small garden, at the entrance of which stand the ruins of a portico. The garden is enclosed by a shady walk, where you can sit and read during the greatest heat. As you proceed new objects become visible; among others, an amphitheatre, where acting can take place in the open air. But I will go no further in my description. From all I have said it will be clear that the "Hermitage" was unique of its kind. I have described it in the condition in which it was in the year 1744, and will mention the improvements I still intend making.

I have probably wasted too much time over this subject, but I write for my own amusement, and not with the idea of ever seeing these memoirs published. Perhaps I may

sacrifice these pages to Vulcan, or perhaps I may give them to my daughter. I repeat that I merely write this narrative for my own special satisfaction, and take pleasure in mentioning every circumstance that happened to me, as well as in recording all my thoughts.

The war between the Emperor and Turkey broke out afresh this year. It was one of the most unjust wars, but rightly to understand its cause I must look back a few years.

I have already stated that Russia sent a contingent of ten thousand men to Germany to help the Emperor in his campaign against the French. The Russian Empress was at that time engaged in hostilities with the Turks, and had sent the Emperor of Germany these troops only on condition that when he had made peace with France he would create a diversion, and break his truce with the Ottomans. Accordingly in the year 1736, the Emperor prepared to fulfil his engagements with Russia, and ordered his troops to enter Hungary. The beginning of the campaign proved successful. As the Turks had not expected to be attacked from that quarter, and had no army there, they retreated, and left the Imperial troops in possession of Nissa without striking a blow. In the year 1737, however, the luck turned. General von Seckendorf was entrusted with the command of the Austrian forces, and behaved so extremely ill that the whole army soon went to rack and ruin. He was brought before a court-martial at the end of that year, and sentenced to life-long imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, thankful to have escaped so easily. I marvelled at the fate of the man who had caused me so much trouble, and who had been the scourge of all the Courts at which he had lived. I pitied him, and I cannot say that his misfortunes afforded me even a moment's satisfaction. We shall see him appear again on the scene, but I must now return to my own narrative.

We commenced the year 1737 by receiving a visit from the Bishop of Bamberg. Our Court appeared on this occasion

in its full splendour. I had greatly improved both the Margrave's room and my own. The acquisition of some first-rate Italian musicians and singers had greatly improved our private orchestra. Several foreigners who had entered our service served to enhance the brightness of our Court, which had happily lost its former depressing and monotonous nature. Everybody who visited it was delighted with it, and the Bishop took his departure much pleased with his stay.

Although my health was still very delicate, it now began to improve. The whole country ardently wished for an heir. It was suggested that I should take a course of strengthening baths, and although my constitution could not stand them, the doctor was bribed to urge the necessity of my using them, and I was obliged to give in to the wishes of the people. As Ems was the least strong of these baths in Germany I chose it in preference to others. The season of the year was, however, not yet far enough advanced, so we went to Erlangen, and waited there till the proper time arrived.

We made a very pleasant stay at Erlangen. It was there that I saw for the first time a pastoral play, in which the celebrated Zachini acted. Everyone was enraptured with the beauty and charm of his voice. We thought of nothing else but amusements, when the sudden death of my nephew the Hereditary Prince of Anspach put an unexpected end to our pleasures.

I have already mentioned the miserable married life of my sister with the Margrave of Anspach. The unhappy relations existing between them had of late become much worse, partly owing to the Chamberlain von Seckendorf, who unceasingly excited the Margrave against his wife. The death of the young Prince presented a wide field to Seckendorf's malignity. He said my sister was to blame for the sad occurrence, and incensed the Margrave to such a degree

against her, that he swore he would never see her again, and would have himself separated from her. He even treated her shamefully, sent her cruel messages through the servants, and forbade the Court to see her. In a word, everything was done that could possibly humiliate her.

This state of things had already lasted three weeks without my knowing anything about it. At last some well-intentioned people informed me secretly of it, and begged me to go to Anspach and put an end to this misery. I did not hesitate one moment, but went at once. The Margrave of Anspach was in the country, seeking comfort for his son's death in the arms of his mistress. As soon as he heard of my arrival at Anspach he returned home. I found my sister bathed in tears, and so altered that she was not to be recognized. The Margrave never even looked at her. He could not well avoid dining with us, but it was quite apparent that he was terribly ill at ease. I would not speak with him till I was thoroughly cognizant of all the circumstances. I soon found that M. von Seckendorf was the chief cause of all the trouble. I therefore turned to him, and the firmness, as well as the gentleness, with which I spoke probably made an impression on him. He promised me to do everything in his power to restore peace, and he kept his word.

Everybody combined with him to pacify the Margrave, yet no doubt the reason of his listening to all these entreaties was his fear of me. I had therefore the satisfaction of seeing peace and unity restored, and, having no longer anything to keep me at Anspach, returned to Erlangen. From there I went to Wertheim, where I embarked for Ems. Our journey was very pleasant. The society on board the boat was agreeable and the food good, and we were charmed by the lovely scenery. At the end of six days we arrived at Ems. We were very tired from our last day's journey and a sleepless night spent on board a small ferry boat, as the large boat could not pass up the Lahn, on which Ems is situated.

Ems is a very pleasant place surrounded by a citadel of mountains, but without trees. The "House of Orange," in which we lived, is a fine building, besides being very comfortable. We rested the first twenty-four hours, but on the following day I began to receive people. The society was limited and very tiresome. Madame von Hartenberg, the wife of a royal English Chamberlain, was the heroine of the place. She had come to Ems with her husband and her lover, a M. von Diefenbrock. She was small, ugly, and repulsive, very smart, and a great flirt. Her ridiculous appearance was a source of amusement to us. The Margrave pretended to be in love with her, and made her fine speeches, and she was foolish enough to fall into the trap, and wished to begin the romance where it really ended. It was not the Margrave's fault that she did so, but her whole wrath fell on me. She was convinced I had prevented the Margrave's love for her, and consequently abused me to everyone. She was, however, happily so well known, that nothing she said made any impression.

I began my "cure," and at first felt pretty well. The agreeable society that assembled at Ems did much towards making our stay there pleasant. Besides other ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood, Pölnitz arrived, of whom I have spoken before. He told me much about Berlin, where he was a great favourite with the King, and was well acquainted with the state of affairs. He told me everybody pitied me, for the King had received dreadful news of the Margrave, that he had mistresses, and ill-used me! Surely slander had never invented greater lies. I implored Pölnitz to undeceive the King, which he did on his return.

We sometimes went out walking, or rather wading through the mud. The "promenade" consisted of an avenue of limes planted on the banks of the river. You could never feel lonely, as you were always accompanied by pigs and other domestic animals, which you had to chase out of your

path by means of a stick. I used the weakest of the baths, and always waited till the water had cooled down. I had been recommended to do this by the doctor and others, as hot baths were very prejudicial to my health. Zeitz, our own doctor, insisted however that I should try the stronger baths. I tried them, but was able to do so only for a few minutes, for they are so hot that the room became filled with steam. The doctor now turned to M. von Voit, in order that he might induce me to continue using them, and although all the other doctors remonstrated with Zeitz on the subject, and told him the waters would kill me, he still insisted on the point. He told several people, from whom I heard it afterwards, that if I only had a Prince, the rest would be immaterial to him. If I died, well there would only be one woman the less in the world. My good genius prevailed, and prevented my following his advice. However much I was entreated by people, I did not do what they asked. As soon as I had finished my "cure," I went to Coblentz, where I was shown the castle and the town, which however need not be further mentioned.

On my return to Ems I found one of the Landgrave of Darmstadt's gentlemen, who had been sent by that Prince to invite the Margrave most courteously to come to Münichbruck, a country seat belonging to the Landgrave on the road to Frankfort. Much pleased to make the acquaintance of this Prince, who was famed for his civility and love of splendour, the Margrave accepted the invitation, and induced me to accompany him. We therefore started next day, passing by Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, which were crowded with people. We spent the night at Wiesbaden, and although greatly fatigued I got up at five next morning to proceed on our way to Münichbruck. I found two "originals" in my room, two Counts Reuss. One of them continually hopped from one foot to the other, and told me he was one of the Imperial Chamberlains and a Count of the

Empire. "I am much pleased to learn this, my dear sir," I replied, "and I am sure if the Emperor possesses many Chamberlains of your kind the Court must be well provided." "That is also the case," he said. The other told me that he lived on his property near Frankfort, "because," he added, "forage is much better there. My whole pleasure consists in having fine horses." He then told me the pedigree of all his horses, and explained to me their special qualities. I might have answered him that none could be better than he himself. At last I got into the carriage to escape from the hopping and horse-loving Counts. We arrived at Münichbruck, having had a terribly hot and dusty journey.

The Landgrave offered me his hand as I stepped from the carriage, but without saying a word, and left me standing in the middle of the courtyard, whilst he went to greet the Margrave, after which he led me into the house. There I found his daughter, the Princess Maximilian of Hesse-Cassel and his son the Hereditary Prince. I endeavoured to converse with them. The Landgrave never answered one word, his daughter laughed aloud and his son made low bows. As soon as their father left the room they began to talk, but of subjects which were quite new to me, and of the coarsest and most improper nature. I opened my eyes very wide and felt most uncomfortable. Such a thing had never happened to me before, and such society did not suit me. The Princess of Hesse was a second Duchesse de Berry. She had been very good-looking, but good living and a very gay existence had spoilt her complexion. Her bold manners and impudent behaviour were in accordance with her opinions, and left but little doubt as to her real character.

At last we sat down to dinner. In spite of all the civility I showed the Landgrave he remained completely silent, till an unforeseen occurrence gave me the pleasure of hearing his voice. Münichbruck is a shooting lodge consisting of different small pavilions, each of which contained a small

saloon, with three rooms on either side of it. These were all hung with different coloured damask bordered with silver. During dinner the Princess Maximilian suddenly exclaimed, "Goodness me, oh, goodness me!" I was quite frightened, as I feared she would be seized by one of those fits of temper by which she was said to be frequently attacked during the day. However she soon called out to me that miracles were taking place, she had never seen anything so wonderful as what was disclosed to her sight. I really thought she had gone out of her mind, but when I saw the Landgrave smiling to himself in a strange way I was relieved. The great wonder consisted in part of the damask hangings having been rolled up and thereby disclosing some linen decorated in oil colours beneath it. This caused the Landgrave to make the following remark to me: "Your Royal Highness perceives that witchcraft is practised here." This was all I ever heard him say. I thought this nonsense very remarkable, for the proverb says, "You must howl with the wolves."

After this most tiresome dinner had come to an end, I was compelled to dance whether I wished it or not. I was as tired as a dog, and as there were only three ladies present, and many "Allemandes" were danced, I was so exhausted that I could scarcely stir. After much entreaty I induced the Margrave to let us leave that evening at seven. It is only right that I should now give a description of the Landgrave and his son.

At the time I saw the Landgrave, he was eighty years old, and but for his white hair you would not have thought him more than fifty. He had cancer of the mouth, which disfigured him greatly. He was said to have been very clever in his young days, but this had disappeared with his years. He lived on very bad terms with his son, whom he treated like a child, although he was forty-nine years of age. The Prince was very intelligent, very courteous, and even learned, but

the bad society in which he lived had made him so coarse that his original character was not to be recognized.

I reached Frankfort very late, where we were received by the magistrates and town council with salvos of cannons. As I was not feeling well, I stayed a day there, and visited all the sights worth seeing, among them the "Römer," which is the hall in which the Emperors dine at their coronation. Near this are several rooms, in one of which is kept the "Golden Bull,"* which was shown to me. I then went to the church where the Emperors are usually crowned. I was also shown the place where the electors assemble on the day of election. As there are many descriptions given of these sights in other books I pass them over in silence.

We left Frankfort next evening at five o'clock, intending to travel all night, in order to avoid the intolerable heat. In spite of my being very ill, I determined to visit on our way Philippsruhe, a castle belonging to Prince William of Hesse. The castle is large and roomy, but very simply arranged in the interior. The position is fine, looking over a beautiful garden, with a view over the Maine, and a lovely country beyond it.

The farther we proceeded on our journey the worse I grew, for I was attacked with violent dysentery. During the night we were overtaken by tremendous rain, after which it suddenly became quite cold. The roads were of the worst description. We were in the Spessart mountains, in the middle of a wood, where no house or village was to be seen.

I arrived early next morning at half-past eight in a small

* The celebrated "Golden Bull" of the Emperor Charles IV. of Germany, so called from its golden seal, was made the fundamental law of the German Empire at the Diet of Nuremberg in 1356. A "bull" is a decree of the Pope, and is properly the seal, deriving its name from "Bulla," and is made of gold, silver, lead or wax. On the one side are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and on the other side the name of the Pope, and the year in which he reigned.

village called Eselsbach. I was half dead, and was carried without noticing it out of the carriage and laid on a bed. The doctor, who had arrived long before I did, thought me very ill. I had high fever, and he considered my condition one of great danger. It was decided I should remain next day in this village, and then, should my state not improve, they would endeavour to move me. The place we were in was so bad, it was impossible to remain there any longer. As I was rather better on the second day we continued our journey to Würzburg, where the Bishop had invited us.

We were received there with all possible honours. The garrison had turned out and lined the streets, and cannons were fired. The Prince and his whole Court received us at the foot of the stairs. The motion of the carriage had made me feel very weak, so that I was obliged to go to bed. Ill as I was I managed however to drag myself about, to visit the interior of the castle, which was considered one of the finest in Germany. The staircase was beautiful, and the rooms large and roomy, but the decoration was to my taste very ugly.

We left at eight o'clock in the evening. I was better in some respects, but was now attacked with violent pains in my chest, so that I was unable to speak. Having travelled all night I reached Erlangen next day, where I remained a fortnight, until I was pronounced out of danger. I remained very weak, and my health was not re-established.

On my return to Baireuth I found Mademoiselle von Bodenbruck, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, there. It was she who had caused me so much annoyance at Berlin. She was on her way to Carlsbad to take the baths. I was desirous of behaving generously towards her, and overwhelmed her with civility. My behaviour touched her, and caused her to repent. She gave me an account of all that was going on at Berlin. She told me the Queen was still

angry with me, and never spared an opportunity of speaking ill of me. It was all the fault of my sister of Brunswick, who was constantly exciting her against me, and inventing stories about Baireuth. Amongst other things, she told her I had cared so little for the jewels the Queen had given me, that I had sold them, and bought others instead in order to keep nothing which had come from Berlin. She was not content with telling my mother such stories, but served me in the same manner with my brother. He had unfortunately so much changed towards me, that he said openly my sister was his favourite. Mademoiselle von Bodenbruck told me my brother was no longer what he had been, and that everyone began to hate him, and wished I might regain my influence over him. In order to justify myself with respect to the slanders of my sister, I showed Mademoiselle von Bodenbruck the jewels the Queen had given me, which she herself knew well. She promised to take my part warmly with the Queen, and also to speak favourably of me to my brother, after which she left Baireuth laden with civilities and presents.

The year 1738 seemed to me to promise to be a very unhappy one. The Margrave was suddenly taken very ill. At first his malady seemed not to be dangerous, being merely a rush of blood to the head. Soon, however, an attack of paralysis threatened to put an end to his life. His mouth was slightly drawn on one side, and his left eye also suffered and continually watered. It did not disfigure him however. How cruelly I suffered all the time he was ill! I can never describe my fears and my anxiety. His recovery seemed to give me fresh life.

My own health, alas, was not improving, but on the contrary became daily worse. I was again suffering from ague, and at the end of three months the doctor said that there was no hope of curing me. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and the Margrave informed the Queen and my brother of my condi-

tion. Doctors from Berlin were sent for, and the result of the consultation was to pronounce my state as hopeless. The last spark of my brother's love for me was now kindled afresh. He wrote to me that there was a very clever doctor at Stettin, to whom the King in a great measure owed his recovery whilst suffering from the dropsy. My brother said I should ask my father to send him to see me. The letter my brother wrote to me on this occasion was most tender. I was resigned to my fate, and believed that this time I must die. Death's approach did not fill me with terror, and I was ready to meet it with courage.

My only feeling of sorrow was the thought of what my loss would be to the Margrave. I tried to think however he would, like so many other husbands, after being in terrible despair for a time, at length find comfort.

My brother's entreaties, combined with the Margrave's, induced me nevertheless to follow the advice of the former. I wrote the King a touching letter, telling him of the deplorable condition I was in. I said that, standing on the brink of the grave, I begged his forgiveness for any annoyance I had unwittingly caused him, and entreated him to give me his blessing. I assured him of my tender love for him, and finally asked him, more for the sake of pacifying the Margrave than in the hopes of saving my life, to send Doctor Supperville to see me. The King answered me most kindly, and sent me the doctor, who arrived in a fortnight at the Hermitage, where I was at that moment.

I expected to meet with a pedant, one of those worthy supporters of the faculty that constantly bring out long Latin words, and bore their patients with their long-winded talk. I was however much mistaken. A tolerably good-looking man appeared, who addressed me with respect, thereby disclosing perfect knowledge of the world, and in a word you were not aware that he was a doctor at all. He found me dangerously ill, but encouraged me, and gave me hopes

of being able to cure me. It will be right of me here to describe him.

Supperville was of French extraction, and is said to have sprung from a good family. Every Frenchman that settles in a foreign country becomes as aristocratic as the King himself, whether his father be a hotel keeper or footman in Paris. However, we pass over this. Supperville had, as his father lived at the Hague, studied at Utrecht and Leyden. Having completed his course for the law, he became secretary to a Minister who was sent to France. Love made him become a doctor. He fell in love with a very rich young girl, and being unwilling to separate himself from her, came to a decision very repugnant to him. He went back to the University, and the ardour he displayed in the study of medicine and anatomy soon made him celebrated. The King took him with him, as his first doctor, to Pomerania, whence his fame soon spread. He was extremely clever, had read immensely, and was a great genius. His conversation was natural and pleasant, he understood how to joke as well as how to be serious, but his imperious and jealous nature cast his other qualities and talents into the shade, and made him ridiculous to such a degree as not to be easily forgotten.

After the account I have given of him here, it will be easily understood that he soon gained our approbation. Our Court had, after much trouble and work, greatly changed for the better. It had lost a certain want of courtesy and coarseness that had formerly existed in it, but it was not yet what it ought to have been. All composing it were narrow-minded beings, who had never left Baireuth, and who had no conception of the rest of the world. Books and the sciences were unknown to them. Their conversation was confined to shooting, agricultural pursuits, and stories about the old Court life. M. von Voit, who had been of some help to us, had become very pious. The only refuge therefore that remained to us was in ourselves. Supperville

arrived most opportunely, and showed himself so devoted to us that we began to look with favour on him. He made me use a "cure" which in six weeks got rid of the low fever I was suffering from. I had nevertheless not yet entirely recovered, and he was therefore of opinion that unless I took the greatest care and led a very strict life, I might easily have a relapse.

This fear one day caused him to say to me that he was well aware that my health was as yet not by any means re-established, and that his presence was necessary. He therefore put his services at my disposal, and assured me that nothing would make him happier than to be able to devote his whole life to the Margrave and myself. His proposal pleased me greatly, but I nevertheless saw many reasons against it. Supperville was a great favourite with my brother, and shared in all his social pursuits. I felt certain he would never tolerate my depriving him of a person whom he liked. I told Supperville this at once. He answered me by saying, "I have never up to the present time dared to speak quite openly with your Royal Highness, but since I now have the honour of knowing you, I feel that I may venture to do so, without running the risk of making myself unhappy. I had already formed the intention of leaving the King's service before I came here. I intended settling in Holland, but the pleasant position I have found at this Court, and my devotion to your Royal Highness, have caused me to alter my plans. I cannot deny that the Crown Prince is most kindly inclined towards me, but I have had time to study his character closely. The Prince has great understanding but a bad heart: he is suspicious, ungrateful and vicious, and I am much mistaken if he will not in time become more avaricious than the King his father is at the present moment. He has no religion, and his morality is of his own making. He endeavours to throw a glamour over the public, but in spite

of his art of dissembling many already know his true character. He has singled me out at present, in order to increase his scientific knowledge, for learning is his greatest passion. When he has learnt all he wants from me, he will drop me, as he already has so many others. It is for this reason that I have taken my precautions in good time."

I had already for some time been displeased with my brother, and knew that many who had cared for him shared my feelings. Yet I could not believe it possible that his whole character should have changed so completely. I disputed this point for a long time with Supperville, but the Margrave, who entered the room at this moment, took his part, and said he had long ago come to the same opinion. He gladly accepted Supperville's offer, and we both wrote to the King to ask his consent. I also wrote in the same strain to my brother, and Supperville started for Berlin laden with these letters.

It may seem strange that I have entered so much into detail on the subject, but it was necessary in the course of these memoirs, in which Supperville plays a conspicuous part.

The King answered me most kindly, that Supperville was always at my disposal whenever I wanted him, but that he could not entirely give him over to me, as he could not do without him. The Queen nevertheless wrote to me that she hoped still to obtain his consent, particularly if I were able to send several very tall soldiers.

Mademoiselle von Grumkow was married at the end of the year to a M. von Beist, an excellent man of good family, but possessed of no riches beyond the four children left him by his first wife. I was very glad to get rid of her, and took two other ladies as her successors, Mademoiselle Albertine von Marwitz and Mademoiselle von Hutten. This latter belonged to a celebrated old family.

The year 1739 was far more interesting than the preceding. Supperville returned in the spring, and a "cure" which

he obliged me to use almost re-established my health, or rather put an end to all danger. I must now turn to another subject.

I have already said that the Margrave had made a certain Ellerot his Secretary. He was a man possessed of honesty and cleverness, and understood the affairs of the State. He had found all the business departments, but more especially the finance, in the greatest confusion. This department had at first been entrusted to a M. von Dobeneck, but it soon became evident that, in spite of all his self-assertion, he understood nothing about it. It was therefore given over to Ellerot, to whom the Margrave also entrusted his privy purse. This man's whole object was to find means, without endeavouring to restore order or credit. Several large claims owing to the Margrave were used to meet the expenditure. One must do Ellerot the justice of saying that he rendered the Margrave valuable service, not only as regards the management of his State affairs, but also foreign. This secured him the confidence of his master to such a degree that he made him his private referendary. The Ministers clamoured loudly against such an innovation, for it clipped their wings and took from them much of their importance. They therefore presented the Margrave with a by no means respectful written remonstrance, which he, being much offended at their behaviour, answered most curtly. Ellerot was suspected of having written the reply, and this made him many enemies. A perfect outcry was raised, and it was publicly said that the servants had not been paid, and that two quarters were owing to them.

I was the first to hear of this, and was informed, after enquiring privately, that it was the case. I sent for Ellerot, spoke with him, and told him I had heard that the finances were in a bad way, and that the Margrave's privy purse was in debt. He said that this was not the case, and assured me these reports were all calumnies, invented by his enemies in

order to bring about his fall. I determined therefore not to mention anything of this to the Margrave, who had, however, already heard of it.

Supperville, to whom he confided his business matters, recommended him a gentleman from Berlin, a most honest man of great merit, named Hartmann, of whom I had often heard, to take over the Finance Department. Ellerot did not take it in the least amiss, having long been desirous of getting rid of this branch. It will, however, be seen later that he was nevertheless much hurt at Hartmann's appointment.

No sooner had Hartmann arrived than the storm against Ellerot burst forth. Young and old entreated me to draw the Margrave's attention to his dishonesty and bad management. I was too well acquainted with the ways of the world to interfere in such things. Ellerot was in high favour, and this roused jealousy and envy; and as I believed him to be innocent, I took good care not to rouse the Margrave's suspicions. Hartmann however confirmed the rumours, and declared the finances were in terrible confusion, and that half-a-year's wages were owing to the servants. In order to come to no hasty conclusion, the Margrave sent secretly for Hartmann, and desired him to give him his accusations in writing. This man assured him of the truth of all he had said, and declared he would convict his opponent.

Ellerot had many friends. He heard of the Margrave's secret interview, and as he had his own creatures about the place he soon became aware of the trick that was to be played him. He spoke to the Margrave next day, protesting his innocence, and begging for a strict enquiry into his conduct. What more could be done? The Margrave appointed four Commissioners to carry out this inquiry. Ellerot was pronounced free from all guilt, and came out of the whole proceeding white as snow, whilst his accuser

was sent to the fortress. We shall learn the end of this story next year.

My health meanwhile improved but very slowly, and the complaint I suffered from seemed to develop into a kind of consumption. Supperville advised change of air, as Baireuth was cold and unhealthy during the winter. He therefore suggested to the Margrave our spending a year at Montpellier, and proved to him the double advantage the change would have. First of all it would help the restoration of my health, and secondly, improve the state of his finances, as the country was obliged to vote the money for our journey. The Margrave was delighted with the proposition, and at once informed me of it. It can be easily understood that I at once consented. I foresaw that great difficulties would be made at Berlin, for I knew that the King and Queen would disapprove of the plan, besides which I did not expect to find much amusement at Montpellier.

My father-in-law, the late Margrave, had spent several years there, and had not given me a favourable impression of the place. I proposed another plan to the Margrave and Supperville, of which they entirely approved. It was this, to spend a few months at Montpellier, then to go to Antibes by sea and travel through Italy. As we were, however, persuaded that this journey would meet with still greater disfavour than the other, we determined to keep it a secret.

We thought it advisable that the Margrave should pay a visit to Berlin, in order to remove any possible opposition and annoyance from that quarter. My husband gladly assented to my wishes. He left in a fortnight, accompanied by eight tall men he had chosen from his own bodyguard, whom he intended offering to the King. His journey and his arrival were kept such a secret that no one heard of either.

On seeing the Margrave the King, who was just on parade, evinced the greatest delight. He at once alighted from his

horse and embraced him several times, calling him his dear son. He had tears in his eyes, and kept repeating, "My God, what pleasure you are giving me! Now I know that you do care for me a little." The King then led the Margrave up to the Queen, who also received him most kindly. But the Margrave rose still higher in the King's estimation next day on his presenting him with the eight tall soldiers. My brother also greeted him most warmly, but dissuaded him from asking any favour of the King, as he would then, he said, spoil everything. I am certain the King would have granted him anything, for I have been told so repeatedly. The Margrave was anxious to remain on good terms with my brother, and therefore missed the opportunity of gaining any advantage from the King's favourable disposition towards him. He not only received the consent to our journey to Montpellier, but Supperville's resignation was accepted, and he was entirely given over to us. The King gave the Margrave a gold snuff-box set with diamonds and containing his portrait, of the value of four thousand thalers (£600). I also received several presents from the King and Queen. The Margrave returned to Baireuth after an absence of six weeks, very much satisfied with the marks of friendship shown him at Berlin.

Now that all obstacles from that quarter had been overcome, we met with others from the Principality. The dissatisfaction was general, and the people would not let us leave. My Governess, whose great age prevented her accompanying us, made a great to-do. At last, at the end of four weeks, all difficulties having been got over, our departure was fixed for the 20th of August.

My poor Meermann* was very ailing, and much as I grieved to separate myself from both these devoted companions of my sorrows, I felt I would rather suffer that pain

* The Margravine's faithful old maid.

than expose their lives and healths to any risk. Meermann's husband was my man of business. He had an excellent head, but was violent and vehement. He wished to pass as my favourite, and was furious at not being so. He ruled his wife with a rod of iron, so that she did not dare stir, and was frightened to death of him. This man was bitterly annoyed that I did not take him with me, and determined to have his revenge. He asked my permission to go to Berlin, and remain there during my absence, which I granted him. At last, having taken a tearful leave of my Governess and Meermann, I got into the carriage with my husband, accompanied by Mademoiselle Sonnsfeld and Mademoiselle Marwitz, who were the only ladies I took with me. Supperville had been attacked with fever two days before, and awaited us at Erlangen.

We had barely driven a mile when the Margrave was taken suddenly ill, with violent headache accompanied by sickness. We hoped that it was nothing but an ordinary sick headache, but had reckoned without our host. He became feverish, and we were obliged to stay several hours in a dreadful little place called Traubach. I proposed returning to Baireuth, but he would not hear of it, and insisted on our getting into the carriage again and driving to Streitberg, where we spent the night. The fever continued all night, but as he was desirous of reaching Erlangen we brought him there with great difficulty.

On our arrival there we were told that Supperville was very ill indeed. All the symptoms of his illness coincided with those of the Margrave. I was in terrible anxiety about the latter, and was afraid he was going to have some malignant fever. In spite of my consumptive condition, I never left his side for a moment, and suffered far more than he did. His condition did not improve, and for five times twenty-four hours he lay in this burning fever, which nothing seemed to relieve. My anxiety drove me to seek Supperville,

who was living in the castle. I told him that the Margrave was in so dangerous a condition that no time must be lost in bleeding him. Supperville replied that he was of the same opinion, and was only waiting till the fever abated somewhat to carry it out. I therefore returned to the Margrave, with whom I found our second doctor, Wagner. I informed him of my consultation with Supperville and of his opinion, but he declared that he would never consent to bleed the Margrave at this moment, as nothing could be more dangerous, and it should be resorted to only as a last means in case there were no hope of recovery possible. I answered that I could not prescribe what he was to do, and that he must settle the matter with Supperville. He returned after a few moments, and said Supperville was of the same opinion, namely to do nothing hastily.

I remained with the Margrave till three o'clock in the morning, when, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, I at last threw myself on my bed in a small room next his, from which I could see and hear all that was going on, and soon fell asleep. I might have slept four hours, when I was awakened, and as I opened my eyes, I saw Wagner standing near my bed. No Medusa's head could have alarmed me more, and I thought the Margrave must be dying. "I beg your Royal Highness not to be alarmed," Wagner said, "the Margrave is still in the same condition, and we have at length determined to bleed him. We thought it right to inform you of our intention in order that you might be present."

More dead than alive I rose from my bed. A poor sinner led to his place of execution could not have suffered more than I did at that moment. I trembled all over, and my knees shook under me. As the last means of help was to be resorted to, I felt convinced all hope was at an end for the Margrave. In this state of mind I dragged myself into the Margrave's room, where another scene presented itself. The whole Council was assembled, while in the streets a crowd

had gathered who abused Supperville for his intention of bleeding the Margrave. Supperville was quite as ill as the Margrave, but never lost his head. He had himself bled first, to put an end to the uproar and outcry, and thus pacified the people's minds.

Throughout all this, I lay in an armchair in a condition not to be described. I was incapable of collecting my thoughts, and kept staring fixedly at one spot. At last the bleeding took place—and oh! what joy, the Margrave's face changed as the blood flowed, the renewed attack of fever which had been anticipated did not supervene, and by the evening he was pronounced out of danger. As soon as his condition improved, I observed he was very cold in his manner towards me. He quarrelled with me about every trifle, and was on the other hand very marked in his manner towards Mademoiselle von Marwitz, for whom he asked incessantly whenever she was out of the room. He obeyed her blindly in all that concerned the care of his health. If I ventured to offer a suggestion he flew out at me. I was in great despair at this. My health soon began to suffer from mental grief, and I was seized with convulsions, which I had never had before. My Governess came to visit me, and did all she could to afford me relief. No one could guess the real cause of my complaint. I have already said my bedroom joined the Margrave's. I heard how he sent for my ladies every morning when he woke. If I were well enough to go to him he scarcely spoke to me, and at once sent for Mademoiselle von Marwitz. Violent jealously took possession of my heart. Everyone observed my distress, but I took care no one should discover its cause.

I knew Mademoiselle von Marwitz so well, how devoted she was to me, and how virtuous, and felt certain that if she became aware of the cause of my sorrow, she would leave my Court. But the Margrave I could not forgive for behaving as he did towards me. For a year

past I had been blind to many little circumstances I now observed.

He was still determined to carry out the plan of travelling through Italy, but I had lost all wish and inclination to do so, for I was convinced that the ease with which he would be brought in contact with Mademoiselle von Marwitz would only increase his love for her. Besides, my heart was too sad and heavy to find pleasure in anything but in a change in my present position.

A new trouble completely crushed me. I have mentioned Meermann's husband's dissatisfaction. Immediately on his arrival at Berlin he presented my letter and the Margrave's to the King. On the King's enquiring after my health, this man took the opportunity of speaking most insolently of me. He said I had never been ill, and then expatiated on the great expenses I encouraged the Margrave to incur, which he said ruined the country. In fact, he roused the King's anger to such a degree against me, that he did not know how to contain himself. Meermann however did not dare confess to his wife how he had slandered me. He knew her honesty, and that she would never have tolerated his behaviour.

This excellent woman went next day to see the Queen, who enquired most particularly about all those points on which I had been so cruelly accused, by which she found out that the direct opposite to what had been said was the case. Meermann (my maid) was besides ready to take an oath that all that had been said of me was entirely false.

The Queen nevertheless wrote me a very strong letter, in which she told me in the King's name that he would never forgive me if I insisted on carrying out the project of going to Montpellier. At the same time I also heard from my brother, who told me all the circumstances I have before mentioned, and of my father's anger against me. "I, nevertheless, advise you to continue your journey," he wrote.

"The King has really no orders to give you, and it would be a sign of weakness on your part if you let yourself be intimidated by the false gossip of a man like Meermann. I recommend your getting rid of that scoundrel. Turn him away at once, and show a determined spirit. It is true that his wife is most devoted to you, and does not deserve such harsh treatment, but you must get over that, in order to get rid of such a bad man."

These two letters distressed me greatly, for I loved Meermann's wife dearly, yet knew the Margrave would approve of my brother's advice. My Governess, who had been for a few days at Erlangen, helped me out of the difficulty. She defended my poor maid so warmly, that she induced the Margrave to pardon the husband. All these annoyances did much harm to my health.

My Governess several times discovered me in tears, and I at last gave in to her entreaties, and owned to her the reason of my altered appearance and my sorrow. Mademoiselle von Marwitz had observed that I was not in my usual spirits, but thought it was owing to my illness. When, therefore, my Governess spoke to her about it, she evidently guessed the reason, for she was so terribly upset that she had an attack of fever in consequence. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld observed that I had not complained without some good reason, and that the Margrave treated me very coldly. She therefore spoke most seriously with him, and not without making an impression, for he excused himself and said it was all the consequence of his fever. Indeed, I now found him as tender and kind as of old. I overwhelmed Mademoiselle von Marwitz with affection that I might entirely put her very just apprehensions out of her head.

It was now November, and it being too late in the season to proceed to Montpellier, we returned as soon as the Margrave had entirely recovered his health to Baireuth, where we were received with every demonstration of joy.

Soon after this Meermann and his wife returned from Berlin. I welcomed his wife most affectionately, and himself all the more coldly. He was greatly surprised to find me so perfectly informed of his conduct. I forgave him out of love for his wife, and he has since then proved himself so devoted to me that I have every reason to be satisfied with him.

I had not followed my brother's advice either in regard to Meermann or to the Italian journey, in consequence of which I received a letter from him. I endeavoured to pacify him by putting forward good reasons for having acted as I had. I told him in my answer that the Margrave's health had been too delicate to undertake the journey; that I had too good a heart to wish to make a person unhappy whom I loved and to whom I owed much gratitude. My brother was not satisfied with this explanation, and I observed that he wrote to me very coldly.

About this time I heard the King was ill, and that the doctors feared a fresh attack of dropsy. His illness increased during the year 1740.

We began the New Year (1740) with the Carnival. Several "Bals Costumes" were given at the castle, to which the nobility alone were invited.

During the lifetime of the late Margrave the clergy had gained great power and influence. A sect had been formed calling themselves "Pietisten" (Devotees), of which the late Margrave's confessor was the head. This man possessed inordinate ambition, combined with a most intriguing nature, but hid these qualities beneath the mask of religion. This man now began to stir the people up against us. He stood in high favour at the Danish Court, and we therefore had, on political grounds, to treat him with caution. In order to prevent gossip which might have done us harm, we were obliged to accustom the people by degrees to our gaieties. I lived in perfect peace and quiet, for the Margrave treated

me kindly, and Mademoiselle von Marwitz and I enjoyed undisturbed the pleasures of friendship.

The King's illness meanwhile became more serious, and the Queen wrote me word that the doctors gave him only a month more to live. My sister of Brunswick had herself gone to Berlin to enquire after his health. I felt it was my duty to do the same, and therefore spoke with the Margrave about it. He did not approve of the idea, but nevertheless allowed me to discuss it with my Governess. From an exaggerated feeling of friendship for me, she dissuaded me from undertaking the journey. She feared the shock of the King's approaching death would injure my health afresh. As however I insisted on carrying out my plan, she advised me to write to my brother. This did not suit me at all, but since the Margrave would not under any other condition hear of the journey, I had to submit, and sent the following letter to my brother by messenger :

" I had up to this time flattered myself that the King's illness was curable. The last letter however which I received from the Queen informs me that there is no hope. I have therefore decided, if you approve of my doing so, to go to Berlin without further delay, to assure my dying father of my devotion, and to seek a reconciliation with him. I should, I confess, be in utter despair were he to die before I saw him, and had I to reproach myself with having neglected my duty towards him. I beg you therefore to send me an answer by messenger, and to let me know what you think of my plan."

To this letter I received the following reply :

" Your message has filled me with the greatest surprise. What on earth do you want here ? You will be received like a dog, and get no thanks for your kindly feelings. Remain at Baireuth and amuse yourself, and do not dream

of coming to a hell where you hear only groans and cries, and where everyone is ill-used. The Queen disapproves of your plan as much as I do. It depends entirely on yourself if you will make the venture. Good-bye, dear sister, I will inform you of the King's health each time the post leaves. He cannot recover, but the doctors say he may linger on for some time yet. I am always," &c.

This letter put an end to all my plans, for I could no longer hope to obtain the Margrave's consent to my journey to Berlin. The King grew worse and worse, and closed his life and reign on the 31st May. It will not be out of place if I here say a few words about his singular and heroic death.

He had spent a very bad night, and at seven in the morning had himself rolled in his chair to the Queen's room. Not having thought the danger so imminent she was still asleep. "Get up," the King said to her, "I have only a few more hours to live, and wish to have the happiness of dying in your arms." He then had himself taken to my brothers, of whom he took a tender farewell, with the exception of the Crown Prince, whom he ordered to follow him into the next room. As soon as he reached it he sent for the first two ministers, the Prince of Anhalt, and all the generals and colonels at that time at Potsdam. After making them a little speech he thanked them for their past services, and asked them to be as faithful to the Crown Prince, his heir, as they had been to him. He then made over all his power and rights to the Crown Prince, whom he exhorted in the most touching manner, reminding him of the sacred duties of a sovereign towards his subjects. He recommended the army to his care, and specially the generals and officers present.

The King then turned to the Prince of Anhalt and said, "You are my oldest General: it is but fair that I should

leave you the best horse I possess." He then desired it should be brought round, and observing that the Prince was much upset, he added, "It is man's fate: he must pay his tribute to nature." As he was afraid the tears and lamentations around him might cause him to lose his composure, the King begged all present to leave him. He ordered his servants to put on their new liveries, and his regiment the new uniforms he had just had made for them. The Queen now entered the room, and had barely been there a quarter of an hour, before the King fainted away. He was put to bed, and after much difficulty regained consciousness. On looking around him and observing his servants in their new liveries he exclaimed, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" After this, he asked his doctor if his end were near at hand. Upon the doctor's replying that he might live another half-hour, he asked for a looking-glass. Having looked at himself in it, he smiled, saying, "I am much altered, and shall have a very ugly face when I die." Repeating his question to the doctor, he received the answer that a quarter of an hour had passed and that his pulse was becoming more rapid. Upon this he said, "So much the better: I shall soon return to my nothingness." Those around him wished to let two clergymen enter the room to pray with him, but the King replied that he knew just what they would say, and that they should go their way. After having repeated fainting fits he died at noon. The new King at once led the Queen to her room, where many tears were shed. I do not know whether they were sincere or false.

The King sent me a messenger to inform me of the sad news. Although I was prepared for it, it upset me terribly. I cannot dissemble, and although I have had many sorrows I have felt more keenly, I can say with truth, that this was a great grief to me.

I continued to be on the same terms with the King as formerly. I wrote to him whenever the post went, and

always in the fulness of my heart. But six weeks went by without my getting any answer. The letter which I at last received was only signed by the King. Soon after his accession he made a journey through Pommerania and Prussia. He continued his silence towards me, and I did not know what I was to think of it, for loving him so dearly I could not help being anxious at such indifference.

At last, after three months, I was secretly informed he had left Berlin incognito to surprise me at the Hermitage, where I was at that moment. I nearly died of joy at the news, and was so upset by it that I was ill for two days in consequence.

At length he arrived, accompanied by my second brother, whom I shall simply call "my brother," in order to distinguish him from the other. My heart opened out afresh at this happy meeting. I had so much to tell the King that I could not find words. I observed at once that his affectionate manner towards me was forced. It staggered me rather, but I thought no more about it. "My brother" I found so grown and altered that I should scarcely have known him. As I shall have occasion to mention him again later on, I will not here interrupt the thread of my narrative.

The King conversed all day with me, but only on trivial subjects. There was a certain embarrassment in his manner which puzzled me. M. Algarotti, an Italian, and one of the clever men of the century, who was in the King's suite, was a great help to the conversation. What surprised me most was the King's great eagerness to see my sister of Anspach again, for whom he had never really cared. More than twenty messengers were sent next day to invite her in the tenderest terms to the Hermitage. She arrived on the following day, with the Margrave her husband. The King now showed no further consideration for me, but made no secret of his marked preference for my sister. He gave me a small bunch of flowers made of diamonds, worth two-hundred thalers (£30),

and a fan in which there was a little watch. To the Margrave he gave a snuff-box set in diamonds with the portrait of the late King. My sister received a present similar to mine, and of the same value, but he gave the Margrave of Anspach a snuff-box made of a white pebble which was cracked right through the centre, so that he at once gave it away to one of his pages. M. von Münichow, whom I have mentioned before, had become Equerry to the King, and accompanied him everywhere. This verdant youth was much liked at Court, and was of more account than any of those who had been devoted to the King when he was Crown Prince. During his stay at Baireuth he had been much in love with Mademoiselle von Marwitz, and flattered himself that, if I were not opposed to it, he might receive her in marriage from the King and General Marwitz.

We arrived at Berlin at the end of October. My youngest brothers, all the Princes of the Blood, and the whole Court received us at the foot of the stairs. I was at once taken to my rooms, where I found the reigning Queen and my sisters. I heard to my great sorrow that the King had an attack of tertian fever. He sent me word that his illness prevented his seeing me, but that he hoped to have this pleasure next day. As soon as the first greetings had been exchanged I went to see the Queen-mother. Her sinister and melancholy expression struck me painfully. Everyone still wore deep mourning for the King, my father, and I felt his loss anew. Nature has its rights, and I can say with truth I was never more upset than on this occasion. My meeting with the Queen was very trying. We dined that evening alone with the family, and I renewed my acquaintance with my brothers and sisters, whom I had not seen for eight years.

I saw the King next day. He was thin and disfigured, and his manner was forced. Love makes one sharp-sighted, and friendship equally so, and I was therefore not taken in

by his empty assurances, and felt but too plainly that he no longer cared for me. He asked me to follow him to a castle in the country called Rheinsberg, where he was going for change of air. The reigning Queen was to accompany him, but as the house was small, he said he could not house me, but he would however take care to have a room arranged for me, and as soon as it was ready would let me know.

As the Court wore mourning it presented no brilliant appearance. I went daily to the Queen-mother, who saw few people, and was overcome by her great grief. She had always flattered herself that she possessed great influence over the King, my brother, and hoped when he came to the throne to take part in the affairs of the State. To her great surprise and disgust, however, the King, who was very jealous of his own power, did not allow her any voice in matters of business.

After the King's departure I remained a fortnight longer at Berlin. I was overwhelmed with marks of honour and respect, which might have misled anyone but myself. If you set store by mutual affection, such outward show makes but little impression, and a trifling mark of friendship proves more than any vain pomp. I observed during my short stay that great dissatisfaction existed throughout the country, and that the King had lost much of the affection of his subjects. He was spoken of publicly with little respect. Some complained of his want of consideration towards those that had been devoted to him whilst he was Crown Prince; others of his stinginess, which they said was far greater than the late King's. Others, again, found fault with his distrust and suspicion, his violence, pride and dissimulation. Several circumstances, of which I had been a witness, made me believe these rumours. I would have spoken with the King about them, but my brother of Prussia and the reigning Queen dissuaded me from doing so. I will later on explain all this, and entreat those who may some day read these memoirs,

to suspend their judgment on the character of this great sovereign, till I have given it more in detail. The news of the death of Charles VI.,* which arrived at this moment, formed the chief topic of conversation and political speculation at the Court. Two days afterwards I arrived at Rheinsberg. The quinine the King had taken had quite cured him of his fever, but he still kept to his room, and continued to do so during the whole of my stay at Rheinsberg. It was surprising how the King, prostrated as he was by illness, was able to transact all business matters. Nothing was settled or took place without his knowledge, or without passing through his hands. The small amount of leisure time at his disposal he spent in the society of clever and distinguished men, such as Voltaire, Maupertius, Algarotti, and Jordan. In the evening there was generally a concert, when the King, in spite of his weakness, himself played two or three concertos on the flute. He was, without any flattery, a real artist on that instrument. After supper he devoted his time to writing poems, for which he had a great talent. All these occupations were a recreation to him. The subject that most occupied his mind at this time was the conquest of Silesia. His preparations for this object were kept so secret, and were made so cleverly, that the Austrian envoy at Berlin never heard a word of them till they were concluded.

The stay at Rheinsberg pleased me only on account of the pleasant society I met with there. I saw the King very seldom, and had no reason to be satisfied with our interviews. They consisted in the exchange of forced civilities, or in bitter jokes about the Margrave's financial difficulties. The King went so far as often to turn him and the other Princes of the Empire into ridicule, a rudeness I felt very much indeed. Added to this I found myself unfortunately

* Emperor of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire. He died 20th October, 1740.

involved in a very delicate matter, which might have had very serious consequences. As it has however remained a secret up to this time, and as the honour of several people to whom I owe consideration was concerned in it, I will pass it all over in silence, and will therefore turn to another subject, which may appear less interesting, but which, as it concerns this narrative, I feel bound to mention.

Madame von Sonnsfeld and the elder Mademoiselle von Marwitz were the only members of my household that had accompanied me to Rheinsberg. Mademoiselle von Marwitz had become very intimate with two Mademoiselles von Tertow, Ladies-in-waiting to the Queen. They were very amiable, but made themselves generally hated on account of their love of gossip and raillery.

Madame von Morian was no longer young, but had kept her looks wonderfully, knew the ways of the world, was lively, and had managed to overcome all prejudices. Her behaviour was not praiseworthy, and she seemed to have lost all sense of propriety. She said such things while sitting at the Queen's dinner-table as made even gentlemen blush. This society, which was calculated to ruin a young creature, had the very worst effect on Mademoiselle von Marwitz. The love of ridicule, the ambiguous remarks and the improper behaviour of Madame von Morian and of the two Tertows were copied by her, and she shaped her behaviour according to theirs. Her conduct gave credence to rumours afloat about her. Some gossips rallied her about her love passages with the Margrave, and remarked to her upon her influence over him. In a word, nothing else was talked of. But they did her injustice. She slept and lived in the same apartments with her aunt, and never saw the Margrave except in her presence or mine.

Characters change by slow degrees. A young person suddenly launched into the great world may be misled by its amusements, but would forget herself only gradually. When

I told her of the stories circulated about her, she was beside herself. All the good principles I had endeavoured to imbue her with, presented themselves to her in their full force. She said she would leave the Court, and wished to return home to her father. I had to use all my powers of persuasion to prevent her doing so, and it was only with much trouble that I was able to pacify her. I succeeded after a time in proving her virtue without a shadow of doubt, and putting an end to the gossip. It had however put ideas into her head, as will be seen later on, which she would otherwise never have thought of.

We returned to Berlin at the beginning of December. The disturbances caused by the death of the Emperor obliged the Margrave to return home, but in order not to displease the King, I remained in Berlin. After the mourning had been discarded, the carnival festivities, which always take place at Berlin in December, January, and February, were commenced. On Mondays the King gave a masked ball at the castle, on Tuesdays a public concert took place; Wednesdays and Fridays masked balls were given in the town in the houses of the highest officials. These gaieties were not of long duration, for the King's great plan suddenly saw light. His troops marched against Silesia, and the King left Berlin to place himself at the head of his army. I was greatly upset as I took leave of him. His project involved great risks, and might, if it failed, have most disastrous consequences. These reflections made the parting all the more painful. I would have awaited his return, for he intended coming back for a few days at the end of six weeks, had not the circumstance, which I have passed over in silence, still troubled me. My impatience also to see the Margrave again prevented my prolonging my stay at Berlin.

I left Berlin on the 11th January, 1741, and arrived at the end of eleven days at Baireuth. The inundations had so destroyed the roads that I could travel only four hours

each day. Mademoiselle von Marwitz and her sister deafened me during the whole journey with their lamentations at having left Berlin. "Here we are, obliged to return to that devil's nest where we are bored to death after having tasted the pleasures of Berlin," Mademoiselle von Marwitz exclaimed. These remarks had already annoyed me more than once, but as I looked on her as a person the fire of whose youth carried her away I tried to find an excuse for her. She appeared too after a time to have recovered herself, and to have given up her follies. I returned to my accustomed existence at Baireuth. Many strangers visited us, which added much to the brightness of our Court.

The fall of Glogau* made me very happy. After the King my brother had laid siege to it, he took it by storm. This town was the key of Silesia.

A short time after this occurrence, Count Cobentzel, the Envoy of the Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa, arrived at Baireuth. He brought me a letter from the widowed Empress, in which she implored me to use my influence with the King my brother, to induce him to make peace. The Queen, her daughter, was without money or troops, and had been attacked without the least warning. In spite of her precarious position she had refused to entertain the King's proposal. She was determined to resist to the last, rather than give up the four Duchies,† which were the cause of the whole dispute. All Count Cobentzel's entreaties, all the favourable conditions he offered me, would not induce me to interfere in this matter. I did not even think it advisable to write to the King about it, the more so as no explanation had been given as to the conditions of such an agreement. The King continued to make successful progress. On the 10th of April,

* One of the chief towns of Silesia. It was taken by Frederick the Great in his first Silesian war on March 10th, 1741.—*Note by Translator.*

† Jägerndorf, Liegnitz, Brieg and Wohlan.

the battle of Mollwitz was fought, resulting in a victory which in every way reflected honour on the King. This victory entirely justified his talents as a General, for his first attempt had been a master-stroke. On this occasion General Marwitz was dangerously wounded in the thigh. The siege and fall of Neisse was the result of this victory, and led to peace being concluded. It is difficult to describe my joy at these good tidings, which I celebrated by fêtes.

This year passed by quietly for me, but it was also the last in which I experienced any peace or quiet. I now began a new career, which was far harder and more difficult than any over which I had before triumphed. I have prided myself on my perfect honesty, and shall therefore not endeavour to hide any of the faults I have committed. I may have sinned against rules of policy, but I cannot reproach myself with any want of uprightness.

As General Marwitz' wound was fatal he implored me to let his daughter go and see him, a request I felt I could not refuse. He had become Governor of Breslau, and commanded all the troops in Silesia. His daughter, whom I had thought highly delighted at the permission to visit her father, came crying to me two days before her departure in a great state of despair.

I asked her in great surprise what was the cause of her distress. She could however scarcely answer me for sobbing. At length she said, "I now see I must leave your Royal Highness. The rumours that were circulated at Berlin attacking my reputation have found but too much credence. Nothing is dearer to me than my honour, and the stain cast on it is more bitter to me than death. I shall become the most miserable creature on earth, for I feel I cannot live without you. To increase my misery and to drive me still further to despair, my father insists on my marrying. I am therefore to become a double victim, on the one hand to the distress at the separation from you, and on the other to

the necessity of uniting myself to a man I probably hate."

Her tears and words touched me much. I did my utmost to comfort her, and succeeded after two hours in pacifying her and obtaining her promise not to leave my service. The reader may judge if after such a conversation I could mistrust the girl. Could I believe she was cruelly deceiving me, and robbing me of my greatest earthly treasure — my husband's heart? She was constantly with me, and she was so prudent in her behaviour towards him that it would have dispelled all suspicion, had I entertained any. After her departure her sister showed me much devotion, and her cheerful, lively, clever disposition made the time pass quickly. The Margrave joked much with her without raising any uneasiness in my mind, and I was glad when he was amused. I hated restraint, and therefore wished to put none on him.

About this time the Elector of Bavaria was elected Roman Emperor. He passed incognito through Baireuth at the beginning of the year 1742, on his way to Mannheim to attend the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Sulzbach; and thence he was going to Frankfort for the coronation. He came through Baireuth so poorly attended that we should probably not have heard of it had he not sent us one of his gentlemen with a kind message and his excuses for not stopping. The Margrave at once mounted his horse and hastened after him. He used so much speed that he overtook him three miles from the town. The Emperor* left his carriage at once, and showed him every mark of civility. After conversing together for about half an hour they parted, mutually satisfied with each other.

Soon after this, we heard the coronation was fixed for the 31st January. We were so curious to see it that we deter-

* Charles VII. Emperor of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire began to reign 1742, died 1745.

mined to go to Frankfort in the strictest incognito, to arrive there on the day of the ceremony, and to leave again the following morning. Our envoy, M. von Berghofen, was instructed to arrange our journey and help us to observe our incognito. We fixed our departure for the next week, when the Duchess of Würtemberg took it into her head to pay us a visit. This lady, who was famed for her bad behaviour, went to Berlin to visit her sons, whose education she had entrusted to the King. They had passed through Baireuth not long before this, and the Duke had on this occasion fallen in love with my daughter. As she was nine years old and he fourteen this love affair amused us very much. I found the Duchess had kept her looks wonderfully. She has fine features, but talks so much as to silence all around her. Her voice is at the same time so shrill that it deafens one. Still she is clever and talks well. Her manner towards those she is anxious to attract is most pleasant and courteous, but she is very free and easy with gentlemen. In her conduct you find the most curious contradictions of pride and baseness. Her behaviour had brought her into such odium, that her visit gave me very little satisfaction. She was Regent during the minority of her son. But I will not further describe her character here, as she will often appear in the course of these memoirs.

I return to Mademoiselle von Marwitz. She had asked me for an extension of leave, but when she heard of our proposed journey, started off at once, and arrived at Baireuth when I least expected her, on the same day as the Duchess. As soon as I saw her she displeased me. She gave herself great airs, talked incessantly of her father's large property, of the approval she had met with at Berlin, of the civilities that had been shown her, and of the great sacrifice she was making in returning to me. When I am fond of a person, I am very sensitive, as I have mentioned more than once. It is possible I expect too much of my friends, but I do

expect the same refinement of feeling as I study myself. It was not to be found in this behaviour, and this vain boasting displeased me much. It all depends on the manner in which things are said. You can prove to your friends what you have done for them if you wish to show them affection, and thereby earn their gratitude. But if I reproach anyone for a service rendered him, I take from it all its merit. As regards myself, I am quite satisfied if I can give pleasure to my friends, and never wish them to find out to whom they owe it. I am rewarded by the fact of having been able to be of use to them. As I have never been able to dissemble, Mademoiselle von Marwitz soon observed my answers were somewhat short. This annoyed her so much that she complained to the Margrave about it. He treated me very coldly for some days, which troubled me so much that I asked him the cause, which he at length told me. "You have a bad heart," he said, "if you can ill-use people you love. Mademoiselle von Marwitz is beside herself, and fancies you no longer like her, and has complained bitterly to me about it." I was as much surprised as I was annoyed that this girl had turned to the Margrave and mixed him up in our little dispute. Observing however that he was vexed with me, I replied merely that I was the same as I always was. On this assurance Mademoiselle von Marwitz came to me, and made me many protestations of affection. I was convinced anew that she had only erred from want of thought, and from too great a love of amusement. Peace was therefore re-established.

We intended starting on the 27th January, when Pölnitz, who is famed for his memoirs and his mad freaks, suddenly arrived. He told us that as the Austrians had entered Bavaria, the King had thought it well to make a diversion by which to help his ally and march into Bohemia. The Duchess,* who was going to Berlin partly for the purpose

* Of Würtemberg.

of speaking with the King, was placed in a great difficulty by this unforeseen occurrence. She determined to remain with us till the King's return. It was not so easy for us to get rid of her, but after many schemes we at length succeeded. She started for Berlin on the 28th (January) and we left the same day for Frankfort.

The bad roads and the inundations obliged us to travel day and night, and we at last reached the gates of Frankfort on the 30th January. M. von Berghofen, to whom we had sent, met us just outside the town and informed us that the coronation had been postponed to the 12th February; that everyone knew of our arrival; and that it would be impossible to preserve our incognito if we entered the town that day. I was dead tired, and tormented by a very bad cold. After some consultation we determined to retrace our steps to a little village a mile from Frankfort and spend the night there.

Next day M. von Berghofen came again to see us. He had taken infinite trouble in persuading everyone of their mistake, and had been able to arrange matters in such a way that we were able to get quietly into the town that evening, in order to witness the Emperor's entry next day. I had only the two Mademoiselles von Marwitz with me, for my dear Governess was no longer able to undergo fatigue. My wardrobe was in very bad order, for my ladies and I had each of us only a black "Adrienne," which I had invented in order to lessen the amount of luggage. The Margrave, Düchatelet and Schönburg, were merely in uniform. In order not to be recognized they had blackened their eyebrows, which suited to perfection the black wigs they wore. I thought I should have died of laughter when I saw their get up.

We arrived at Berghofen's house adorned in this manner. He scarcely knew us again. I had padded out my dress, which gave me a most venerable appearance, and we all wore

hoods which came right over our faces. Berghofen thought we could not possibly be recognized, and proposed our going to the French theatre. This proposition, as can be easily understood, pleased us greatly, and we hid ourselves in a box in the second tier. The Emperor's entry next day was splendid, but I will not stop to describe it. That same evening I had the pleasure of going to a masked ball, and as no one knew me, I amused myself by teasing the other masks.

The fear of being recognized obliged us to retire to a little cottage belonging to a private gentleman, where we remained for several days. The cold was intolerable, and, for the small amount of pleasure I enjoyed at Frankfort, I suffered from the annoyance both Mademoiselles von Marwitz caused me. They were proud beyond bearing, insisted on being waited on, and expected to be treated with the same marks of respect and honour as I was. The elder had infected the younger one's cleverness with her pride, and the younger encouraged the elder in her love of ridicule and gossip. They studied the faults and weak points of everybody, and found pleasure in criticising the whole Court unmercifully, and even did so in their presence.

As they were very clever, their remarks amused the Margrave, who spent the whole day in their room, and never observed that he was often the object of their ridicule. If I was present they never said a word, did not even answer my questions, but sat themselves down in a corner where they laughed like fools. As I could no longer tolerate this stupid behaviour I at length spoke my mind plainly. I told them distinctly that I was much displeased with them, and endeavoured, by putting forward good reasons, to bring them to a better frame of mind. The younger remained silent, but the elder rode the high horse, and even dared to speak her mind to me. Would to God I had quarrelled seriously and broken with them both at that time! How much sorrow I

should have spared myself! I was afraid, if I used my authority, to make a disturbance, and the hope that I might improve them caused me not to show myself in my true light.

My return to Frankfort helped me to forget the sad reflections this occurrence had called forth, and to distract my mind. I missed not a single representation at the theatre, and not a single ball. One day as I was at the theatre my hood slipped, and Prince George of Hesse-Cassel, who was just looking at me, recognized me. He told the Prince of Orange, who was standing near him, and they both came without warning into my box. It was now no longer possible to keep up our disguise, for they would not either of them leave us. They took me home in their carriage, and begged the Margrave, who could not refuse them, to allow them to remain to supper. From that day forward they never left our side. The Prince of Orange, whose cleverness and agreeable conversation pleased me greatly, is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe him. His wife, a Princess of England, was at Cassel, and he promised to let her come to Frankfort that I might make her acquaintance. His stay was, however, so short that he was not able to keep his word.

Next day we went to a ball. The Elector of Cologne, who had heard what had taken place at the theatre on the previous day, was watching for us. As soon as I appeared he invited me to dance with him, said he knew me, and talked with me for some time. He presented to me his niece, Princess Clementine of Bavaria, two Princesses of Sulzbach, and his brother, Prince Theodore. We could now no longer keep up our incognito, but our disguise prevented our appearing officially. We therefore returned to our privacy, and after a long consultation sent a messenger to Baireuth to fetch us all we required.

*I was waiting for the Margrave to get into the carriage, when he entered the room with a lady whom he presented to me as Madame de Belisle, wife of the French Envoy. I had up to this time carefully avoided her, for I had feared that she would lay claim to rights which I was not willing to grant her. I made up my mind at once, and treated her in the same manner as I did all the other ladies who visited me. The whole conversation consisted in singing the praises of the King. I found Madame de Belisle very different from what I had been led to imagine. She knew those she had to do with, but her whole manner was like that of a "soubrette," and she had but little presence.

I spent two or three days in the cottage, where the Prince of Orange was most faithful in keeping us company, and I returned to Frankfort only the day before the coronation. I shall not stop to describe that ceremony. The poor Emperor did not have all the satisfaction he must have expected, for he was terribly ill with gout, and could scarcely stand upright. In addition to this, circumstances were not favourable to him. The incident at Lienz had obliged the French to retreat, and owing to this the Austrians were enabled to enter Bavaria, which they devastated unmercifully. My brother the King raised the Emperor's hopes a little by entering Bohemia, but as the Emperor had neither money nor troops he was obliged to seek to gain over the Princes of the Empire in order to obtain their help. He therefore treated the envoys of those Princes that had electoral rights, and specially the Margrave's two ministers, Messrs. von Berghofen and von Comartin, with marked distinction. These two gentlemen, who were of comparatively low birth, were intensely flattered by the Emperor's attentions, and

* Something seems to have been left out here, or it may perhaps merely appear so from a difference in the style of writing, for in the succession of time nothing is wanting.

Marshal Belisle won them over entirely by the gold he let glitter before their eyes. In consequence of this they made a treaty, which they laid before the Margrave the very day we returned to Frankfort. He spoke with me about it, and assured me it contained such advantageous conditions, that he had not hesitated to approve of it. This treaty was really concluded before we left, but was to be ratified only when the Margrave had fulfilled its first conditions. Berghofen was determined to keep the treaty so carefully that the Margrave could not even give it to me to read. But I must now return to my narrative.

The business I have just referred to obliged us to remain a few days longer at Frankfort. After our things arrived, I received everybody under the name of a Countess of Reuss, and our house was never empty, even M. de Belisle coming to it several times.

I do not know how M. von Berghofen managed it, but he certainly represented to the Margrave that it would not look well if I left Frankfort without having seen the Empress. Berghofen, who had much cleverness, was in great favour with the Margrave on account of the services he had rendered, and also on account of the pretended advantages obtained by the treaty. My husband allowed him to propose this meeting to me, leaving me free to act as I thought best. I declined positively to entertain the idea. The rules of etiquette prevented royal personages from paying each other visits. As the daughter of a King, I was not allowed to place the honour of my house in a difficulty. There was no precedent of a King's daughter and the Empress having met, and I did not know to what rights I ought to lay claim.

Berghofen was so furious that he even forgot the respect due to me. He screamed at me that I was ruining the Margrave by offending the Empress, that women were of no good, and that it would have been far better if I had remained at Baireuth instead of coming to Frankfort, where I

interfered with the Margrave's affairs, and where my pride was a bar to his plans. This rudeness neither moved me nor shook my determination in the least, and I merely laughed at it all. In order however to pacify him, I made my own conditions. I desired first of all that the Empress' Court should receive me at the foot of the stairs, secondly, that she should meet me at the door of her bedroom, and, thirdly, that she should offer me an armchair to sit on. He promised he would speak to the Empress' Mistress of the Robes about it, and to do everything in his power to satisfy me. I risked nothing in making these conditions: if they were granted me then I had asserted my position, and if they were declined, then I had a good excuse for not paying the visit.

Meanwhile I had the opportunity of consulting with M. von Schwerin and M. von Klingräve, Ministers of the King. The latter was highly thought of at the Imperial Court. Both were of opinion that I could not insist on the armchair, still they thought it best to adhere to its being given me, or they would find another way in which to settle the ceremonial. As the King was nearly related to the House of Bavaria, and the Margrave had every reason to treat it well, there were sufficient reasons to excuse my conduct. I was to visit the Empress under the name of Countess of Reuss, which already denoted my being incognito. Under this title I could not lay claim to be treated with the honours due to the Crown Princess of Prussia and Margravine of Baireuth.

Had I had time I would have written to the King, and left it to him to decide. But even had I sent a messenger, the answer would have come too late, and I was therefore obliged to submit. They disputed all day over the conditions I had made. The two first were granted me, but all that could be obtained with respect to the third was, that the Empress would use quite a small armchair, whilst she gave me a chair.

Next day I saw this Royal personage. I own that had I been in her place I would have made all the rules of etiquette and ceremony the excuse for not being obliged to appear. The Empress was small and stout, round as a ball, very ugly, and without dignity or manner. Her mind corresponded to her body. She was terribly bigoted, and spent her whole day praying. The old and ugly are generally the Almighty's portion. She received me trembling all over, and was so upset that she could not say a word.

After some silence I began the conversation in French. She answered me in her Austrian dialect that she could not speak in that language, and begged I would speak in German. The conversation did not last long, for the Austrian and low Saxon tongues are so different from each other that to those acquainted with only one the other is unintelligible. This is what happened to us. A third person would have laughed at our misunderstandings, for we caught only a word here and there, and had to guess the rest. The poor Empress was such a slave to etiquette that she would have thought it high treason had she spoken to me in a foreign language, though she understood French quite well. The Emperor was to have been present at the interview, but he had been taken so ill that fear was entertained for his life. He deserved a better fate. He was gentle, kind, and gracious, and had the gift of winning people's hearts. One might well have said of him, that he would have shone in a humbler sphere, whilst more brilliant surroundings threw him into the shade. His ambition was greater than his intellect, and his position lay beyond his powers. He had, unfortunately, no one about him to supply the talents that were wanting.

After remaining at Frankfort a few days longer, which were spent in fêtes and gaieties, I at last returned to Baireuth at the end of February. We were followed there shortly afterwards by M. de Montaulieu, Chamberlain to the Duchess of Würtemberg. He brought the Margrave and myself

letters from the King, from the Queen my mother, and from the Duchess, containing an offer of marriage for my daughter with the young Duke of Würtemberg. As this union was a very advantageous one, and had the support of the King and Queen, we gave it our consent. We postponed the conclusion of the conditions till the Duchess' return from Berlin.

Our return home induced the Imperial Court to insist on the fulfilment of the first article of the Treaty. After M. von Berghofen had sent the Margrave this wonderful masterpiece in politics, he let me read it. Its contents were as follows:

The Margrave bound himself, firstly, to raise an Infantry Regiment of eight hundred men for the Emperor; secondly, to assist him by every means in his power in the Franconian circles; thirdly, to try and induce that district, if circumstances allowed of it, to declare itself for the Emperor. In return for these services the Emperor, firstly, granted the Margrave the command of the regiment and the appointment of the officers, up to the captains, twenty-five gulden (florins) for every man, their uniforms and arms; secondly, he gave him over the *jus appellandum;* thirdly, the Emperor gave him the little town of Redwitz and its district (this last article was to be carried out only if the Emperor took possession of Bohemia, as the town is in that territory); fourthly, the Emperor promised him his support in the Franconian district, in order that the Margrave might be appointed Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the troops of that district.

The Margrave had spent his time at Frankfort amidst constant distractions. The gaieties, the late nights, and the great confidence he reposed in Berghofen, had prevented his considering seriously the results which the treaty would involve. Now that he read it over a second time it appeared to him in quite a different light. The conditions seemed to

him as deceptive as they had at first appeared advantageous. The sum promised with which to raise the regiment was so small that the loss became apparent. The *jus appellandum* is an advantage only to unjust princes. An upright sovereign has always that right, for he never gives his subjects cause to appeal to the Imperial Courts of Justice. The title of Commander-in-Chief is an empty honour, and possesses no other advantage than that of commanding the troops of the district in time of war. The little town of Redwitz was a mere nothing, while its possession was uncertain, and its advantage as little satisfactory as the rest of the articles mentioned. This and many other reasons induced the Margrave to break off the negotiations.

I received many unpleasant letters from the King my brother on the subject of this treaty. He complained with much bitterness to me that the negotiations had been begun without his knowledge. I suppressed the first of these letters, and gave no answer on this point. At last he wrote me word that I was to speak in his name to the Margrave and make him understand that he could not conclude treaties without consulting the Head of the Family. My husband dictated his answer to me, which was very curt, and from this moment war was declared. I now received from the King only very harsh letters, and was even told that he spoke most unfavourably of me and turned me publicly into ridicule. This behaviour hurt me very much, but I hid my annoyance and treated him as I always had.

The Duchess of Würtemberg arrived about this time. The agreement as to the marriage of our children had been settled at Berlin. It had been decided that the marriage should only take place when both parties, having attained a proper age, were agreeable to it. This projected union obliged me much against my will to become more intimately acquainted with the Duchess. She talked pleasantly, but possessed a mind which occupied itself only with trifles. At

first this is rather amusing, but after a time it became very wearisome. She was in a perpetual state of merriment and high spirits, and, as her chief study consisted in trying to attract others, all her endeavours had no other end in view. Jokes, childish behaviour, looks, in fact everything that deserves the name of coquetry was used for that purpose. The two Mademoiselles von Marwitz imagined the Duchess' behaviour was copied from the French, and that in order to be in the fashion people must adopt the same. The elder, who had much influence with the Margrave, induced him to alter the whole Court. In a fortnight all was changed: there was nothing but romping, throwing napkins at one another's heads, running about like wild horses, and finally singing very ambiguous French songs. Far removed from being like French ladies, I believe if any French person had visited us at this moment he would have thought he was in the company of opera girls and actresses. My endeavours to put a stop to this disorder were in vain. My Governess thundered and inveighed against her nieces, but instead of answering her they turned their backs on her. How happy I was still at that time! Oh! those Marwitzes deceived me, and I knew nothing of their intrigues, for the Margrave showed me as much attention as ever. I slept quietly whilst my destruction was being worked out.

The Duchess' departure made me hope to restore things to their former condition, but I soon observed the evil had taken root. As I have since then perceived, Mademoiselle von Marwitz had at that moment made her plan. She had great ambition, and in order to satisfy it she felt she must entangle the Margrave in a net of amusements and gaieties, a fault to which he was already too much inclined. She hoped by that means to distract his mind from his affairs, to which he gave such earnest attention. She knew also how to deceive me by having me informed of important

business matters, and endeavoured to allay my suspicions by the confidence shown me by the Margrave. She meanwhile kept the appointments of some people and the rewards given to others in her own hands, and particularly the finances. The rumours that had been circulated at Berlin about her, and the remarks on her position and power over the Margrave, had led her to make many reflections on the subject. Her desire to make her great genius felt overruled every other consideration. She had observed his weakness for her, and made use of it to rule according to her own will and pleasure. She thought that if she gained my confidence, and avoided every occasion of rousing my suspicions, she would at last throw such a glamour over me, that should I discover her intrigues I should be powerless to defend myself. It was true her behaviour, as well as the Margrave's, were calculated to keep me in complete ignorance of their secret understanding.

We went to Stuttgart at the end of July, where we had been invited by the Duchess of Würtemberg. I will not describe this Court. I thought it most repugnant, full of ceremonies and civilities.

* * * * * * *

Here the Memoirs suddenly break off, and the Margravine has not left any special record of the last fifteen years of her life. On the other hand, there remain her most interesting correspondence with her brother, Frederick the Great, and her letters to Voltaire, which are carried on to the time of her death.—NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

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